"DO YOU WANT ME ON THE AIR?"—CLARK GABLE

Radio Stars

OCTOBER

10 CENTS

1936

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

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To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

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IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

"A Social Crime!"

SAYS POLITE SOCIETY

A SOCIALITE AND A DENTIST CLASH OVER A LAMB CHOP

"A Splendid Idea!"

SAYS MODERN DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

YOU'RE RIGHT—quite right. This is a social crime! The girl is a barbarian—a social outlaw! But before you dismiss her—before you turn the page—listen to the frank opinion of a modern dentist.

"A crime? Nonsense! I hope millions of people see this picture! It may be shocking to some people but, from my professional viewpoint, it's a perfect lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be a lot less evidence of tender, ailing gums—of that serious dental warning—'pink tooth brush'."

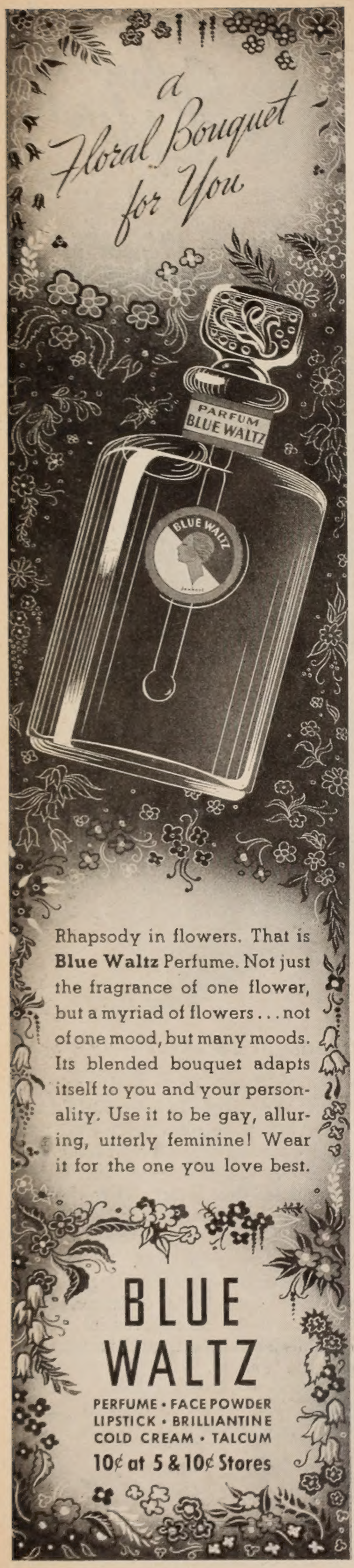
Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitiveness, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

"Pink tooth brush" doesn't always mean that you are in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should be the judge.* Usually it only means gums underworked and over-sensitive—gums that need exercise—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll soon feel a tingle of new circulation—new life. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Young or old—play safe. Even before you have a first warning of danger, adopt this modern *dental health* routine. You'll certainly be far safer from the really serious gum troubles.





RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

26 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

STORIES

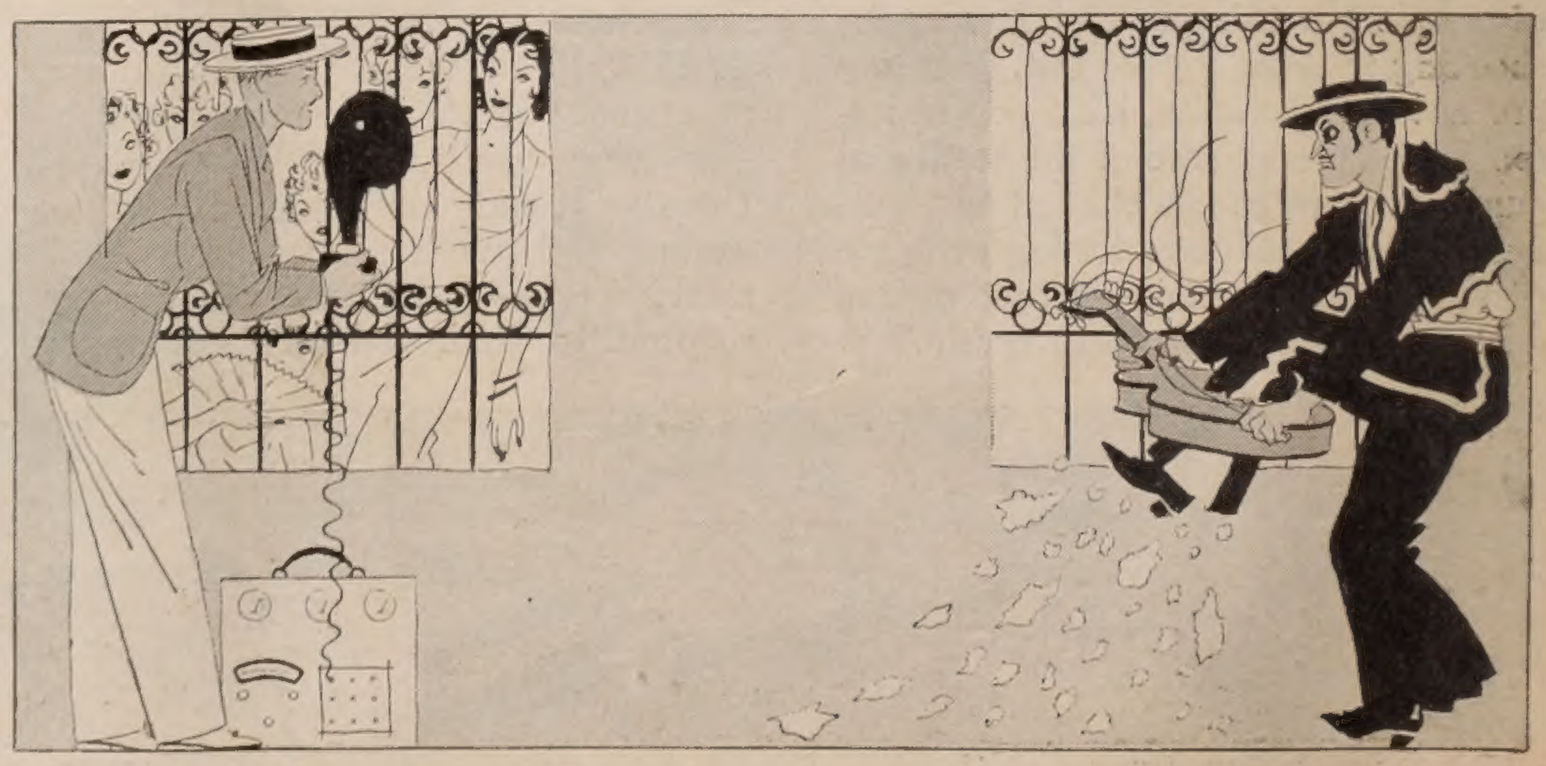
2,000 MILES THROUGH RADIO CITY
(*A Radio City Page Boy looks at celebrities*) ..... Dom Caldwell Davis 16
THE MAJOR ON PARADE
(*Meet the real* Major Bowes) ..... Miriam Rogers 20
"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE——"
(*What love means to Lily Pons*) ..... Nancy Barrows 22
A DATE WITH RUDY VALLEE
(*Before the Vagabond Lover became famous*) ..... Nanette Kutner 24
DO YOU WANT ME ON THE AIR?
(*Clark Gable ponders a perplexing question*) ..... Gladys Hall 28
RADIO'S REBEL CHILD
(*The* March of Time *submits to no censorship*) ..... Mary Watkins Reeves 30
WALLINGTON MEETS HIS WATERLOO
(*A girl—and her name is* Betty Jane Cooper) ..... William L. Vallée 32
RADIO AND THE RACE TRACK
(*What Bryan Field does for "the sport of kings"*) ..... Tom Meany 36
YOU MUST MEET MY SISTER
(*Each tells all about the other*) ..... Rosemary and Priscilla Lane 38
A HECTIC BUT HAPPY MATING
(*Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur make a pattern for marriage*) ..... Mildred Mastin 40
DYNAMO—PINT SIZE
(*Unique Ireene Wicker,* The Singing Lady) ..... Leslie Eaton 43
IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS
(*Ted Hammerstein of* The Music Hall) ..... Miriam Rogers 45
AT HOME WITH ONE MAN'S FAMILY
(*A visit with the cast of a popular program*) ..... Franc Dillon 46
WINCHELL THROUGH A KEYHOLE
(*Here's the low-down on Walter!*) ..... Jack Hanley 49
WE'RE ALL SCHOLARS NOW
(*Radio is our college, says Rupert Hughes*) ..... Faith Service 50

SPECIAL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Radio Ramblings 6
The Radio Hostess 8
Fall—From Head to Foot 10
Keep Young and Beautiful 12
Board of Review 14
For Distinguished Service to Radio .. 19
In the Radio Spotlight 26
Between Broadcasts 34
Juvenile Jamboree 42
Tuning up the Show Boat 44
Pinch Hitters Supreme 53

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NORMA SHEARER · LESLIE HOWARD

in

"Romeo and Juliet"

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

•

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel . . . and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

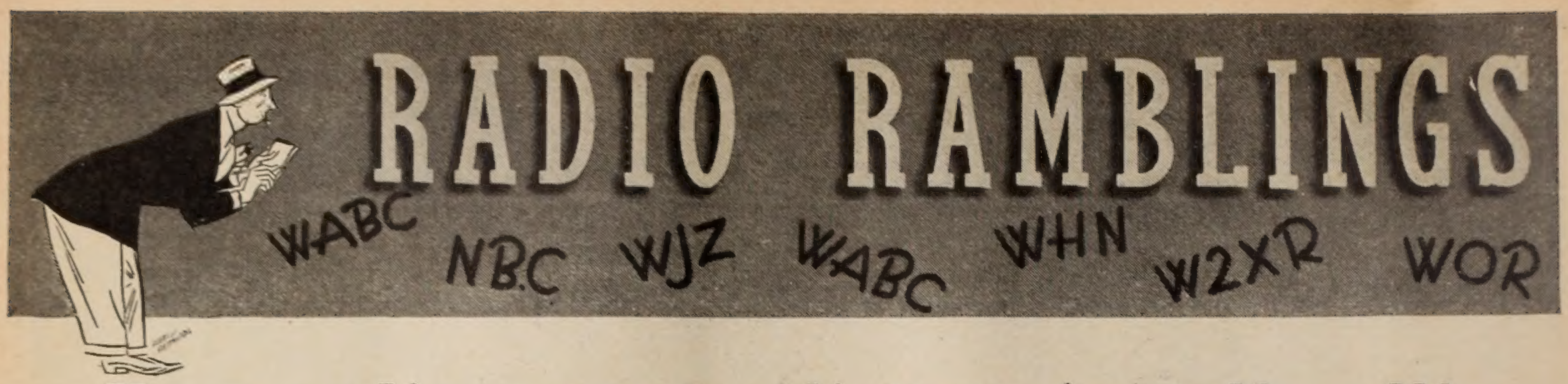
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" — *Robert Benchley*

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" — *Jim Tully*

"List it among the screen's major achievements" — *Walter Winchell*

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away" — *Anita Loos*



Your radio reporter listens in—tells all!

Autumn—as ever was! It's hard to believe it—but the cover on the magazine says October . . . *So Autumn it is!*

And Autumn changes are in the air-waves, as well as in the air . . . But we won't go into that. Program psychology being what it is, what's news today may be a headache tomorrow!

In our August Ramblings, for example, we remarked that Edward MacHugh was making a visit to his boyhood home, Dundee, Scotland, and that he would resume his regular broadcasts on August third. Then along came a sponsor, impressed by *NBC's Gospel Singer's* volume of fan mail—and MacHugh and his bride had to forego their vacation. On July sixth he started his first network commercial series, on the *NBC-Blue* network.

So we'll stay where we're safe—and Major Bowes and Rudy Vallee and Kate Smith and Frank Fay and all the others will have to take their Autumn places without a bow from us!



George Givot, noted "Greek Ambassador," with Doris Robbins and Ben Pollack.

SUMMER MEMORIES

Listening to Frank Fay, through the summer, we found at times that a little of the Elf of the Ether was enough. Still, we'd rather have too much Fay than none at all. Fay has a delightfully pleasing radio personality. And we still recall with delight his *Romeo* to Jane Cowl's *Juliet*.

Another delightful remembrance from the summer is Ed Wynn's *Sir Peter Teazle*, with Ethel Barrymore as *Lady Teazle*. For once, we felt Sheridan's *School For Scandal* was done as it should be done! Both Ed and Ethel were in top form—and a madder, merrier bit never came over the air.



Do you recognize Gracie Allen in her new hair-do? She's gone glamorous on us!

Fred Waring, who has been suffering from hay-fever this summer, received from a fan in Maine a box of pine needles, to be smoked in a pipe as a cure. Fred isn't a smoker, but he immediately borrowed a pipe and tried it out. Now he's looking for more pine needles!

Pat Padgett, of Pick and Pat (*Molasses 'n' January* of *Show Boat*), recently has purchased a country home near Smallwood, New York. You've probably heard—or guessed—its name. Yes, it's *Chitlin Switch*, after the imaginary Georgia crossroads town in their broadcasts.



Wide World

Maestro Rubinoff and Eileen O'Connor in an impromptu act aboard the Queen Mary.

Pick Malone and Pat Padgett have been together for more than seven years. In height and weight they are almost identical, but Pick is dark of hair and complexion, while Pat is sandy-haired and fair. They are one of radio's happiest teams—and call each other *"Willie."*

Two other favorites, Honeyboy and Sassafras, *wore derby hats all through the hot spell. No, they weren't mad—they had rubber ice bags, filled with ice, inside their derbies!*

Phil Baker, on a personal appearance tour, stopped at summer resorts whenever possible, to get away from the heat. It was a great success—his last resort hotel bill, he reports, snowed him under!

NO VACATION FOR VIVIAN

A birthday girl of this month is Vivian Della Chiesa, who has spent a busy summer learning three new operas to add to her original repertoire of seven, for her début next season with the Chicago Civic Opera.

(*Continued on page 72*)



Gracie Allen has Jack Benny and her pal, George Burns, in a dither as the cameras start cranking on "The Big Broadcast."

The big show is on the way

Paramount's

"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937"

with Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Benny Goodman and his Orchestra, Shirley Ross, Ray Milland, Frank Forest, Benny Fields and specialties by the following: LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and his Symphony Orchestra, Louis DaPron, Eleanore Whitney, Larry Adler, Virginia (Pigtails) Weidler, David Holt, Billy Lee . . . Directed by Mitchell Leisen . . . A Paramount Picture.



Sure it's Bob Burns and Martha Raye, the slap-happy pair, who right now are making "Rhythm on the Range" a laugh riot from Coast to Coast.



Director Mitchell Leisen leads Bob Burns, bazooka and all, into the Paramount studio for "The Big Broadcast."





No less than the King of Symphony Music, the incomparable Leopold Stokowski, and the King of Swing, Benny Goodman, preparing to delight your ears in "The Big Broadcast of 1937"



Here they are... the biggest bunch of stars ever assembled in any motion picture... and every one a screen or radio favorite . . .

THE RADIO HOSTESS, NANCY WOOD, PRESENTS

WAYNE KING



Courtesy Hawaiian Pineapple Association

Petits fours form the ideal accompaniment to the Hawaiian Pineapple Sundae—one of Wayne King's favorite desserts.



On a hot day at the Waldorf, Wayne King seeks cooling refreshment in another of his favorite ices, Cherry Almond Sundae.

What Wayne King, famous band-leader, likes to eat

THE soft strains of a waltz. . . Lovely ladies floating dreamily by, in the arms of their escorts. . . Faces smiling up at the orchestra leader, smiling at the joy they find in dancing to his music. . . The haunting, enchanting music of Wayne King, on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

There the recent New York summer engagement of Radio's well known *Waltz King* added prestige to his already tremendous popularity. Like Caesar, "he came, he saw, he conquered," for blasé New Yorkers, who so often turn thumbs down on Chicago favorites, acclaimed the unassuming personality and the smooth, quiet music of this Middle Western maestro. Naturally his listeners were more receptive, more eager to dance to the pleasing strains of his dance tunes because of the pleasure they already had found in hearing the *Lady Esther Serenades* conducted by Wayne King over the air—once, twice and now three times weekly. So the patrons of this smart rendezvous in the skies were prepared in advance to like this leader and his band. Not surprising then that they did like him—and for that matter, so did I.

For here, I discovered, is a man who is devoid of pretense and who, though necessarily in the public eye, dislikes personal publicity so greatly that he avoids interviews whenever possible. Yet when he is interviewed, he is gracious and friendly and frank. Or so I found him, when we discussed the subject on which I had come to see him—his favorite foods.

Wayne, I soon discovered, is a family man—one who would rather have you enthuse over the pictures of his lovely wife and children than congratulate him on having placed his signature at the bottom of one the largest contracts ever to have been signed by an orchestra leader.

And what a charming family is that of Wayne King. His wife,

THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me—ABSOLUTELY FREE—recipes for Wayne King's favorite foods, including the Waldorf-Astoria recipes.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

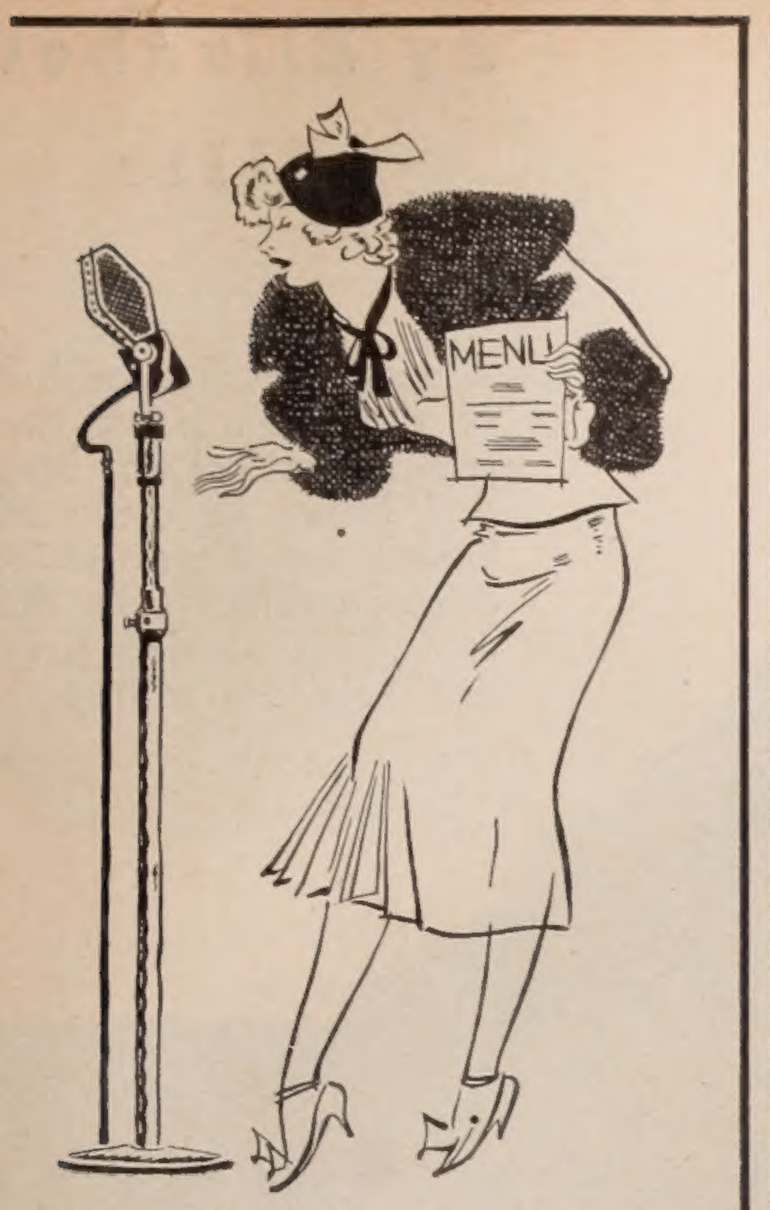
I would also like to have one or two of the following leaflets if you have any copies left in stock:

HELEN HAYES ( )*

JACK BENNY ( )*

EDDIE CANTOR ( )*

* Check in order of preference



beautiful Dorothy Janis, once of the silver screen. His older child, a precious three-year-old daughter named Penelope but called "Penny, just Penny," for short —a curly haired miss whose photographs show her to be equally devastating in serious or joyous mood. And a boy of less than six months called Wayne King also—a fine youngster, too, judging by his pictures and his proud daddy's words.

For you see, my information came entirely from Wayne King's enthusiastic descriptions and from photographs, for his family did not accompany him to the East.

"They went instead to our farm in Wisconsin," he explained, "where it is always cool nights and they can be sure of sound, restful sleep. I'll rejoin them soon for my vacation," and he broke into a broad grin at the happy prospect of the reunion.

But pleased though I was over the chance to talk with Mr. King about his farm and his family, I remembered my duties as culinary reporter and brought up the subject of foods and cooking—with some trepidation, I must confess. Perhaps Wayne "did not give a hang what he ate!" Worse still, perhaps long experience as orchestra leader in hotels and smart night clubs had so influenced his eating habits that you and I could never hope to follow any of his suggestions! Maybe (*Continued on page 94*)



Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every *golden* bar holds soothing glycerine.

© 1936 FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



This hat must be worn with a knowing flair and is designed for a piquant face.

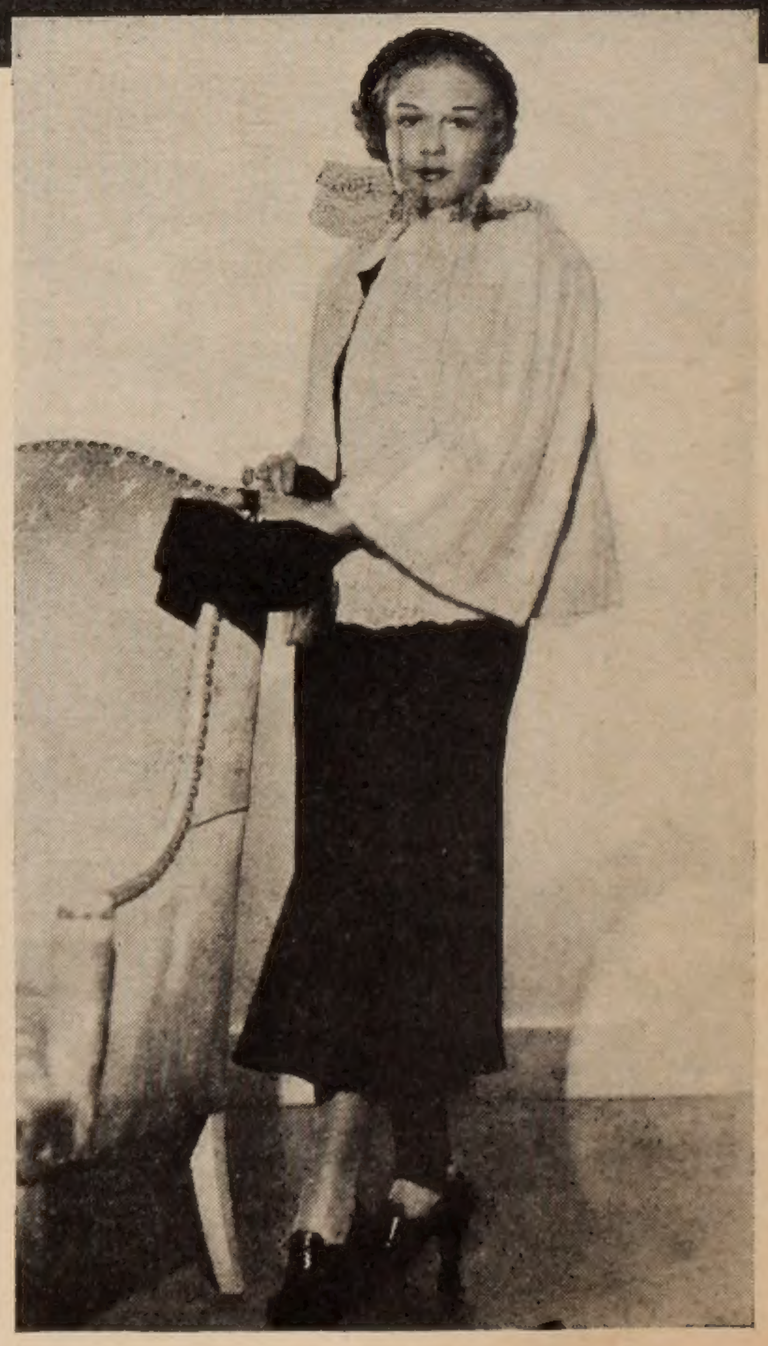


By Elizabeth Ellis

A sporty number, with hat of rust brown; tan tweed jacket checked in brown; and brown or green skirt. Below, for dinner or tea-dance, a black satin dress, collarless ermine jacket and halo hat with a veil.

FALL *from head to foot*

Something smart from tip to toe for fall, shown by Betty Wragge



RECENTLY a well-known screen star remarked to me that she hates hats and only wears one when convention absolutely demands it. Even then she has a habit of snatching it off the moment that she gets indoors. I thought to myself what a lot of fun she is missing and doesn't know it! Especially this fall when hats are gayer and more interesting looking than they have been in a long while.

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why I found Betty Wragge such a treat. I had discovered a whole batch of new hats that were knockout looking and I wanted to have someone try them on who appreciated them as much as I did. So, having a date with Betty to take pictures and talk over fashion business, I called her up to suggest that she meet me at the milliners. It didn't take any urging. And after she had tried on the first few models, it was obvious that I had picked the right girl—Betty has a weakness for hats.

With a sweeping gesture we picked hats—sophisticated ones with sharp lines and unusual trimmings, youthful ones with becoming lines that anyone could wear. The amazing part of it was that Betty could switch from one style to the other with versatile ease. So many girls who can wear very youthful hats, can't wear the more extreme styles. But not Betty. With a pull here and a brushing back of her hair there, she seemed to make each one look as if it were designed for her. Well, the result of all this mad



(Above) An off-the-face hat of green stitched wool. (Below) a perfect bag for cocktail or dinner costume.



hattery was that we finally arrived at the *NBC* studio with enough hats in tow to keep the photographer busy for hours!

But don't think we just stopped at hats. Betty decided that she couldn't have new hats without something being done about shoes. Shoes led to handbags, handbags to jewelry—and the whole shopping binge would have led to a flat pocketbook if we hadn't called quits!

You'd have to know young Betty Wragge to appreciate what fun she is to photograph in smart fashions. In the first place, she has a feeling for clothes. She likes youthful things best but she doesn't hesitate to take a flyer with more sophisticated fashions and make them look perfectly suited to her. She's pretty and *chic* looking without being conscious of the fact. You know her type, five feet five, with a lovely slender figure, natural blonde hair and the deepest blue eyes. Her smile is friendly and (*Continued on page 90*)

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *each* and *every* point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets — remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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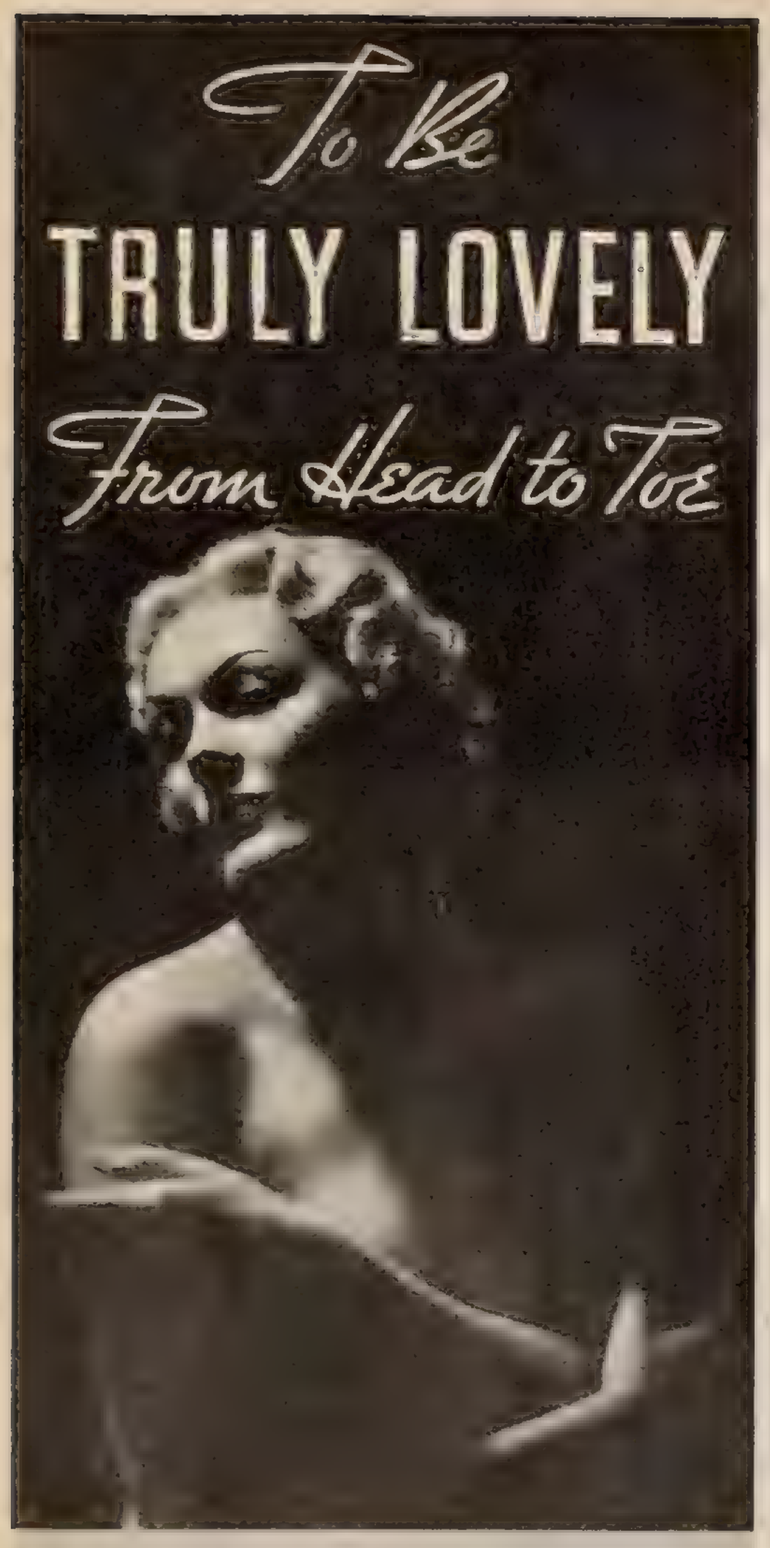
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Age .....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)



For Real Beauty, You Must Have a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free From Pimples and Blemishes

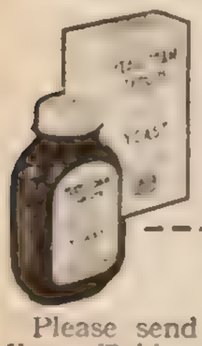
SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all your skin* of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. *MM 10-36*

Name

Address

City *State*

KEEP YOUNG

Joan Marsh of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern* offers autumn charm hints



By Mary Biddle

Joan Marsh has a flair for styling her own hair. Robert adds a sophisticated touch to Joan's arrangement of her ash-blonde tresses.

SHE adores perfumes, likes chewing gum, does her own hair, and hates being spectacular. She is, in fact, a very "regular" sort of person, as well as a very decorative one. She is Joan Marsh, of Hollywood, of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern,* and of considerable artistic talent as her own hairdresser. So when she got together with Robert of Fifth Avenue, famous hairdresser of celebrities, I thought that the results would be considerably worth our while in the way of a timely fall hairdressing article. At least, that was the plot, but the plot would have worked out more successfully if we hadn't got sidetracked first, as is the way and prerogative of women, at Robert's fascinating perfume bar.

Did you ever hear of a perfume bar? Well, Robert's is something entirely unique. You sit on a high stool at the fragrant counter, and beguile your nose with heady perfume cocktails and bedazzle your eyes with vanity cases of every shape, size and sparkle. Robert brought out perfume for every mood and fancy for us to sniff at and swoon.

One perfume that Joan especially liked made you think of rhythm and bursting blossoms, of little red heels tapping in the dance, of the woman of delicious impudence with a laughing imp in her eyes; in fact, of the dance-gifted Joan Marsh herself. But another of her favorites was a perfume of exactly opposite mood. It was the exotic, perilous expression of swirls of incense rising on still soft air, of temple gardens, veils of mystery, and the clash of golden anklets.

Joan explained that she liked her perfume not so much to "fit her type" as to express her moods. She hates being "typed" in anything: screen, radio, or perfume. One of the reasons she likes radio so much is because it is such a pliable medium for her talent, offering much wider scope for variable development than does the screen. Perfume to fit your mood, says Joan. Well, after all, any woman who has any femininity is not just one type, but a dozen different types in one; she is a woman of not one mood but a hundred moods. The most fascinating woman always is the most volatile and changeable . . . the impudent coquette, the wide-eyed débutante, and the languorous sophisticate, all in one.

AND BEAUTIFUL

Certainly most of us can't afford to turn our dressing-tables into perfume bars. Nor would most of our budgets accommodate expensive moods in perfume. Perhaps, however, we can splurge on one "very special" perfume for our fall triumphs, and for the rest, there are an infinite number of truly delightful and inexpensive perfumes on the market that will fit a variety of budgets and a variety of moods. It is becoming more and more popular nowadays to buy perfumes in small containers, so that we can experiment to our heart's (or mood's) content. While the floral perfumes are popular in the summer, the more crisp, definite odors gain popularity at this season. I can think of just the one to suggest, if you're in the mood for a fresh, zestful lift to your fall spirits.

Robert has the sensitiveness of the perfume artist who really knows perfumes—how to make them, how to use them. He explained that perfume must be used on the skin, not only because the warmth of the flesh brings out the full beauty of the perfume, but because certain dress materials have low-keyed scents of their own to conflict with the scent of the perfume. This is especially true of the fall tweeds and woolens which we are getting ready to don; such materials have very definite low-keyed scents. Robert suggests just a tiny spray of perfume on the hair for a scented halo, then a touch (*Continued on page 73*)



Mix your powders thoroughly in a large bowl to get the right blend for your natural skin tone, says Joan Marsh.

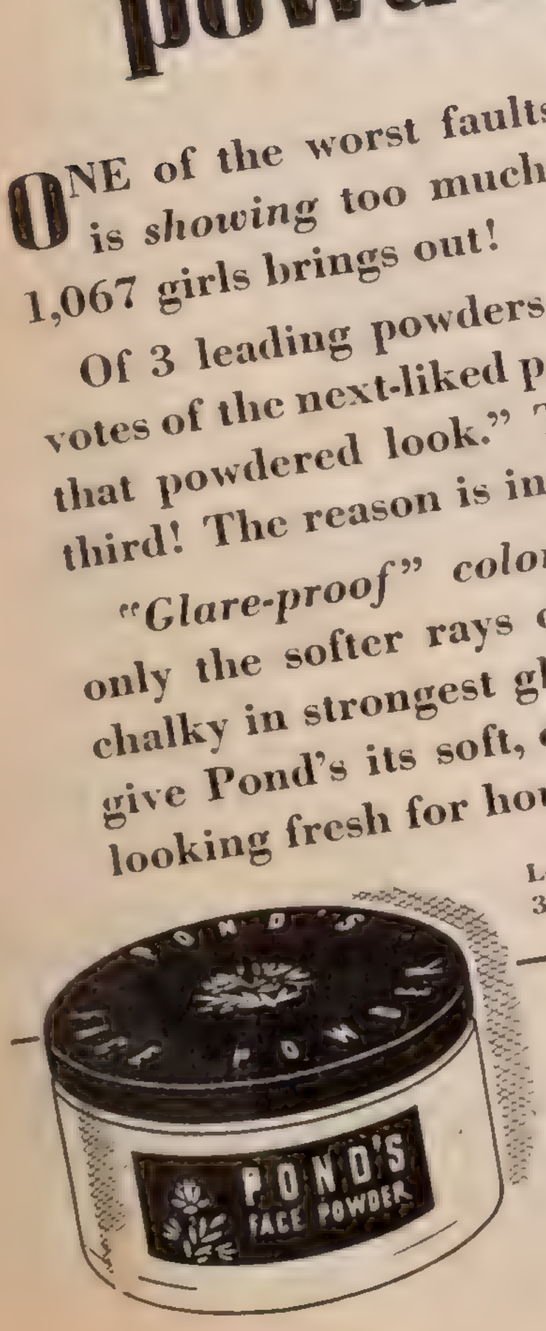
"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

ONE of the worst faults a powder can have is *showing* too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls brings out!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors—Pond's colors catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Pond's never looks powdery—It clings

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder



FREE 5 *"Glare-Proof" Shades*

(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. K, 126, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in program for the summer months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).....79.8
Starring Hollywood's biggest names in its "radio movies" made this the air's most popular program.

2. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS and NBC).....79.5
Being featured on both major networks has doubled this versatile organization's popularity.

3. MARCH OF TIME (CBS).....79.4
Uncensored and thrilling dramatizations of the news.

4. CAMEL CARAVAN—RUPERT HUGHES, GOODMAN BAND, SHILKRET ORCHESTRA (CBS).....77.7
Also going in strongly for Hollywood celebrities.

5. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT — JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).....77.5
A dignified hour with Jessica's bell-like soprano its highlight.

6. FLEISCHMANN'S VARIETY HOUR—RUDY VALLEE (NBC).....76.8
Its entertainment value is unsurpassed.

7. THE JERGENS PROGRAM — CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER (NBC).....76.8
Miss Skinner's skilful characterizations are a refreshing change from the usual radio fare.

8. STADIUM SYMPHONY CONCERT (MBS) ...76.7
Prominent guest conductors lend added interest.

9. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA (CBS).....76.6
Dance your cares away!

10. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC)..75.7
Going in more for symphonic programs and letting variety and novelty rest awhile

11. EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BARLOW (CBS).....75.3
If you would learn and better appreciate music.

12. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, DORSEY ORCHESTRA (NBC).....75.0
Unassuming Bing and high-priced guest stars.

13. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).....74.5
Joan Marsh, and Walter Woolf King heading a lively, musical program.

14. ED WYNN (NBC).....69.5
Recent winner of our DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD.

15. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC).....74.0
Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe and the Haenschen orchestra rendering the best loved musical numbers as only they can render them.

16. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC).71.8
Margaret Speaks, with William Daly's orchestra, is a Monday evening treat not to be missed.

17. AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).....71.5
"Roll on, Mississippi, roll on. . . ."

18. GOLDMAN BAND CONCERT (NBC).71.3
Operatic and martial airs direct from Central Park in New York City.

19. A & P GYPSIES (NBC).....71.2
One of the pioneer programs.

20. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC) ...71.2
Lanny Ross is due back soon.

21. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS and NBC).....71.2
Soothing and distinctive.

22. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC).....71.1
Ben's personality is still tops.

23. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....70.7
Getting heavy competition from Camel Caravan and Lux Theatre.

24. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....70.3
Continuing as the air's most interesting and believable serial.

25. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER (NBC).....70.2
For lovers of the dance and good music.

26. THE SINGING LADY (NBC).....70.0
Ireene Wicker, enlivening the imagination of all who listen.

27. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL WOODWIND ENSEMBLE (NBC).....74.4
Symphonic delights.

28. CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC)....69.3
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe has been an occasional guest of late.

29. HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS—EDWIN C. HILL (NBC).....69.2
More of the heartbeats and less of the cold, colorless facts.

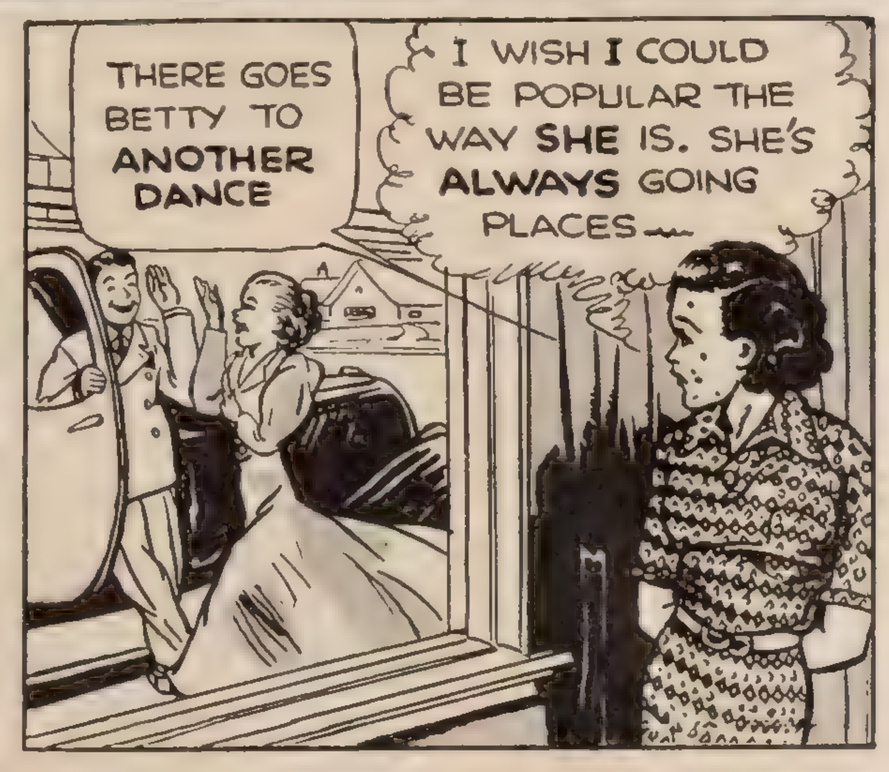
30. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD WITH VAN STEEDEN'S ORCHES-

(Continued on page 98)



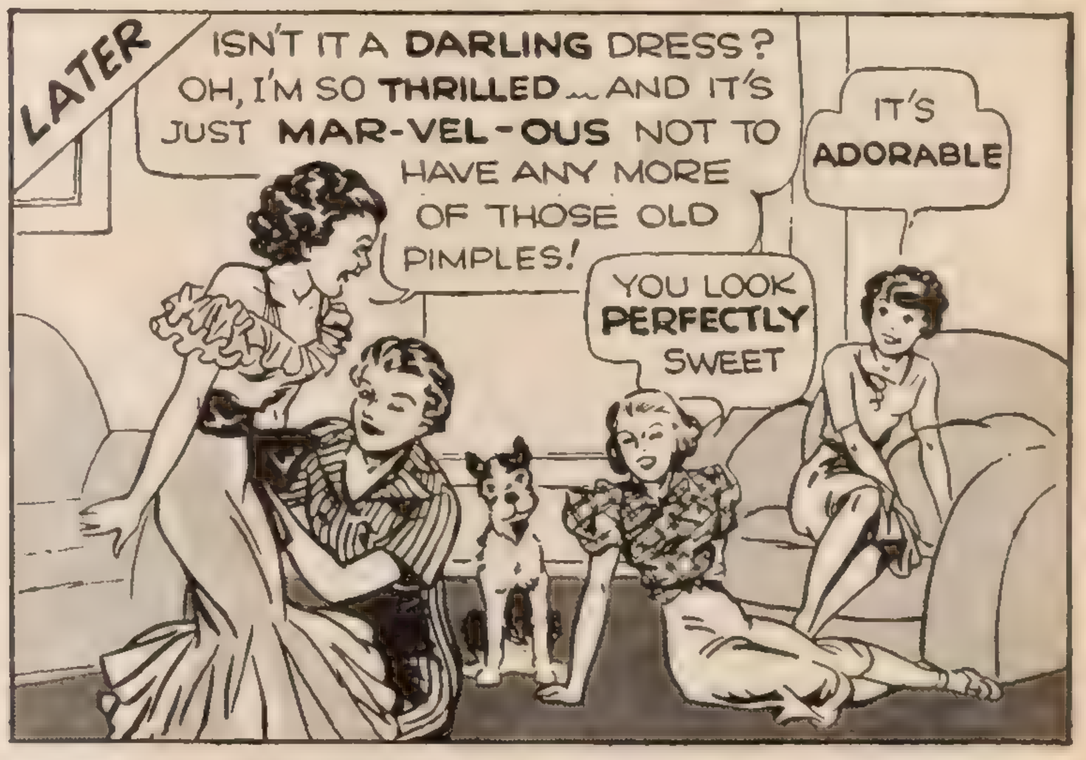


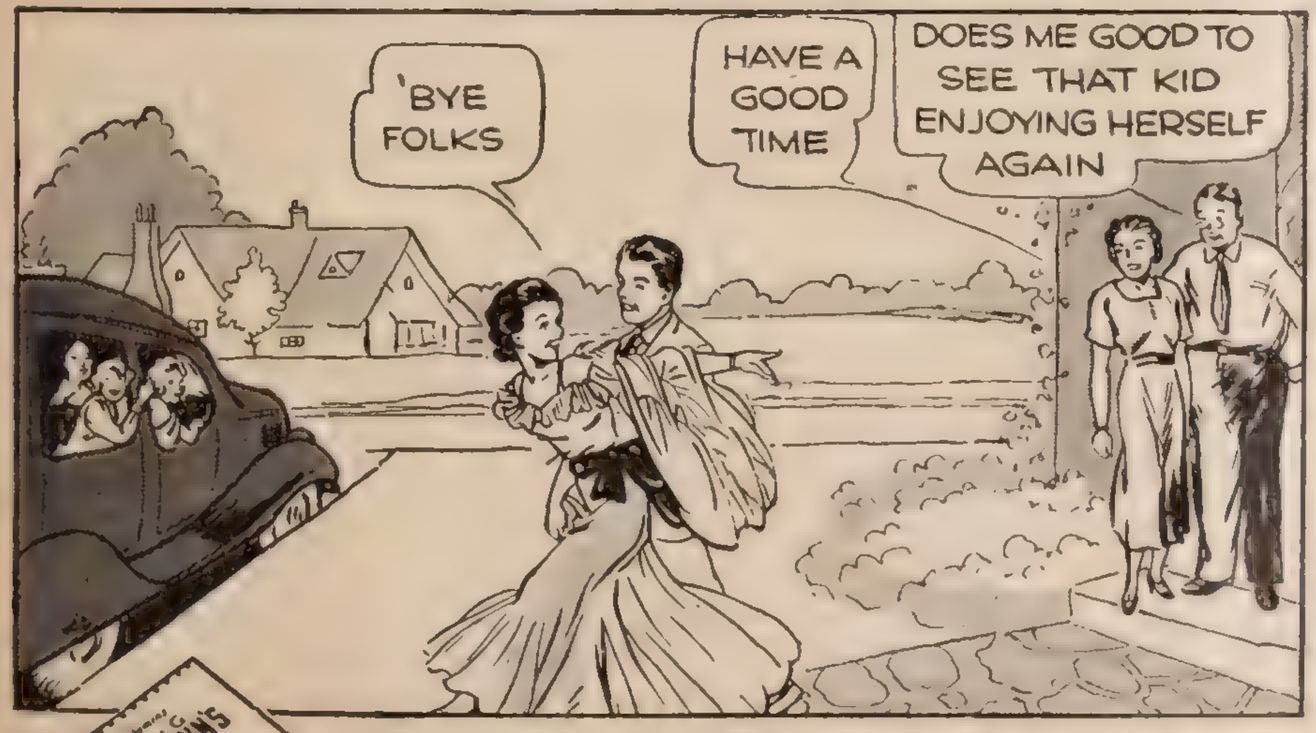
HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL -

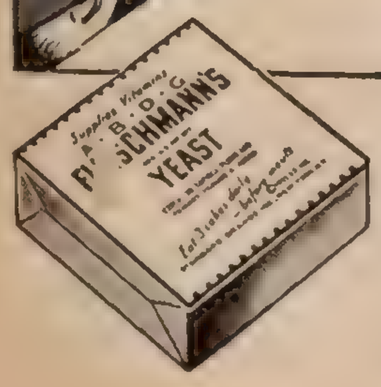












—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* —a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



YOU can't help feeling sorry for her —the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!



Dom Davis, NBC guide, and author of this story.



Groucho Marx heckled the Radio City guide.

2,000 MILES THROUGH RADIO CITY

An *NBC* guide tells amusing stories of celebrities who visit Radio City

By Dom Caldwell Davis

DURING the past two years over a million people have come to Radio City in New York to see the broadcasting studios and to look behind the scenes in radio programs. As one of the forty-five guides of the *National Broadcasting Company,* I have walked approximately two thousand miles, conducting these visitors through the studios and explaining the intricacies of radio broadcasting in a manner simple and understandable to the ordinary layman. Contrary to common belief, this business of guiding and, more or less, telling the same story several times a day, day in and day out, is, to me, far from being tedious work, for as an *NBC* guide I have met many interesting people and great celebrities and I have had numerous exciting and memorable experiences. Once I got lost in the winding maze of corridors around the studios, in the company of none other than the glamorous actress, Gloria Swanson; I have seen Groucho Marx heckle a guide, during the tour, before twenty-five other visitors without being recognized; I have watched James J. Walker and Fred Allen try to outdo each other in wise-cracking; I have spent a whole hour with Marlene Dietrich without knowing it; I have fought for and lost the honor and the pleasure of guiding for Carole Lombard; I have had the honor of meeting a Spanish princess and I had the extreme pleasure of seeing her pull a fast one on an *NBC* executive—it was the neatest little trick I have ever seen pulled in Radio City—but I'll tell you more about that later on.

My daily tours through the studios have been like a tour around the world, for all kinds of people have beaten a path to this city within a city, to pay homage to one of the modern wonders of the world. I have explained the mystery of radio broadcasting and the operations of



Gloria Swanson, movie star, got lost in Radio City.



Jascha Heifetz, distinguished Russian violinist.

our plant to about twenty thousand people from all parts of the world, the peoples of which have been brought closer together by the modern means of transportation and communication. I can remember many of their faces—the swarthy face of a farmer from Kansas; the awe-stricken face of a little dark man from the West Indies; the pert face of a coquettish blonde, conspicuously unaccompanied; the placid look of a fat German tourist, carrying a camera strapped over his shoulder; and the less placid and thinner face of a Jewish refugee from the land of the Nazi; the proud mien of a heavily-jeweled maharajah from India; the pale and greenish face of a Jewish storekeeper from the Bowery; the dignified mien of a prosperously-dressed Elk from Chicago (his Elk pin shone brightly on the wide lapel of his double-breasted blue suit); and many, many fat women who gasped at (*Continued on page 84*)

Now he signs his letters

LOVE



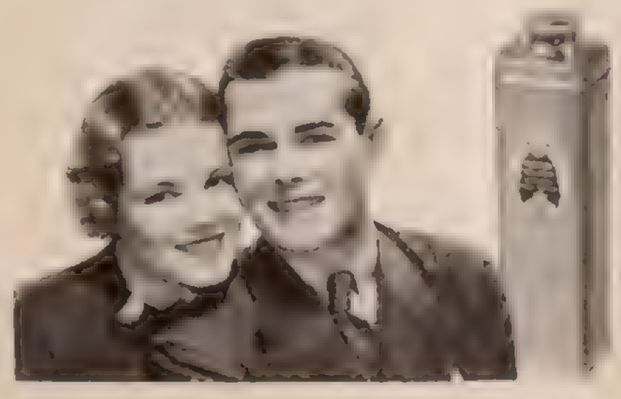


HELP ROMANCE ALONG . . . Before you dress, remember MAVIS' alluring all-over fragrance

Walk in beauty—surrounded by the glamour Mavis gives you . . . that "certain something" men adore! French-women know the allure of constant flower-fresh daintiness. Make their charm secret your own!

After every bath—before you dress—clothe yourself in softly fragrant clouds of Mavis Talcum. The delicate scent keeps you fresh for hours. Its velvety touch soothes your skin—absorbs disturbing body moisture . . . Don't forget! Mavis safeguards your daintiness. Its delightful fragrance lingers . . . and in men's memories, too. Try Mavis today. Absolutely pure.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh.



MAVIS

Genuine Mavis Talcum

IN THE RED CONTAINER

Six Beauty Experts witness the proof that Glazo does not thicken!*



"Thrilling!" ... they said, of Glazo's beauty!
"Amazing!" ... they exclaimed, when they saw...

GLAZO refuses to thicken in the bottle!*

HAS anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved ... by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes... world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality.

Expensive internationally known nail polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing... Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

GLAZO ... *now only* **20¢**

*PROOF (what the beauty experts saw): In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever... evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use... evaporated an average of 45%. These other brands ranged all the way from expensive, internationally known lines to well-known popular domestic polishes.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

To give listeners a dance program refreshingly different from all others was Chesterfield's difficult demand of André Kostelanetz.

But his genius for striking arrangements, evident throughout the Lily Pons-Nino Martini series, gave glowing response, as did his musicians, and the request of his sponsor was gratifyingly fulfilled.

Musical conductors vary considerably. The importance of a conductor cannot be emphasized too strongly. The fate of an orchestra is in his baton.

Fortunately, the Kostelanetz orchestra is composed of the finest musicians on the air. So naturally, with his direction, his arrangements, his judgment and personality there is nothing musical of which they are incapable.

Whether you prefer *swing* time to waltz time; slow tempo to fast, your wishes, and Chesterfield's, are met Wednesday and Friday evenings when André Kostelanetz and his dance orchestra go on the air. His vocalists, Kay Thompson, Ray Heatherton, the Rhythm singers and Announcer David Ross are under the same magic spell as his musicians, as they do achieve a dance program *refreshingly different.*

To André Kostelanetz for his musical genius, RADIO STARS Magazine is happy to present its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C Grady

—Editor.



André Kostelanetz



Maj. Edward Bowes. What is he really like—this man whose name is upon every tongue—who is the idol of amateurs and of audiences who continue to throng to his broadcasts?

The MAJOR ON PARADE

By Miriam Rogers

"All the world's a stage—and all the men and women merely players..." And the director?

Major Edward Bowes!

Major Bowes presents his amateurs, aspirants for fame or the fateful gong!

IMAGINATIONS have been stirred more by the amateur hour than by any other program and more by the man in charge, the suave and genial critic, the gentle striker of gongs, than by any other man in radio.

What is he really like, this man whose name is on every tongue, idol, with amazingly few exceptions, of amateurs and audiences alike?

Does he earn the tremendous salary that is his for the asking? Is he the kindly being we imagine him to be, generous, big-souled, Destiny personified for those eager aspirants for fame and fortune who storm his doors, begging, demanding, pleading for a helping hand?

Or is he a quite different sort of being, with unseen tail and horns—profiteer, slave-driver, money-mad, building his own success upon the sacrificial offerings of deluded humanity?

Or is he, perhaps, merely a man, a little bewildered by his own amazing popularity, unquestionably proud of his own surprising achievements?

As I sat waiting to be escorted to the inner sanctum, I thought of all I had heard about him, as ardent lover of music; as connoisseur of art, with a splendid gallery of masterpieces to prove the excellence of his taste; as world traveler and as successful business man. There must be something, I thought, behind all the legends, a germ of truth. At the very least, a distinctive personality.

I found him seated at his desk in the bedroom of his suite, which is his retreat from the turmoil and bustle that beset his days—a retreat considerably modified by three telephones and a push-button with which he toyed as he talked. He rose and greeted me courteously, with a murmured apology for making an office of his bedroom, the need to get away from it all. Pose? Perhaps—but a pleasant place to work!

He is a big man, his very aspect impressive. The head is large, the big nose and heavy chin and noble forehead giving an impression of inward strength and power. It is the face of a leader, strong, dominant. Not handsome, certainly, but a head a sculptor would love to model, with its vigorous character and decisive planes.

But the preliminaries, the long wait, the difficulties in obtaining an audience, had put me on the defensive. I felt a certain haughtiness, condescension, in his bearing that I did not like, as if I were a peasant being granted an audience with the Grand High Mogul. Time, it was indicated, was scarcer than rubies. words were diamonds—but I was within the (*Continued on page 88*)











Panouche, the Skye terrier, poses with his mistress, Lily Pons, in the studio of her home at Silvermine, Connecticut. But he would very much prefer to go for a walk.

"IF MUSIC

By Nancy Barrows

Lily Pons, singing star of fourfold fame, would like to have some time for romance

PANOUCHE is going to be married. . .

Panouche is a handsome young gentleman, two years old. He is Lily Pons' Skye terrier, and of a romantic nature. And because his mistress has an understanding heart, the problems of Panouche are simple and easily solved.

But the problems of Lily Pons are more complex. And her mistresses more numerous. Their names are Music and Career, and Opera, Concert, Radio and Movies. Relentlessly demanding they are. Quite hostile to the



Wearing a simple tailored blouse, she looks more like a young girl, just home from school, than a world-famous prima donna of opera, concert, radio and movies.



With her musical director, Andre Kostelanetz, conductor of the *Chesterfield* program, Lily made her first air voyage recently, from Grand Rapids to New York.

BE THE FOOD OF LOVE—"

romance of slim, small, wistful-eyed Lily Pons.

Between them they arrange Lily's life with stern exactitude. She must study. She must practise. She must go to Hollywood to make a movie. She must make concert tours to the far ends of the earth. She must sing throughout the opera season at the Metropolitan, in New York. She must fulfill radio engagements.

And, to complicate matters further, the object of her affections also is a talented young musician, with a similarly demanding career.

As long ago as last fall, rumors were rife that romance had entered Lily Pons' life in the person of the gifted Andre Kostelanetz, composer and conductor of the *Chesterfield* radio program. But when I asked her about it then, she answered with convincing frankness:

"Where is there any time for marriage?"

But, granting an ardent suitor and, moreover, one whose life follows a pattern similar to her own, whose devotion to music equals hers, whose special musical gifts supplement her own—I wondered if she still would give me the same answer now.

Radio columnists have proclaimed that Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz *are* married. Had romance, I wondered, found at last its starry hours? Would she, I wondered, tell me about it?

We sat now in the lovely studio of her hilltop home in Silvermine, Connecticut. In a tailored blouse, with a blue scarf knotted about her neck, gray flannel slacks and diminutive gray brogues and short white socks, Lily Pons looked more like a young schoolgirl, home on vacation, than a world-famous prima donna.

The room was two stories high. Across one end hung a balcony of ancient whitewashed beams. Between the wide rails Panouche, the terrier, thrust his shaggy head and gazed curiously down upon us.

"Come—come—come—come!" trilled Lily.

And soberly Panouche descended the winding stair. He came up to inspect me. Apparently he found me satisfactory, assured by mystic signs known only to dogdom, that I, too, possessed a dog.

"I have a friend who has a beautiful lady Skye," said Lily. "So, next week, Panouche will be married!"

"And how about *your* marriage?" I ventured. "The papers are making considerable talk of it. . ."

Her dark eyes shadowed. "The papers! They ask me what I do not know myself! I tell them I do not know —and they print what they want to, anyway." She shrugged expressively.

"Always they want to talk about the intimate, the personal things. . . Because I am a singer, they do not want me to have any private life. . . I must keep nothing to myself. . . I do not like it!"

I understand her feeling. I agree with her that it is more than unkind, this peeping and prying into the lives of those who give so freely of themselves for our entertainment and pleasure. It is a (*Continued on page 68*)



Revealing what a popular radio star like Rudy Vallée

By Nanette Kutner

WE were seated around the Vallée dinner table, an English theatrical magnate, a pretty girl who works in radio, Rudy Vallée, myself.

And, as people do after they have dined well, we slowly sipped our coffee, talking without self-consciousness or restraint.

The magnate recalled the Vallée he used to know, when Rudy, then a kid in his 'teens, had taken a year off from Yale to play the saxophone at The Savoy Hotel in London.

"I was lonely," said Vallée. There was something simple and engagingly honest about the way he said this. "You have no idea how lonely," said he. "It wasn't easy, getting a date in those days."

Then he told us. And, before I describe the rest of my date with Rudy, you must hear this story.

He wanted a girl in London, a girl with whom he could talk, with whom he could dance and see the sights.

"But there was no one," he admitted. "And no way of meeting anyone," he added.

He described an unforgettable afternoon when he was playing the cocktail shift. As his fingers wandered over the shining keys, his eyes glanced about the room and caught the eyes of a girl who danced by the raised platform. While she danced she kept staring at Rudy, staring over the broad shoulder of her partner. And Rudy kept staring back.

She looked like such a nice, friendly girl. He thought that maybe she would let him take her to the theater, or perhaps dancing. He was very young, and he, too, wanted to enjoy music from the other side of the platform. He knew he had no business speaking to a strange girl, but what can a young man do when he is alone in a foreign country? Besides, the girl was an American. He knew from the way she talked, for he could hear her voice as she and her partner glided past. So during the next intermission he strolled into the lobby. There stood the girl, the laughing center of a gay young group. Again she stared at him. But this time her eyes seemed to harden into little lumps of ice. Thoroughly squelched, Rudy reddened and quietly walked back to the band.

He saw her again, aboard ship, when they sailed for home, he in second class, she in first. One evening as he stood alone on deck he looked up. Above him stood the girl. Their eyes met, but only for an instant. Then she turned her back. She couldn't be bothered with an unknown boy who played the saxophone.

"I met her years later," he told us.

She was seated with Jock Whitney's party at a fashionable New York night club. Rudy, now a success, wealthy, sought-after, was introduced.

He took her out that same week and told her how



does in the way of entertaining when he "dates" a girl

happy she could have made him in London.

"We would have had such fun together," he confided to us, "but by the time we did meet, it was too late." He shrugged his shoulders.

He told us more about those early London days.

He lived in a tiny flat on a dismal sidestreet. The flat was on the fourth floor; the second and third were vacant; the first was occupied by the shop of a man who repaired watches. There was a small white card tacked to the molding on the ground floor. And on this card was printed in neat black letters:

RUDY VALLÉE
SAXOPHONE LESSONS

Between the hours spent at The Savoy he taught young Englishmen the secrets of American jazz. He could well use the extra fees. Money was tight for him in those days. Rudy stinted himself, saving his pounds and hiding them in the bottom of his trunk. It was this money he intended to use toward paying his tuition for the following final, delayed year at Yale. It was this money that was stolen. Arriving home from The Savoy late one night, he found his door open, the trunk ransacked, the money gone.

"I walked the streets until dawn," he told us. "I was nearly crazy. I don't think I would have felt it so much if I only had had someone to talk to . . .

"When I got back to America, circumstances weren't improved. That season spent in London had put me a term behind my own college class."

However, upon his return, he met a wealthy young man who went out of his way to be nice to Rudy. One day he showed him the photograph of a very pretty girl, a girl with black hair and blue eyes and a tip-tilted nose.

"She's in *The Follies,*" he said. "She's a friend of my girl friend. How'd you like to meet her?"

Rudy's heart must have missed a beat. He wanted a girl of his own. And here was a pretty girl, plus the glamor of Ziegfeld.

Rudy's friend introduced them *via* the mails. Rudy wrote her a letter. The girl answered. A long correspondence ensued. Finally they made a date.

Their momentous meeting was to take place during his Easter vacation. He planned to come to New York for the week-end. His New England conscience told him he had no right to spend money for the trip from New Haven, for the New York hotel room and all the incidentals for a week-end. Still, spring was in the air; Rudy was young; this last college year had been an arduous one. So he spent five dollars on a dress shirt and bought a bottle of perfume for the girl. Then jamming his new possessions into his bag, he took the train to New York.

Unpacking, he discovered that the perfume bottle had broken, spilling its contents over the dress shirt. This meant a last minute rushing around to buy a second one, another five dollar layout, another bottle of perfume. Hot and breathless he arrived back at the hotel, just in time to telephone the girl.

Her voice sounded cool, as (*Continued on page 71*)

IN THE

Several amusing views of your



Lily Pons pays a visit to the town in Maryland named in her honor.



James Melton and his wife seem to be enjoying the rounds in Hollywood.



Phillips Lord, director-producer of *Gang Busters*, at rehearsal.



John Hamilton, Governor Landon's campaign manager, at the microphone.



Chairman Jim Farley on the air for the President Roosevelt forces.



Eddie Cantor rehearses with Parkyakarkus for their new show.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

microphone favorites as the summer season slowly ends



Lupe Velez injecting some pepper into a Rudy Vallée program.



Margaret Speaks and Director William Daly confer.



Abe Lyman after a hop from Chicago to New York.



Kay Thompson whispers to Ray Heatherton on the Kostelanetz half-hour. Right: Dick Powell surrounded by a bevy of *Stage Struck* beauties.





DO YOU WANT ME ON THE AIR?

By GLADYS HALL

"I'D LIKE to take a shot at asking the Public a question this time," Clark told me, mopping the 'blood' from his temple. "I'd like to interview the fans for a change. I'd like to turn the tables and give them a dose of their own medicine. I'd like them to play Truth with me, and I wish they'd tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help them God. I can take it!"

Clark looked as though he could "take it," whatever it might be. We were on the back lot of the *MGM* studio. They had been making some post-picture stills of *San Francisco* before the devastated street was dismantled. We stood in the earthquake débris among piles of brick and stone and mortar, the ghosts of pale children laid out in doorways, the echoes of wailing voices still knifing the air, the priestly figure of Spencer Tracy in the distance—and Clark, in tattered evening clothes, his temple gory, dusty, dishevelled—and smiling.

Clark usually is smiling.

"It's this," he said, as we lit companionable cigarettes and parked under the teetering roof of a lop-sided house. "It's about radio. It's whether or not the fans, as a whole, want me on the air. Would they rather have me do plays on the air or would they rather have me continue in pictures—or both?"

"Naturally they'll say 'both'," I remarked, "since it is good old human nature to want all you can get of anything or anyone, in every way."

"But that is not the game of Truth I am playing," explained Clark, "I am going now on the hypothesis that I'd do one *or* the other. That I'd be in pictures or on the air. And I want the fan reaction. I want to know whether the fans would be interested in me—for any length of time—on the air. And if so, why? And how? And what?"

"The Gable face or the Gable voice, which? Is that it?" I asked, as a couple of bricks tobogganed down and nearly laid us low. Clark brushed them to one side with one powerful hand. He has the most powerful hands I have ever seen. He didn't, as a matter of fact, want or try or even think of trying to take out a boxer's license, as the papers had it some time ago. He didn't have it in mind to take on Maxie Baer. It was a publicity story. But one look at those hands, fitter to rivet steel than to hold a lady's hand, and one has the clue to how the story started.

"That's about it," grinned Clark, "and if they do want me on the air—if the 'ayes' have it—then what would they want me to do? Fight? Make love? Speak *Little Pieces?* What?

"I can't sing, for the luvva Mike! I can't tap dance! I'm not a comic—or am I? All I can do, so far as I know, is what I've already done as a guest artist now and then. Like doing the play *The Legionnaire and The Lady* with Marlene—or scenes from *Men In White,* and so on.

"I don't think I belong on the air. I don't know why I'm doing any thinking about it, since no one has asked me to give my art to the air for (*Continued on page 58*)



The Legionnaire and the Lady, first Cecil B. DeMille production on the air of *Lux Radio Theatre* in Hollywood, starred Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable.



Cecil B. DeMille, famous movie director and now the producer of the weekly *Lux Radio Theatre* program, chats with Clark Gable before the broadcast.



The March of Time—Radio's only uncensored program

IF IT wanted to, *The March Of Time* program could say: *"Phooey to you from us!"* to its sponsor—and not a thing would happen! In fact, if it wanted to, it might even go so far as to hurl a loud raspberry in the general direction of the chewing gum concern that foots the ether *Time's* expenses—and still march on as usual in perfect safety and good will.

And that, if you know your radio, is a Very Strange Fact.

Take John Funnyman, for instance. His sponsor insists on okaying every word of the comedian's script before it goes on the air. Let John pull one joke, one phrase, that his boss blue-pencilled and he'll find himself bounced out of radio's back door without a job. That quaint old custom goes for all John Funnymen as well as singers and actors and orchestras and the rest.

Yet nobody can tell the *March Of Time* what it can and can't broadcast. It can even, as it did not so long ago, make its sponsor look a little ridiculous to some ten million listeners. Still its enormous bills went on being paid with generosity and satisfaction and there were no hard feelings. Which certainly puts America's foremost news program right up in a class with this world's Privileged Characters.

There's a reason for that. And the reason is that first, foremost and always, the *March Of Time* must bring you a *completely accurate presentation of the news* —sponsors, even presidents and kings and nations notwithstanding. And it is clearly understood and agreed in the contract with its sponsor that the first minute said sponsor accepts censorship of any kind the contract is immediately void.

Now no advertiser who has the money and the good fortune to keep *Time* on the air is going to tamper with any of its doings and promptly kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Here is a program that is a nightly newspaper for millions of people the globe around—people who at the same time receive a tasty bit of chewing gum advertising inserted between the columns of world events. During its five years on the air, *Time* has attained an inestimable amount of international importance. It is so important that it is banned in Germany, disapproved in Italy. Herr Hitler, realizing how powerful a swayer of public opinion it is, has every single broadcast taken down by a fast typist at the German Embassy in Washington, translated and rushed to him immediately by cable. None of the Hearst papers is allowed to list the program (*Continued on page 80*)

RADIO'S REBEL CHILD

By Mary Watkins Reeves



The *March of Time* cast in action, in the studio of *The Columbia Broadcasting System*. It looks like a tense moment!



(Right) Westbrook Van Voorhees, the *Voice of Time* and narrator of these programs which re-enact the news of the day in most dramatic fashion.



It's marriage again for Jimmy Wallington—and the name of the lady is Betty Jane Cooper

WALLINGTON MEETS

THE phone rang and Swiggs, my faithful butler, answered it.

"It's for you, sir," I said to myself, for I have to play Swiggs, too. "It's that Jimmy Wallington person . . ."

"Hi-ya, Jimmy," I said. I suppose you're going to tell me that you've inherited a fortune or that you're going to get married . . ."

"Hey!" he snarled. "Who's been talking?"

Well, sir, I'll have you know, I was into the tweeds and over at Signor Wallington's hotel suite in less time than it takes to tell about it.

"Whadda ya want, bum?" he snapped through a crack in the door, thereby proving that radio announcers, in their bathrobes, talk like you and me.

"Listen, pal, I know you won't inherit any money, so what's this about marriage?" I asked, pushing my way past him. "Where is she? Where are you hiding her?"

"Take it easy, my friend," he answered, "take it easy. Now sit down and listen to me for a minute.

"In the first place I'm not married —yet—but I'm going to be. In the second place she isn't in this place—" He thought that was very funny! "But she's coming over to lunch especially to meet you because I told her that I wanted you to have the story first. Why," looking cautiously out into the hall, "no one, *not even Cantor*, knows about this—except you."

"What!" I must have hollered it because he put his fingers to his ears. "Do you mean I've got an exclusive on this, a scoop?"

"I guess that's what you fellers would call it, you'll have the scoop and I'll have the girl—and *what* a girl!"

"Jimmy," I asked, as he started to lather his chin, "how did you happen to meet her, who is she, and why should any girl want—"

He grinned. "One at a time, old



Announcer James Wallington has known fame and success and tragedy and despair. Now, once more, he knows complete happiness in his marriage to lovely Betty Jane Cooper of the *Scandals* and *Collegiate*. Betty will abandon the stage to keep house for Jimmy.

HIS WATERLOO . . . !

By William L. Vallée

one at a time! Now sit over there in that chair, relax and I'll tell you how it all happened. As for her name, you'll just have to wait until lunch time. Now listen with both ears and I'll begin at the beginning.

"You remember that in 1935 I lost the lovely girl I had married—Anita, Anita Fuhrmann. You remember how happy we were, the plans we had made and—" his voice broke, "how she died after a long and terrible siege of peritonitis. Her death left me the victim of a strange and almost stupefying melancholia. I was bewildered, dazed. Oh, I don't mean I didn't keep up; I worked every day just as hard as I could, but nothing looked right, nothing *was* right.

"Then Eddie Cantor bustled me off to the Coast with him so we could carry on his air show from there, while he made a picture. There, I thought, I can get back to normal. I should have only I *didn't!*"

"Well, what—" I tried to say.

"Keep still, mugg," he said, pointing his razor at me. "In desperation I finally went to Cantor and laid all of my troubles at his feet. He was sympathetic; I knew he'd be. He's the best friend I have in the world. Besides, he's one of the most intelligent men I know and the Cantor heart is notoriously as big as Gibraltar. 'Jimmy,' he said, 'I sympathize with you.' Then he went on to say that he knew just how I felt but that I was still a young man and that I had a lot of life to face yet. I must carry on because Anita wouldn't want things the way they were.

"I admitted that he was right so I asked him what I should do. That was easy for him. He told me to dress and get out every night, to play and play hard. He said I must talk to everyone, anyone, in fact, who would listen to me. He finished up by swearing that if I didn't take his advice I'd end up by going insane.

(*Continued on page 86*)



Cecil B. De Mille with Cora Sue Collins, Al Jolson and Mrs. Al (Ruby Keeler). Below: *NBC's* Alice Reinhart advocates strenuous exercise.

Joan Marsh and Walter Woolf King of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern* program engage in a gay bit of fun between numbers.



Doris Kerr, *CBS* songstress, is one of radioland's very loveliest lassies.





BETWEEN



Band leader George Hall with vocalist Dolly Dawn. Below: Golf pros Jack Petrone and Tony Manera with Glen Gray and "Pee Wee" Hunt.



Jack Benny and wife, Mary Livingstone, with George Burns and wife, Gracie Allen, at Director Mitchell Leisen's party. Below: Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie cutting a few capers with Hollywood's Priscilla Lawson, Diana Gibson and Claudia Dell.





Latest picture news of some prominent radio personalities, showing what they do when not entertaining on the air

BROADCASTS

RADIO AND THE RACETRACK

By TOM MEANY

RACING has been called *The Sport of Kings* since the days of the dim and dusty past, when chariots careened around the arenas of Rome for the personal entertainment of the Cæsars. Today in America, in the paddock or on the clubhouse lawn of any race course, you can see the flower and cream of this nation's aristocracy, the pillars of its society, the backbone of its financial world and the stars of its stage, screen and radio.

Look a little closer, however, and you will see, too, the warlords of its rackets, the emperors of its vice rings, the tricksters and the sharpsters, the muscle-men and the mobsters. For *The Sport of Kings* attracts both the very top and the very bottom, with but scant representation of the great middle class, where other sports, such as baseball, for instance, make their greatest appeal and draw the majority of their patronage.

Nor was the turf uplifted by its tremendous expansion in the last four years, which now sees racing legalized in twenty-seven states instead of seven, as was the case in 1932, for few of the latter-day converts entertain the proper ideals regarding racing, seeing in it only a source of revenue to treasuries being drained by relief demands.

It was obvious to the millionaire sportsman of the turf that an appeal must be made to America's middle class, if the sport were to



Bryan Field, ace racing broadcaster, "calling" the horses from the booth at Belmont Park.

stay clean and healthy, an appeal not alone to the readers of the sports pages of the daily newspapers, but to that portion of the public which was not partial to sports, and particularly not partial to racing.

Then it was that the conservative Jockey Club and the five Racing Associations went to bat, turning to radio as the channel through which to reach America's middle class. The Jockey Club's membership rolls carry the names of some of the biggest men in the country. Millionaires (yes, there are still some left) are a dime-a-dozen in that conservative body. William Woodward, banker and owner of that great race horse, *Omaha;* Joseph E. Widener, owner of *Brevity,* and John E. Cowdin, a player on the first international polo team, are officers. Admiral Cary T. Grayson, head of the Red Cross, C. V. and J. H. Whitney, Richard Whitney, Ogden Mills and Ogden Phipps are a few of the members.

The leaders in racing decided to offer the privilege of broadcasting races free to the *National Broadcasting Chain* and the *Columbia Broadcasting System.* C. V. Whitney, owner of *Equipoise,* went to them and got coöperation to a small degree, a very small degree. The big radio chains took only the cream of the metropolitan races

(*Continued on page 92*)

YOU MUST MEET

ROSEMARY

by Priscilla

I CAN see right now that this is going to be a tough assignment. Talking about Rosemary, I mean. Because when a sister talks about a sister there's just no such thing as being absolutely impartial—no matter how hard you try you'll end up saying things that are too swell or not swell enough. So you might as well decide from the start which you're going to do and stick to it.

Personally, I'll choose too swell, since I honestly think nothing said about Rosemary can really be that way. Call it sisterly love if you want to, but all I know is she's one of my very most favorite persons out of all the people I know. It's been that way ever since my first recollection of her, laboriously wheeling me around the front yard in a little brown soapbox wagon in Indianola, Iowa, our home town. We've always been inseparable, Rosemary and I. Aside from the fact that we like each other a lot, I think another reason for that is the gap of eight years in age between us and our next older sister. There are three more girls in the family, you see. Lo, or Lolo, who used to be in pictures and is married now to director Al Hall; Le, or Leota, a musical comedy star; and Martha who's married to an English professor at the University of Illinois.

One thing I've always sort of secretly adored Rosemary for is that although I'm a year and two months younger than she (she's twenty) she's never treated me like a 'kid sis.' There've been plenty of times when she's had chances to—and probably should have—you know, times when we've thought differently about important decisions, or times when we've had to divide things or take choices between dresses or something. It's always made me terribly proud that Rosemary never exercised a big sister's rights of priority; she invariably fixed it so that we took turns or drew straws or tossed a penny—and came (*Continued on page 74*)

Gay and beguiling Lane of the Pennsyl about each other in

Left, Rosemary Lane, of radio's lovely Lanes, and below, with Priscilla, on a visit to Frank Buck's Jungle Camp, making friends with a cheetah.



MY SISTER!

PRISCILLA *by Rosemary*

I CALL her Pat. When I was tiny "Priscilla" was too much to pronounce, so I cut it down to one syllable and it's stayed that way ever since. The odd thing is that the name fits her to perfection. She isn't a pit prissy Priscilla-ish at all. She's everything that Pat implies—vivacious and modern and very much on the sporty, rather than the frilly, side of being feminine. I think that'll give you a picture, right off, of my little sister.

But I could never put Pat in the traditional little sister's niche! She's an inch taller than I am and weighs four pounds more and despite the fact that she is fourteen months my junior, she has always been and always will be, I suppose, my *grandmother!* It's the funniest thing in the world the way she undertakes to look out for me. "Now, Rosemary, I think so-and-so," and "Rosemary, if I were you I wouldn't do so-and-so," are everyday occurrences. I'm afraid I don't uphold tradition, either, because I usually come around to seeing things Pat's way before the issue is finished.

Tom Waring has often said to me, "How is it you and Pat don't fight? Look at all these other kids and the trouble they have getting along together!" Well I really don't know how to explain that, except that we hate fusses. We never have had one—a big one. If either of us is angry we always keep quiet until things straighten out and I think that must be attributed to a strong sense of family loyalty that mother instilled in us as children. Fred Waring, our boss, often teases us about our odd behavior at rehearsals; he says if he blows up at Priscilla about something, *Rosemary's* the one who gets mad and leaves the room in a huff, and vice versa, so he never can decide whom his bawling out does the most good!

It's hard to jump right in and talk about Pat without letting you in on they way she used to be back in Indianola. (*Continued on page 75*)

Rosemary and Priscilla vanians "tell all" this diverting tale

Below, Priscilla, younger sister of Rosemary. Right, Fred Waring, with whose Pennsylvanians the girls are captivating stars.





Helen Hayes, stage and film star, with her husband, Charles MacArthur, playwright and motion picture producer, on a brief holiday together.

A HECTIC, BUT HAPPY, MATING

By Mildred Mastin

THE most important thing in the world to Helen Hayes is her partnership with Charles MacArthur.

It began to be very important one scorching August afternoon eight years ago, when they went, hand in hand, into a stuffy little office to be married. Charlie nervously jangling a bunch of keys, Helen twirling a tiny bouquet of rosebuds. Charlie fumbling frantically for the wedding ring, Helen discovering that she already had it on her finger, taking it off, giving it back to him, and Charlie replacing it.

The partnership became more important a year later when, on a bright September morning Helen lay exhausted and happy, a new baby beside her, and Charlie, grinning a little foolishly but looking pretty proud, tiptoed out to greet the boys from the papers.

"It's a girl," he announced. "And she's more beautiful than the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Blonde?" they asked.

He nodded and,. with a combination of wit, sentimentality and charm that is characteristic of him, he added: "She has blue eyes and looked at me resentfully. You know—the same look that every young actress turns on a playwright. I hope she will grow up to be a handsome girl with good manners and able to read and write—though not too much. I suppose the law compels

Helen Hayes and husband Charles MacArthur reach the greatest heights in their separate professions when each assists the other



us to send her to school, although she might get more out of life just hanging around the house."

The Hayes-MacArthur partnership grew in importance when, a year and a half later, Helen went to Hollywood to join her playwright husband, and he persuaded her to go into pictures. It was a daring step for Helen. She had been afraid of pictures. She never before had departed seriously from the stage. A thousand doubts tortured her. Charlie laughed her worries away. He was writing a movie script: *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. The rôle was a 'natural' for her. She would catch on to movie technique in no time. No need to be frightened of Hollywood!

So she took the rôle, speaking the lines he had written, bolstered by his faith and assurance. Her performance as *Madelon* won for her the Academy Award.

And when, a few years later, Charlie launched his motion picture career in the East as a producer-director for Paramount, Helen was on the set, playing small, nameless extra rôles, laughing with him, encouraging him, helping in any way she could to make *his* first production, *Crime Without Passion*, a success.

In their work, in their play, at home, in the theater, everywhere, these two have been perfect partners. Everywhere, that is, except on the air.

Their partnership never has extended to radio. Last year each of them, separately, launched radio careers. And neither of them was particularly successful.

Helen Hayes, in *The New Penny* series last winter, never once touched the heights she has reached many times on stage and screen. And Charlie, as (*Continued on page 66*)

Left, Helen Hayes broadcasts her radio program. Above, with Neil Hamilton in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, which won her the Academy award.

JUVENILE JAMBOREE

Paul Whiteman auditions talented children for his *Musical Varieties*



Each Tuesday morning at the *NBC* studio, Whiteman welcomes ambitious young amateurs. And each week Warner Brothers selects one for a screen test. Little Jeannie Parrillo tells her hopes to Paul.



Upper picture, Juliet Yust. And the sailor laddie is Juliet's brother Charles.



Center, Frances Lane and Colleen Stimson. Above, Mrs. Walter J. McNamara and sons Paul and Billy.



It's a long way to the microphone—but Doris Von See will reach it!

DYNAMO—PINT SIZE

Ireene Wicker, The Singing Lady, unique in her own field



Left, Ireene Wicker, one of radio's most distinguished artists, has repeatedly been honored for her children's programs. And (right) with her husband, Walter Wicker, writer and member of the cast of *Song of the City*, co-author and member of the cast of *Today's Children*.



By Leslie Eaton

CHILDREN'S programs come and go, good, bad and indifferent. But among them all, one stands out with starlike brilliance, not only from the standpoint of parents and teachers, but from the point of view of the most important critics, the children themselves

The creator of these particularly delightful songs and stories is Ireene Wicker, talented author and actress and successful wife and mother, too. Her Singing Lady program, on the air five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year at 5:30 p.m. E.D.T., under the sponsorship of the Kellogg Company, has withstood every test, every demand of children and educators alike. In a recent national poll, this program led the field by a large margin. For three successive years, it has won the World-Telegram award. The National Federation of Women's Clubs found its popularity greater than that of any other children's program and radio magazines and critics unite in acclaiming its merited success

One reason for the outstanding quality of Miss Wicker's work is that she does not write down to children. Having a growing boy and girl of her own, she is aware of their quick intelligence, their innate good taste, their wide and varied interests. She admits their desire for drama, their need for something to stimulate as well as entertain Love for adventure, for mystery is legitimate—but can be met with something besides machine guns!

She allows for the varied ages and interests of her small listeners all over the country by varying her program from day to day. On Monday, for instance, she plans an original story and song based on Mother Goose or some familiar fairy tale. On Tuesday, she tells an original story of Nancy and Charlie and their travels—last winter they were in Bermuda and had some exciting sea-adventures with Dr. William Beebe. At present they are in China, and a vivid picture of that (*Continued on page 99*)

Tuning UP THE SHOW



Familiar friends rehearse their rôles for the weekly sailing of the *Show Boat*

Rosaline Greene (*Mary Lou*), Irene Hubbard (*Maria*) and Frank McIntyre (*Captain Henry*) study their scripts. Gus Haenschen leads his orchestra. Next Lanny Ross rehearses a tender song. And now *Mary Lou* and *Maria* run through their lines before the mike. Allen and Louise Massey, of *The Westerners*, rehearse a plaintive western ditty. And then *Captain Henry* reads his rôle.











IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

Ted Hammerstein, of The Music Hall of the Air, aims high

By Miriam Rogers

THE old Manhattan Opera House is gone and all but forgotten, but names it made famous still ring in our ears and some of them still shine in bright lights. Mary Garden, Tetrazzini, Lina Cavalieri, John McCormack and many others first tasted success on the stage of Oscar Hammerstein's opera house, the old Victoria. And so formidable was the success of this greatest venture of the famous impresario that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company offered Hammerstein one million dollars to quit and leave the field to them.

Oscar accepted their offer, confident that his star would remain in the ascendancy. But in the next years, he was to know keen disappointment and heart-breaking defeat.

Today young Ted Hammerstein is the brightest link with the unforgettable past. In his *Music Hall of the Air,* broadcast over the *CBS* network every Tuesday night at 8 p. m., *E.D.T.,* young Ted not only presents famous artists who once played on the stage of his grandfather's opera house, but endeavors to give the kind of show for which the elder Hammerstein was famous.

"It is the last frontier of vaudeville," he explained to me. "We try to give a real variety show—and we think the old and the new make an interesting contrast."

"But so many of these old-timers must be almost forgotten, and quite unknown to the younger generation. Do you find them popular?" I inquired.

"Very much so with those who remember. They get a great thrill out of hearing their old-time favorites again. And we have plenty to offer the other listeners. We have something different every week, for variety, and Lucy Laughlin and our band to carry on regularly. Lucy is the daughter of Anna Laughlin and is very popular. Each group appeals to its own audience and both groups buy toothpaste, you know!"

Ted laughed. He is a gay, debonair young man with the most ebullient spirits. If he ever takes anything seriously, I failed to discover what, during our somewhat hectic meetings. He has an office in the Palace Theatre building and his radio program is rehearsed and produced, appropriately enough, in the old Amsterdam roof, where some of his guest stars were once reigning favorites. I had followed him from the Palace to the Amsterdam and back again, finally catching up with him in his office between rehearsal and the evening show. I was impressed by the fact that, busy as he was, he still had time to be cordial and generous with what time he had.



Ted Hammerstein, youthful theatrical producer and grandson of the famous Oscar Hammerstein.

Ted's grandfather, after relinquishing his opera house, engaged in a number of enterprises which eventually reduced him almost to penury. He built scores of theatres in New York and Europe, but the Midas-touch was gone and he tasted the bitter fruit of failure. His four sons shared his ill luck as a fortune variously estimated at from five to twenty millions dwindled to nothing. Three of the sons died within short intervals and Oscar has himself been dead so long that Ted's memories of him are few and dim.

"He had severed all connections with the theatre," Ted said. "I can remember—or think I do—seeing him putter around a dusty little old office. He had invented some sort of a cigar-vending machine and of course he thought he was going to recoup his fortune. I was all dressed up in Buster Brown suits in those days and my grandfather loathed them—he'd give me a nickel for letting him write on the stiff white collars!"

But somehow in those days, the old man must have imbued the little boy with something of his own ambition and his own unquenchable spirit. Certainly he was steeped in the old theatrical traditions and had no thought outside of that glamorous world.

For a young man, Ted Hammerstein has a long list of failures as well as successes behind him, but they never fazed him for a moment. He was always ready to tackle the next job, to try something else. Ted was born in 1902 and at fourteen, left school, determined upon a stage career and prepared, whatever befell, never to stop trying. His first opportunities were engineered by a skillful forging of his grandfather's name on letters of introduction neatly written on the elder Hammerstein's stationery! Actually, his début, if you could call it that, was in a play called *Arizona,* with a stock company in the Bronx.

"I was supposed to stand in the wings and hold a horse by the bridle. At the proper moment, I was to give him a slap on the flank and send him galloping onstage. I was terrified and stood as far from him as my arm could stretch! Of course I was never seen by the audience, but I received $6.00 a week and thought my career was well begun! I had been with them about eight weeks, with slightly better parts but no more money, when the company went broke."

"And then?" I suggested.

"Well, I think it was somewhere around that time that I ran off to join the navy, but I was under age and my parents refused consent and (*Continued on page 54*)











(Left to right) Page Gilman (*Jack*), Minetta Ellen (*Fanny*), Walter Patterson (*Capt. Man's Family*), Kathleen Wilson (*Claudia*), Barton Yarborough (*Cliff*), Winifred'

. . . AT HOME WITH

By Franc Dillon

FOR years my pet aversion has been the radio program known as *One Man's Family*. It seemed to me that my peaceful pursuits were forever being interfered with by this play. My friends will drop everything when it is time for this program, and sit listening with rapt expressions.

"It's my favorite program!" they exclaim. "I wouldn't think of missing a chapter."

Did I anticipate a quiet game of bridge? *One Man's Family* would interrupt. Did I plan a trip, call on a neighbor or wish to listen to a symphony concert? *One Man's Family* was on the air. It would be no more than a mild exaggeration to say that *One Man's Family* was making my life miserable.

Of course I never listened to it. I wouldn't like it if it was good! And it seemed as if Fate had taken a hand, when I found myself doing a little piece about it. The only nice angle was that it provided a good excuse to visit San Francisco, the home town of the *Family*.

I planned to be there on Sunday and it happened that on that particular Sunday, Carlton Morse, the author of the play, had invited the whole *Family* to his country home for the day and I was taken along.

Did you ever attend a real old-fashioned family reunion? You know the kind I mean. All the fathers and mothers and relatives attend and it is usually held at the home of the grandparents. That is the kind of party this was, and held at the home of the grandparents, too, for Carlton Morse is really the granddaddy of the play, although astonishingly young in years.

You won't be at all flattered when I tell you how he happened to write this serial, although you must admit his reasoning was sound. It was when radio was in its infancy and, having written exciting mystery plays and thrillers, which he sold to radio, he decided there must be some new idea; an idea that would appeal to everyone. He asked himself what people were most interested in and the answer was, naturally, "them-

Meet the cast of an ever popular radio pro-



icky), Bernice Berwin (*Hazel*), Mr. and Mrs. Carlton E. Morse (the author of *One* olfe (*Teddy*), J. Anthony Smythe (*Henry Barbour*), at the home of Carlton E. Morse.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

lves." And so he wrote the first epides of *One Man's Family*—an intiate story dealing with real human begs—and it's been going on ever since.

Of course in real life the members of is family aren't related, but that makes much easier for them to be good iends! And they are good friends, too. ıch member of the group is interested the others; in the romances, husbands, ives, babies and divorces. I don't be:ve there is a jealous thought in the oup. No one is the star of the piece. one member is more important than e others in one broadcast, another mem- r will be the prominent one the next eek. And that, I believe, is one of the portant contributing factors in making is the most popular play on the air as goes along in its fifth year.

It was a beautiful forty-mile drive ong the skyline boulevard to our desıation, where we gained admission by ıging a ship's bell outside the gate and und ourselves at one of the most arming mountain homes I've ever seen. the center of a forest of huge pines, ıdrones and other evergreen trees, is a glorified cabin built on six levels and clinging precariously near the top of a very high mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse and two beautiful collies came running down dozens of steps to meet us, Mrs. Morse assuring everyone that there were pots and pots of coffee coming up. Tiny, blonde and dainty, she declares she is just the guinea pig of the family because her husband always submits his scripts to her before the final editing. If she approves they go on the air.

Bernice Berwin, who plays *Hazel*, and her husband, a San Francisco attorney, were the next arrivals, and the first questions fired at her were concerning her baby—the first baby born in the *Family* circle.

Every member of the cast is given two weeks' vacation every year and it takes no little ingenuity on the part of Mr. Morse to arrange his plot to allow for absences at the right time. He always manages it, but hasn't yet figured out a way to get a vacation for himself. Strangely enough, no one ever asks to be written out (*Continued on page 61*)

ram in one of their merry family reunions



Carlton E. Morse

Page Gilman



Kathleen Wilson



Michael Raffetto

WINCHELL

By Jack Hanley

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, before sound had complicated movie making and swept live performers from the boards of vaudeville theatres across the country, there was a hoofer. There were, in fact, lots of hoofers, all making a more or less precarious living, but there was one in particular with a terrific yen to be a newspaperman.

Nobody might ever have known; there was nothing much to distinguish this particular hoofer from the legion of other man-and-woman teams who plugged along for a salary of a hundred-odd dollars a week, doing songs, dances and patter; playing the *pan* time or the *Interstate* or the *Loew Southern* circuits of the time; as often as not "deucing it"—which meant going on second, after the acrobats.

But, in the theatres this hoofer played, an embryo newspaper called the *Daily News-Sense* appeared on the bulletin board backstage. It was only two typed pages; quips, gags and theatrical gossip, tacked up next to the mailbox beside the local hotel ads, laundry solicitations, rehearsal notices and fire warnings. It was Walter Winchell's first journalistic enterprise, with a circulation limited to the handful of vaudevillians playing one particular theatre each week.

That Glenn Condon, editor of the trade weekly *Vaudeville News* saw the *Daily News-Sense* and offered Winchell a job, was a break. The rest was Winchell. It's a far cry from the young hoofer who was willing to drop to twenty-five dollars a week to make his first actual contact with printer's ink, to the Winchell of today with hundreds of papers syndicating his column and a radio audience of millions. Not to mention the tremendous ballooning of that twenty-five dollar stipend to about as many hundreds for his radio contract alone.

Many things have happened since Winchell sang in a Harlem orchestra pit with Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel as: *Lawrence, McKinley and Stanley, the Singing Ushers.* Winchell was *Lawrence* and it was this same trio that Gus Edwards put into one of his early revues with the *Newsboys Sextette.*

Ever since his beating-up some months ago, attributed to Nazi sympathizers, Winchell is accompanied

THROUGH A KEYHOLE

by a bodyguard, convoyed by an assorted train of friends and stooges. A person of power and influence, he is besieged by mail, waylaid in favorite haunts, pestered by phone. An army of favor-seekers offers him news, makes bids for a line in the column. His function now is, perhaps, primarily an editorial one, with sources established and an eager horde of contributors.

But Winchell, himself, is basically the same. Back in 1924, exultant over his first column on the now defunct *Daily Graphic,* he would buttonhole everybody and anybody to ask them about the column; how did they like such and such an item? Did they see his line about so and so? He was all over the plant, from advertising office to composing room, soliciting comment and compliment. Hardly a day went by that Winchell did not have some gag, too *blue* to print, which he carried about with the plea of: "How can I clean it up?" His enthusiam was impervious to sneers or snickers; an ingenuous, childlike eagerness; a complete absorption with himself that was wholly naïve rather than conceited.

Recently, at Winchell's repeat broadcast, the announcer mentioned to him that he had announced a swing music concert between the two broadcasts. Winchell looked up with a single query:

"Did you say anything about me?" he asked.

That, perhaps, is one of the keynotes of the Winchell make up; has always been. Back in 1924, he started on the *Graphic* at $100.00 a week, as columnist, amusement editor and drama reviewer. The dramatic critic's job, however, consisted in merely accompanying *guest critics*—readers of the paper who gave their reviews. After a year, Winchell began receiving offers from Hearst and though his contract had not yet run out, he was given a raise, then a second raise. It was supposed to be kept secret, to avoid dissatisfaction among the rest of the staff. But Winchell, opening his envelope to find $190.00 in it one week, could not stifle his enthusiasm and juvenile glee at what was then big money to him. The whole force knew of it in short order, and though it was never discovered who had revealed the secret, it is a fairly safe conjecture that Walter, himself, was the leak. The *Your Broadway and Mine* column was offered, along with many other *Graphic* features, for syndication in those early days and was turned down. Later, when the *Graphic,* itself, began syndicating him, he was, to quote those who worked with him, like a kid with a new toy every time a new paper was added to the syndicate string. He still mentions each new paper taking his stuff in the column.

In 1930 he commented that the old saw: *"Once a trouper always a trouper,"* did not apply to him. He was, he said, out of show business and he mentioned exultantly that one manager, who had played him in his vaudeville days none too enthusiastically at $100 a week, was offering him $2500 to play the same theatre, which he refused. Nevertheless he did play a few theatre dates in 1934 and appeared not long ago with Ben Bernie in a stage version of their mock feud. But not for $100 a week.

His first radio show was heard shortly after he signed with the *Daily Mirror* in 1930. He was contracted for 13 weeks by the Saks Stores for a purely local program —New York only. At the end of the contract it wasn't renewed and he began casting about for another sponsor. A shoe company signed him for another 13 weeks which went a bit better; fan mail and comment began drifting in and led to his engagement at $1,000 weekly on a national CBS hookup. It was steady upgrade from then on. *Lucky Strike* paid him $3,500 and paid $1,000 weekly to his sponsors to release the "exclusive" clause in his contract and so, for a time, he broadcast for two sponsors simultaneously.

After over six years on the air, Winchell is still nervous at the mike. With his copy ready, he puffs in staccato tempo at a forbidden cigarette until the go ahead signal; takes off his jacket, opens his collar and sits down at the microphone with his hat pushed to the back of his head, a glass of water at his elbow. His copy is passed on and okayed before the broadcast, but he does no rehearsal. The sound effects — telegraph ticker and piping of radio code —he works himself instead of leaving it to sound-effects men. He sets the rapid fire tempo of his broadcast that way, fingers jiggling the "bug" keys at exactly the split second he wants them. He doesn't know code—sends what telegraphers call "hash," but once, presumably through accident, his fingers tapped out a garbled *"go to hell."* As the key sends its staccato rhythmic interludes to machine-gun verbal delivery, Winchell's foot keeps tapping rhythmically with it; it is as though the whole broadcast were set to a metronomic, rapid tempo, as indeed it is.

Walter Winchell, of the Jergens program, has given us the lowdown on just about every one else, but here's where you get the absolute lowdown on Walter, himself!

He works to no studio audience, but there usually are a few hangers-on or friends present during the broadcast. He obviously enjoys the small group who do attend.

On an occasion one of his "flashes" contained the scoop that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone had been married. Winchell was in the control-room, before broadcast-time, and Ben Grauer, his announcer, happened to glance at the script and, noting the news, read a few lines to friends in the studio. Winchell came storming out of the control-room in a towering rage and snapped: "Where'd you get that? Who told you to read that?" Hearing it come through the open mike to the control-room speaker he thought, for a moment, that it had gone on the air and that someone else had broadcast it, scooping him.

But even when he learned, from the flabbergasted and amiable Grauer, that it had gone (*Continued on page 64*)



WE'RE ALL SCHOLARS NOW

Rupert Hughes, famous novelist, discusses in his scintillating fashion radio's far-reaching influence

By Faith Service

BEFORE radio," said Rupert Hughes, "or before movies, there were relatively few persons who were informed, within limits, of the past and the present. But now—now in this great age, the women in our kitchens, women and men and girls on isolated farms, the inhabitants of small towns—everywhere—can hear Mussolini speak, understand the meaning of Stalinism, hear Hitler speak, listen to the President of the United States, are familiar with symphonic music or jazz, hear lectures once available only to university students—stand with their ears to the very making of history, the development of science, the world they live in.

"The vocabularies of people everywhere have been increased and enriched. So much so that I often think movies and radio play down to their audiences, too far down. Such words as *masochism* and *sadism,* for instance, words that were familiar, a few years ago, only to students of Freud, are now common conversational coin.

"Table manners have improved. For in the movies, we have seen the Gilded Great being served and need no benefit of Emily Post. How many, in the past, read books of Etiquette, anyway? Only a handful. Manners of all kinds have improved. Graces once given only to a favored few now make silken the texture of many lives.

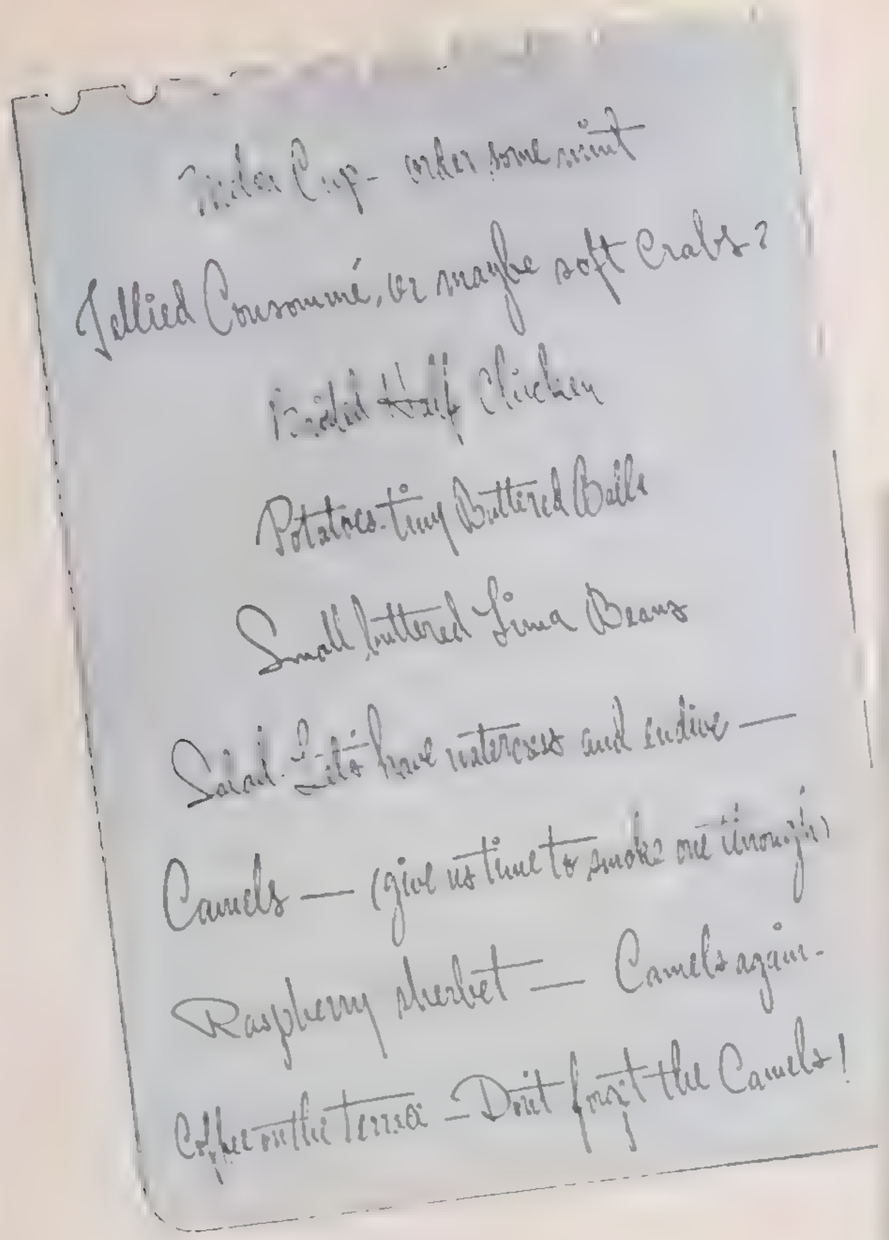
"The Swedish washerwoman in your kitchen or mine—*my God, think of the emotions of which she is capable—the great scale of love and lust and murder and sacrifices and tenderness.* Nothing is less vital in her, no major experience is denied her because she has not read a few books."

I was talking to Mr. Hughes in the library of his Hollywood home. He was surrounded by some eight to ten thousand books, ranging anywhere from the works of Aristotle to the works of Harold Bell Wright, from priceless folios and first editions to the cardboard-covered editions of modern libraries.

"I love books," he continued. "I have been an omnivorous reader all of my life. I'd read most of the classics through by the time I was out of my 'teens. Perhaps, if there had been motion pictures and radio in those days, I might not have read quite so exhaustively. *I'm not sure that it would have mattered greatly.* Too many people read a few books, visit a few cities, see a few paintings and are then disposed to look down their noses at the rest of humanity, at everything 'popular,' at all things modern and contemporary.

"For it is customary, you know, to look down upon anything contemporary. And yet the now revered classicists were the 'hot moments' the 'hot breaths' of their day, frowned upon by the Tories. Socrates was put to death for endangering the morals of the young. Today we touch our foreheads to the ground when we mention him.

"It is so with radio and with movies. Those who are pleased to call themselves (*Continued on page 78*)



Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess



MRS. NICHOLAS GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III

MRS. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after. Camels taste *so* good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

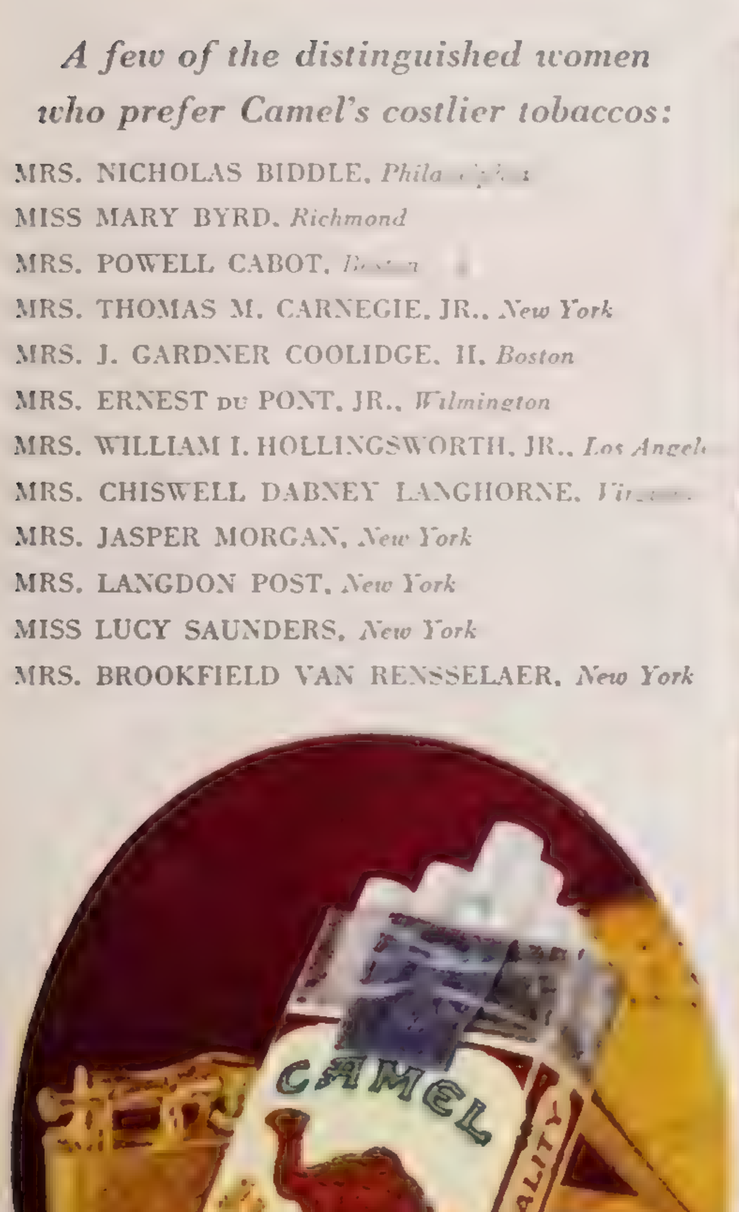
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A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., *Los Angeles*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*



Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maître d'hôtel: "We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

... Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

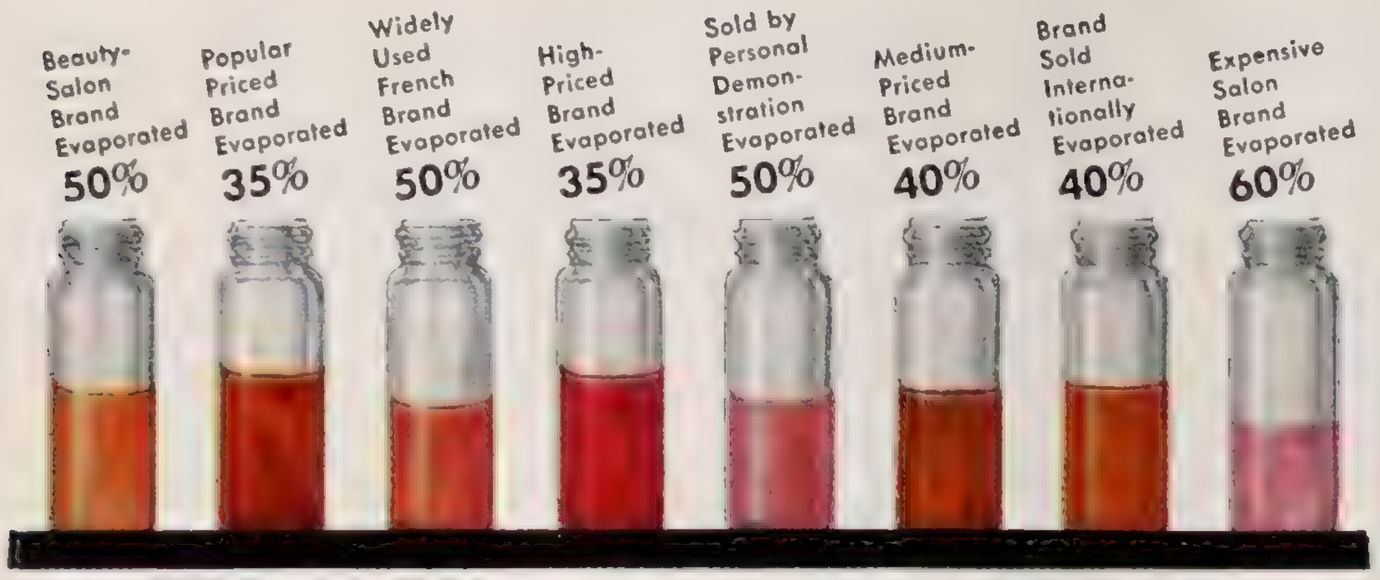
Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels. Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion ... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable, *Evaporated 35% to 60%*

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop

Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish



TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many more costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!"

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray.

RUST—For sun-tanned hands. Wear with brown, beige, green, white, copper.

LIGHT RUST—A paler Rust.

Delicate and glamorous.

ROBIN RED—A new, softer red that even men like. Goes with *any* color costume.

OLD ROSE—Paler than Robin Red, but in the same key.

WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated *less than* half as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to *you* in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle. No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. So *little* money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6M10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name_____

Address_____

City State













Proving that they can be as "wacky" to the eye as they are to the ear on their Sunday evening *Jell-O* summer show which airs the antics of the already famous Wacky family, Tim and his wife, Irene, give you a camera's eye view of at least three reasons why they should be able to hold their own in movies as well as radio. They have been so successful at filling the spot left open when Jack Benny departed for his summer vacation that they have been signed for a series of two-reel shorts. Tune in on them 7:00 P.M. E.D.S.T. Sunday evening for a half-hour of delightful foolishness with the Wacky family.

PINCH HITTERS SUPREME!

Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette show they can fill the bill



FOR YOU *and* YOUR BABY...

but our HOME-GROWN Vegetables Can Help You Both!

Let us save you the time and energy you'd spend in drudgery if you prepared your baby's strained vegetables! Let us help your baby—more than most market-bought vegetables could, because:

Gerber's are raised in selected soils, from pedigreed seed, under supervision; *sun-ripened* and picked just ripe; then—since *time* would steal special values—*rushed* to our kitchens, within one hour's trucking distance; cooked with air kept *out* and natural moisture kept *in*, retaining in high degree the precious vitamins and mineral salts.

Also, because packed so fresh, they are left *un*seasoned; you add salt and sugar at your doctor's wish.

See, too, if *you* don't think our Shaker-Cooking keeps colors natural, flavors *fresher!*



Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.



IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

(*Continued from page 45*)

hauled me home."

He grinned boyishly. "The next move was obviously to forge another letter, grandfather's name being about all I had to offer. I tried it on Morris Gest, who was supervisor for my Uncle Arthur's productions at that time. Gest turned me over to Ray Comstock and Comstock delivered me to the stage manager, Dave Bennett, who yielded me up to the assistant stage manager. I forget the rest, but somehow I wound up as understudy to the chorus boys!"

I must have looked slightly incredulous, because his grin widened. "Yes, actually—and received $18.00 a week for same. I'd come up in the world a bit, you see."

The show was *Very Good, Eddie,* starring Ernest Truex and a certain promising young juvenile named Oscar Shaw. For six months, Ted had little to do but chat with the old colored stage door man. But when the show finished in New York and prepared for a road run, Ted quit, worn out with inactivity.

But he wasn't through with *Very Good, Eddie.* Truex fell ill and Ted's uncle Arthur discovered the boy had learned all the parts during his otherwise idle connection with the play and shipped him out to play the lead. Truex, however, inconsiderately recovered and Ted decided to carry on with his job as understudy. Fate relented slightly now, a chorus boy left the show to get married and Ted stepped into his place. For the first time in his eight months with the show, he actually appeared on the stage! The show was a hit and traveled to the west coast and back. Eventually, after months of hoofing, Ted played Truex's rôle with a one-night-stand company and enjoyed eighteen more weeks of touring.

His next step up the uncertain ladder of fame was as a dancer in another Arthur Hammerstein production, starring Vivienne Segal. Ted's partner was the lovely Constance Binney, then unknown, and he received the princely sum of forty dollars a week.

"My first big opportunity was with *Tickle Me,* another of my uncle's shows. I had a real part, but the flu germ laid me low and my hopes went lower. Naturally the part wasn't held open for me—I was in bed for months."

But the past, with its ups and downs, plays a very small part in Ted's life or consciousness these days. He recalls it with effort and regards it all as a great joke. He is too young and too forward-looking to care much about the details of his youth or the difficulties that beset his path. Such moments of depression as he may have had, must have been very few and quickly forgotten.

For a couple of years after his abortive efforts to win renown on the stage, he tried the theatrical agency business with Chamberlin Brown, then the biggest agent on Broadway.

"After I left Brown," Ted recalled, "I took a job with another agent and was specially elected to keep all pests away from the boss's door. I did very well—under his careful instruction, I kept out of his sight such unpromising material as Edward Robinson, William Powell, Richard Dix, Jim Barton, Chester Morris and Ben Lyon! I might have my grandfather's name, but I am afraid I lacked his perspicacity! You might say I am famous for the great people I didn't discover!"

"And after that?" I prompted.

He grabbed up a leather case of shaving materials neatly engraved with his initials and darted into the next room.

"I've got to dress, but we can keep on talking. Let's see—" he came in, grabbed up something and disappeared again. "Where were we?" A disembodied voice went on with the tale. "I had a fling at producing—a musical comedy called *Bye, Bye Barbara.* My first attempt, but I had seven partners to share the burden! We managed to get the thing on to Broadway for three thousand dollars, and in those days it was nothing to drop sixty thousand on a show. So we had something to be proud of, even if *Barbara* flopped—as it did, hard and fast, in less than two weeks!"

Next, young Ted stage-managed a show called *Ginger* which folded in a scant four weeks.

"I went back into the agency business and managed to build up a little bankroll. Enough to produce *When Summer Comes* with Jim Barton and Louella Gear in the leading rôles. Did you ask me if it flopped? Need you ask? Well, I got it as far as Washington, anyway. And by the way, that was the time I sent for a four-brother act that had been knocking around vaudeville, thinking it might bolster up the show. The four brothers weren't so bad, but it was too late—the poor play died. The four brothers? They were the Marx brothers!"

But at long last, Ted was to savor the delights of having a hit on Broadway. He was stage manager of *The Girl Friend,* a big hit, and in the next four years, stage manager for such triumphs as *Peggy Anne, Hit the Deck, Present Arms* and *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*

He next directed *The Vanderbilt Revue,* starring Joe Penner, Ruby Keeler and Lulu McConnell. But the *Revue* flopped and Ted was footloose once more.

He was meditating going to Hollywood to direct pictures for Fox when he happened upon a play script called *Thoroughbred.* It struck a responsive chord and the Fox contract went overboard. This was his big chance, he thought. This would make him!

The play was produced, with Florence Reed starring, and the critics agreed with Ted—but not the public. An artistic success, the play flopped badly. And a play by Achmed Abdullah and Faith Baldwin failed to mend the situation.

But Ted's spirits were not dampened and in the meantime he had been very successful with summer theatres . . .

He was back in the room where I was now, immaculate in evening clothes, ready for the evening performance.

"In the back of my mind, for a long

(*Continued on page 56*)



Miss Katharine Aldridge—"I keep my pores fine, skin fresh looking, with Pond's Cold Cream."

When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

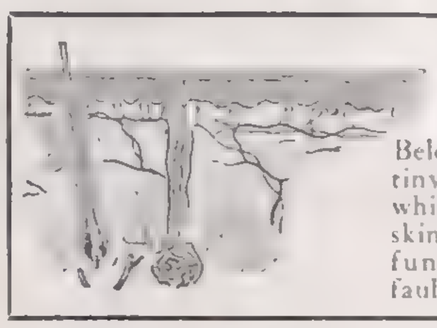
YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you "a pretty girl."

And girls with less claim to good features are "good looking"—simply *because they have a clear, fresh skin!*

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just *under* your skin!

Rousing . . . deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It's their work to keep your *outer* skin glowing and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.



Most faults start underneath

Below that dark layer are tiny glands, cells, fibres which keep your outer skin flawless. When they function poorly—skin faults start!

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—*is* wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling? . . . Face glowing? A sign you're rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned. Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Remember this

Here's the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond's. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.



Mrs. William Jay Iselin
"Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin toned up—glowing! I never have blackheads and blemishes."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. K128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

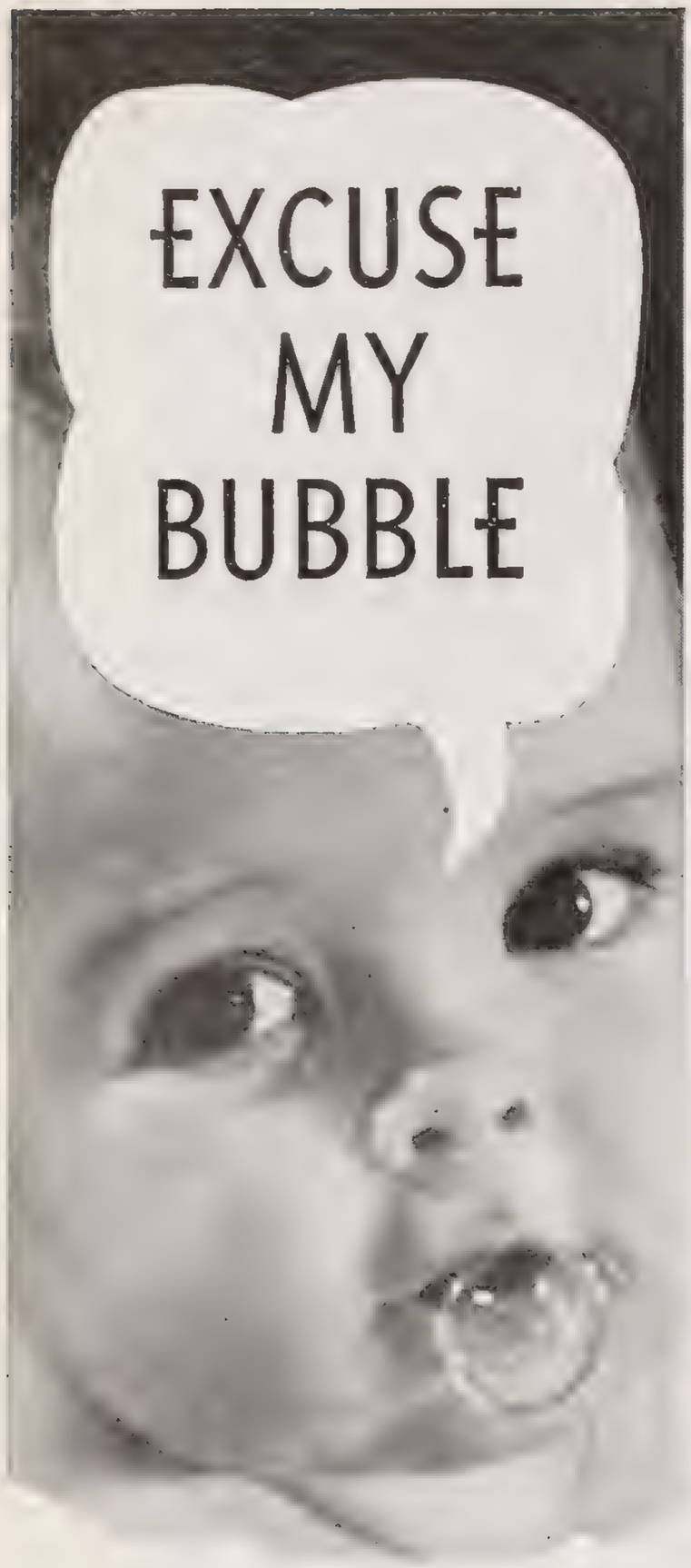
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EXCUSE MY BUBBLE



Gee I'm happy! I've had my MENNEN OIL RUB like hospitals give

"Pardon my enthusiasm—but I can't help bubbling over with satisfaction. Why? 'Cause mother just gave me my daily body rub with Mennen Oil. That's the *Antiseptic* oil they use in hospitals.*And boy, do germs hate it! As near as I can figure out, this oil covers me with a film of safety . . . from head to foot. It gets down into my skin folds and creases . . . where germs love to hide and start trouble. My doctor says that Mennen Oil keeps me safer and healthier. Am I glad? Gosh, *yes*. And *your* baby will be, too, if you rub him daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil."

**Nearly all hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies daily. Your baby deserves it, too.*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* OIL

IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

(*Continued from page 54*)

time," he continued his story, "I had had an idea for a radio program featuring some of the stars of my grandfather's day. And about this time, Frank Hummert, one of the executives of Blackett, Sample and Hummert, got the same idea. He's developed and created more radio shows than anyone I know of—*Easy Aces, Five-Star Jones, Backstage Wife*— any number of them. He looked me up, and that was the beginning of our *Music Hall.*"

"And how in the world did you find these older people you've been featuring?" I demanded.

"My grandfather's scrapbook was my talent scout, if you want to call it that. I finally traced both down George May, an old German musician who was orchestra leader of the old Victoria and he had the scrapbook in his possession. After that, it was largely a matter of tracing down the former stars, many of whom had retired."

"How do they react to the microphone, these old-timers?" I wondered.

"Better than the average radio performer. They seem to have no fear of the microphone, no particular awareness of it. They are all thrilled to get back, of course, to appear before an audience again. They seem to be completely at ease—much more so than I am! It is something of a responsibility, you know, to drag them out of their retirement and thrust them before the public again. I am always shaking in my boots for fear they won't get there on time or won't be able to sing or will get sick, or something! I mean, of course, the older ones—Jim Thornton, for instance, is well over eighty. But I really needn't worry about them—they're wonderful, really."

"Have many of them been that old?"

He smiled. "Some of them are young enough not to want dates and ages mentioned, but the real old-timers are proud of it. Old W. C. Handy, for instance, the writer of the *St. Louis' Blues*— he's in his late seventies, I think. We had a time getting him here because his manager had signed him up for a performance in Harlem that same night—W. C. Handy *and* his orchestra. But the old man said he'd be here. He was scheduled to open the show at eight o'clock and I got pretty nervous, but he was there at three minutes of!

"Early this summer," he went on, "we had Josephine Sable, who is seventy-nine—she used to be what they called a low-down blues singer. Of course lots of them have been much younger than that. And some of them have made a real comeback through our program. Fritzi Scheff, for instance, appeared with us and now has her own network program. And Benny Field's comeback was begun the night he went on with us. John Steele, too—he was at the Amsterdam Room at the height of his popularity, so it seemed particularly fitting he should start on the up-grade again with us."

I knew from listening to the program that old songs were often featured, too.

Ted nodded. "They're always popular. "We've had quite a few song writers on the program, too—Joe Howard, most famous for *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, Joe Frink, who wrote *The Curse of an Aching Heart* and Jack Norworth, composer of *Shine on, Harvest Moon.* Real old-timers, they are. . . ."

"It seems wonderful that there are so many links with your grandfather's glamorous times," I commented. "Your program really is the sort of show he used to present, isn't it?"

"That's our aim, of course. We include sports a bit as he did, too. We've had Earl Sande and Jack Dempsey—Grandfather had Corbett and Fitzsimmons. I'll tell you the sort of thing the old man liked to do, too—he would have had Mrs. Hauptmann on his stage the day after the trial ended!"

Ted Hammerstein was married five years ago to Dorothy Underhill, whom he met in the chorus. They have a lovely home in Westchester. For a while Ted tried driving to town but he found the trains gave better service and resulted in fewer summonses!

"We live just about a *News* and a *Mirror* from Broadway," he laughed.

His radio program requires his attention about two half days and one evening a week—they rehearse on Friday for half a day and again on Tuesday, for their performance Tuesday night. That leaves quite a bit of time for his work as a producer. This is the first season in some time that he has not had a summer theatre, but he has been reading play scripts tirelessly in the hope of finding the one he wants for production this fall.

His is a full program, but it is going to be still more so, for he is soon to make his début as an orchestra leader with his own band.

"I'm a protégé of Abe Lyman's," he explained. "I'm looking forward to it—I think it will be fun."

Of course it will be fun for anyone with the zestful personality of this young man. He has gaiety, enthusiasm, efficiency, as well as critical ability to give to his work. His diversified experience stands him in good stead today, his pleasant voice and effervescent personal charm make him a delightful master of ceremonies.

All in all, it seems that after a lot of hard work and many disappointments, the road ahead promises to be a triumphal progress and Ted might well be as proud today of his own signature as he once was of his imitation of his grandfather's!

YOU MUST READ ABOUT
FRANK BUCK'S
ASTOUNDING EXPERIENCES WITH RADIO IN THE JUNGLES
—in the November Issue of RADIO STARS

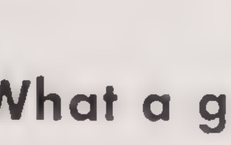


A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything specially for him... even a special laxative!

MOTHER . . . Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby . . . use *special* soap . . . *special* powder . . . and a *special* food formula, of course.



Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, *it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives!* That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild . . . gentle . . . and above all, SAFE. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

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You'll be glad to know that children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!

So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in . . . the laxative made especially for children . . . FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children



DO YOU WANT ME ON THE AIR?

(*Continued from page 29*)

any consecutive length of time. But you can't be conscious today and not hear and think about radio. And since you've asked me to talk for *Radio Stars* I'll talk—with question marks.

"I don't think I have any place on the air. I don't think I have anything to contribute. But I'd like to know how other people feel about it. Because I may be wrong. I often am.

"I just don't think I can give anything to radio that I can't give as well, or better, in pictures. I don't think radio has anything to offer me that pictures can't offer me as well, or better. More money doesn't mean a thing these days. You know where that goes when it gets into the very high brackets.

"There are some things about broadcasting I'd like—other things I wouldn't like. It's easy for me. I have no fear of it, no 'mike-fright.' Why should I have? I talk into a mike all day in pictures. The mike is simply transplanted to another kind of studio, that's all. There are always people hanging around the sets watching us work. There'd be people watching us work in the broadcasting station or theatre. No, I haven't any self-consciousness on the air. I'm never afraid that I'll stumble or, rather, fumble my lines, miss my place in the script, read a few words incorrectly. Matter of fact, I think it's rather a good idea *not* to be too letter perfect. Good idea to *ad lib* a bit. After all, ordinary people in ordinary conversation don't say everything perfectly and precisely. They make slips of the tongue every now and again. They falter and correct themselves, substitute one word for another. It sounds more real, more spontaneous, more *human,* if we do make an occasional slip of the tongue.

"I like the work. It's easy. I like the idea of not having to be dressed up, bother about how you look. On the other hand, I wouldn't like to be tied down to a weekly broadcast. That would cut in more than pictures do, on my taking off for foreign parts on the spur of the moment.

"But the point is," Clark said seriously, being as serious as Clark ever is when he discusses himself or any of his plans, "the point is, that, it seems to me, the man who can sing is the only man who has a definite and desirable spot on the air. Or, rather, he has the most definite and most desirable spot. A Nelson Eddy, an Allen Jones, a Tibbett—yes. For music, to my way of thinking, is the natural element of the air. It is the one thing that only ears are needed for. And ears are all you've got, when it comes to radio.

"Singers and dance orchestras—swell! But I'm not a singer and I don't think leading a band would be among my talents!

"And comics—I think that comedy belongs on the air. And for much the same reason as music. People listen to funny stories, wisecracks, gags, puns, plays on words. And the funny stories, the gags and wisecracks are sufficient unto themselves. An undertaker with the sourest puss in the world could tell a funny story and, if it was funny enough, he'd get a belly laugh. It doesn't matter what the funster looks like. *You don't have to see him at all.* You get your laugh out of what he is saying. The visual sense, as in music, is unnecessary. That's why comedy is aces high on the air.

"And so, along with Nelson Eddy and Tibbett and other singers, rate Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Burns and Allen. Jack Benny and Amos and Andy fall in the top-notcher's category, too. They are not comics in the sense the others are—they're sort of home folks. They're unique, anyway. They've made themselves part of the home life of the people. They're like your next door neighbor who drops in every evening and recounts the happenings of the day. You come to expect them. You'd feel lost without them.

"But I'm not a comedian of words and I'm not," said Clark with a laugh, "I'm not exactly 'home folks.'

"Then there are the news commentators. They belong on the air, too. For they are telling you about world events, where the visual sense is not so unnecessary as it is impossible. You can't very well *see* what goes on in Ethiopia, in Pekin, on Hollywood Boulevard. Not all at once, certainly. And so the news commentator gives you the news events on the air, which is as near as you can come to being on the spot, giving them more reality than the printed page.

"I'm a great admirer of Walter Winchell. Not because he talks about us, here in Hollywood. But because I like the way he gets into his stuff. I like his style, his delivery, his pep. I always listen to him.

"But me—where do I come in under any of these headings? I can't sing. I'm not a professional wisecracker. I couldn't very well dub in for an Amos or an Andy. I'm not a news commentator. I have no nose for news. I couldn't make other people's business mine, even if I tried. And so, what could I do on the air?"

"You could make love," I suggested.

"Yeah," said Clark—then he added: "Believe it or not, you've said something. That's just about the one thing I could get across on the air—making love."

"Meaning," I said, "that you could smack 'em down on the air?"

"That, too," laughed Clark, "and what's more, the sound-effects men could take care of the smacking for me! I could be a gentleman in a broadcasting station and get the same 'rough and brutal' effect without having to let the lady feel the back of my hand. As you don't even have to kiss a girl when you're doing a love scene over the air, neither would you have to lay rough hands on her when the rough stuff is called for."

"Wouldn't you have to change your technique of love making on the air?"

"Assuming that I have any technique," said Clark, "no—I wouldn't act any differently from the way I do on the screen. Only thing I know about technique is that the whole emotional value of a love scene is *in the voice.* When I do a love scene on the screen I never think about my face at all. And very often the faces of the

players ruin the effect of a love scene.

"The thing is, *we can control our voices.* And our voices control our faces, our facial expressions, or are supposed to. But sometimes they don't. I've seen love scenes and I've probably done some myself, in which the voice said one thing and the eyes said something else. The two didn't gibe. And the illusion was spoiled. An actor may speak beautiful and tender words in an emotional and stirring voice and, if you couldn't see him, the illusion would be emotional and stirring. But you do see him and the voice is issuing from a close-up in which the eyes are palpably wondering how the stock exchange is going.

"But—when, over the air, a love scene is given, there is nothing to distract from it. The actor may be saying *'I love you'* with his eyes like cold boiled fish. You don't know it. The audience can close its eyes, do its own visualizing or imagining, if it wants to, and listen undisturbed, in the grip of the engendered emotion, to the words of the radio lovers.

"Love," said Clark, "is a pretty intimate emotion. Or should be. The more intimate we can keep it, the more compelling it is. And if we only overhear a love scene instead of seeing it, too, that's all to the good.

"I like to make love on the air," said Clark.

"But do you think," I said, "that you get as much of your personality over on the air as you do on the screen?"

"No," Clark said, "I do not. But I can't really tell, of course. I can't hear myself. I know how I look and sound on the screen. I don't know how I sound on the air. That's why I'm asking. But I have an idea that, not being an especially articulate person, I need the face to work for me.

"And don't believe it, when people say that the life of the radio artist is longer than the life of the screen artist. Why should it be? There is certainly more danger of monotony when there is only the voice to work with than when there are the face, chassis, backgrounds, costumes, everything. I have a pretty good idea that, if I were on the air often, the fans would get fed up with me in no time. How about it, fans? On the screen I can make all kinds of faces, do all kinds of stunts, dress like a stevedore or a gent—but the Gable voice, alone and unaided, well—what do you think?"

"Why do you suppose it is," I said, "that there are so many more men than women on the air? Why are there so few beautiful women in radio?"

"What do you mean, few beautiful women in radio?" scoffed Clark. "All the girls I've seen on the air have been darned good looking. Not so many *of* them as on stage and screen—yeah. But there's an obvious reason for that. Beautiful women, naturally, want to be seen rather than heard. You can't *hear* beauty. And why should the faces that can 'launch a million ships' be confined to broadcasting stations with, at best, a flesh and blood audience of a few hundred people?

"What can be done about it is—*television.* When television comes in, there will be another tale to tell. But until it does, beautiful women are going to want to be where they can be seen. That is what beauty is for. They want to wear clothes, don't they? And you can't *hear* clothes, either. They want to show off their clothes and figures and hair and jewels. Beautiful women on the air are like beautiful women married to blind men.

"If a beautiful woman has a beautiful voice—if she is well known on the screen as well as the air, that's different. That's okay. Girls like Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout, for instance. The fans know how they look because of their pictures. They are not wasting their beauty on the desert air. They are giving the beauty of their voices and the fans can visualize their physical beauty.

"But why should a girl like Jean Harlow want her figure to be wasted on the radio air? Why should a Crawford hide her beauty under a broadcasting bushel? It wouldn't be natural for them to want to. And that's why the number of beautiful women on the air is as small as it is—they don't want to be lost to sight!

"Radio," Clark said, "does seem to be more of a man's medium than a woman's. Partly for the reasons I've just mentioned. Partly because men's voices, speaking voices, come over the air better than women's do. And that's probably because men, as a race, are not self-conscious. We all think we're so darned good that we can just be ourselves, make little or no effort and we'll *still* be good. The only time the average man is self-conscious is *when he's being looked at.* Men aren't used to being looked at. They haven't been looked at for generations—not since the cave-men were the exhibitionists who wore the paint and feathers and lion skins and got the big hand.

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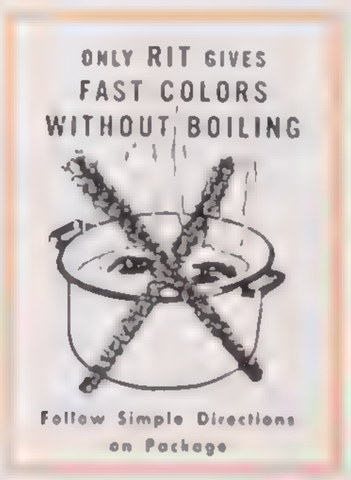


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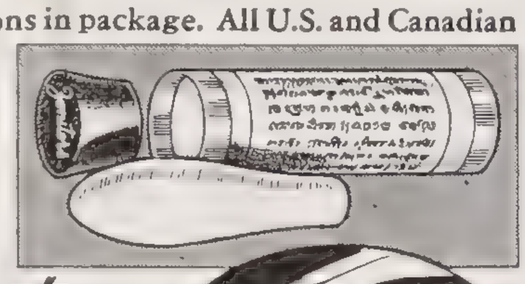
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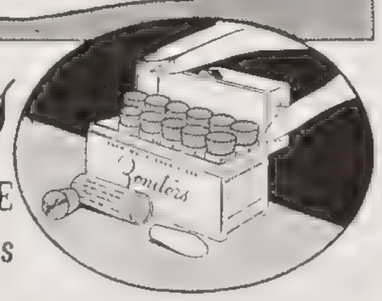
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NAME.....AGE.....

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CITY.....STATE.....

Until movie actors came along . . . It goes against the grain with the average man, to be on visual display. But if he knows that he's merely being listened to and not seen, he hasn't an inhibition.

"Women, on the other hand, are what might be called conscious of self rather than self-conscious. Which is something else again—and this is pretty good going, pretty good analysis for old man Gable, boy—and that goes for their voices, too.

"Women doll up their voices, so to speak. They instinctively doll up their voices as they doll up their faces. Men don't use make-up on their faces—like Spencer and me—we don't even use it for the screen. I'd rather face a temperamental Bengal tiger than a powder puff. But women 'make up' their voices when they go on the air as they make up their faces when they go on the screen or the street. They 'act' with their voices. And the voice is the one thing which must be natural, genuine, unaffected. Now and again there is a Helen Hayes on the air. But for the most part women comediennes are the most successful women on the air. Witness Jack Benny's Mary, and Gracie Allen as notable examples. They're just trying to make you laugh, you see, not to impress you with their elegant diction, their ree-fined enunciation . . .

"The one great advantage of radio over the screen, by the way—I want to mention this before I forget it—and it's a great advantage—is that on the air, the actor can reach sick kids in hospitals, old people who can't get out to go to the movies, invalids, the blind, the shut-ins everywhere. I'd go for that. You can help people an awful lot more on the air than you can on the screen. And more, you help the people who really need to be helped, who need entertaining. I like to believe," Clark said, brusquely, "that entertaining is help . . ."

I said: "Clark, are you one of those who believe that television is going to sound the death knell of pictures and of picture personalities?"

"I am not," Clark said, "for when television comes in they're going to need artists, aren't they?"

"Of course."

"And where are they going to get them? Where are all the artists, singers, dancers, dramatic stars, playwrights, comedians, heavies, ingenues?"

"In Hollywood."

"And who 'owns' us all?"

"Why, the studios," I said.

"Right," said Clark, "go right to the head of the class. And so, Hollywood will provide the stars of television. The screen players of today will be the television Thespians of tomorrow. I have a television clause in my *MGM* contract right now. A lot of us have the same. So that, if and when television comes in, our television 'rights' belong to our respective studios. And they will supply television with its stars, even as they supply the screen today.

"But we're talking now of radio. Let me put it this way, straight from my shoulder to the shoulders of the fans:

"Do you want me on the air? If so, what kind of thing would you want me to do? Come on, now, the truth!"

So—tell him the truth, everyone. He's asking for it. He really wants it.



Corinna Mura, radio's popular Latin-American songstress, now is entertaining nightly, except Saturday, at New York's Savoy-Plaza.

AT HOME WITH ONE MAN'S FAMILY

(*Continued from page 47*)

for extra vacations.

"We're always afraid he *will* write us out," Bernice assured me.

Betting began almost immediately as to who the next arrival would be and there were no takers when Mrs. Morse wanted to bet that Barton Yarborough, who plays *Cliff*, would be the last.

"He drives ninety miles an hour but he's always late," I was told.

The arrival of the next car was greeted with screams: "Did you bring the lemon tarts?" to which Minetta Ellen (Mother Barbour) replied, as she jumped out of the car: "Yes, and cookies, too," which seemed to be the right answer. Later I knew why, when I had an opportunity to taste her delicious little pastries.

It is generally agreed that she is the youngest member of the *Family*, despite her white hair and grown children. When we climbed down the side of the mountain to the creek, it was she who failed to puff or pant and who wondered if it would kill the fish if she went wading! Every spare moment she worked on an afghan she was crochetting for Michael Raffetto, or *Paul*, as you know him.

"I crochet because it's more frivolous than knitting," she explained. "When I get old I'll take up knitting."

All her life she wanted to be an actress, but in her early girlhood parental objections prevented. Later, marriage and children occupied her time. Now, a widow, her children grown and married, she is doing exactly what she wants to do. She began her career playing mother rôles with the University of California Little Theater group. From there it was but a step to stock and then to radio. Independent financially, free from family responsibilities, she is enjoying life to the fullest.

"Oh, you came the back way," Mr. Morse greeted Page Gilman, who plays *Jack*, when he arrived late and admitted he had had trouble finding his way in.

"Well, *is* there a front way?" he demanded.

Page is a fine example of a boy who had and has the best chance in the world to be a spoiled brat. His father is the boss, Don Gilman, vice-president of *NBC* in charge of Western activities, and Page has been on the air in various programs since he was nine years old. And for nine years he has been self-supporting.

Without his father's knowledge, he was taken to the station for an audition by his grammar school dramatic teacher, when a young boy was needed in a radio play. And when he made good he was kept on over his father's objections. He gets no more consideration than any other member of the group but he is a favorite with his associates by virtue of his own personality and the fact that he is a regular person.

He is just eighteen, a sophomore at



• *"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of unexciting morning—but see what brother's just found . . . a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!. . . I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!. . ."*



• *"Empty!. . . We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."*



• *"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!. . . the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"*

• • •



• *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"*

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SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

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Stanford University, as he is in the play, and he is a very good student. He is majoring in chemistry but wants to be a cartoonist. His drawings appear in the Stanford paper. One of his hobbies is photography.

"I haven't all the effect lenses," he told me. "You can't buy much with five dollars a week."

And I learned that five dollars represents his income from his investments. So far he has paid his own way through school and all his money over his actual expenses has been invested in sound stocks and bonds.

The chief topic of conversation during the day concerned the motion picture which the *Family* is to make soon for Paramount, but Page confessed he wasn't very familiar with pictures.

"We don't go to pictures much at school, except during finals," he said, and at my puzzled look explained: "Well, if you know your stuff you don't have to study during finals and you have time to go to picture shows. If you don't know your stuff, it's too late to study and you may as well go to pictures."

He doesn't think making pictures is such a good idea for him "because I have too many fraternity brothers in Los Angeles," he explained. "But seriously," he added, "it will be a wonderful opportunity to earn money. If I keep on, by the time I'm through college I can start in business with my own capital. That part of it is grand."

"We won't admit it," said Miss Ellen slyly, "but everyone of us is thrilled at the prospect of making a picture. It's a little late for me to begin a new career, however," she continued. "I'm happy. I have just enough work to do so that I can enjoy it and my leisure, too. I don't know that I want to begin to struggle for fame and money. I'm independent. No one has to worry about me."

Just then everyone arrived and by everyone I mean the actual members of the *Family* and their families, because of course, in real life, each one has a husband, wife or sweetheart.

There was Walter Patterson, a young Englishman, who plays *Nicky* in the play, accompanied by his fiancée, who, by the time you read this, will be Mrs. Patterson. They were planning to be married "a week from Friday, and I've paid a deposit on a cottage at Carmel for our honeymoon," he declared happily.

Pat, as they call him, is counting his pennies. He remembers well his first, hard, lean days in this country, when his allowance didn't arrive promptly and, unable to get acting to do, he went from door to door as a salesman; when he worked at a fruit stand; when he packed Christmas boxes of California fruits and sold them on a small commission; when he did anything he could find to do to earn a dollar and keep his self respect until he was able to get a foothold in his own profession. Even now he isn't really a member of the *Family,* being only Claudia's husband, but his fan following is a large one and inasmuch as *One Man's Family* is cast by public approval, it looks as if Nicky is in to stay.

There was Bill Andrews, the commercial announcer with a physique like Dempsey and that something in his voice that makes you willing, even eager, to listen to him tell you about *Tender Leaf Tea.* Mrs. Andrews is Helen Musselman, a pretty blonde who has been introduced in recent broadcasts as *Sally,* one of the contest girls.

Then came Michael Raffetto and his lovely blonde wife, a non-professional. In the play, Michael, who plays *Paul,* the eldest Barbour son, has been absent for six months on mysterious business, but actually he lay ill in a sanitarium fighting for his life. Well again, he is back in the cast to the great joy of every member of the *Family* as well as his public.

A lawyer by profession, he practiced for a time, successfully, in the California courts. But each law case seemed to him most interesting from a dramatic standpoint and he was continually writing sketches and plays, using his court experiences for plot material. He tried Hollywood but found it unresponsive, although when talkies arrived he became one of that silent army who taught many established stars how to talk.

"I swore I'd never go back to Hollywood without a contract," he told me, and is now chuckling over the fact that his next appearance there will be, through radio, with a contract written on his own terms.

It seems a pity that J. Anthony Smythe, the delightful *Father Barbour* of the play, is really a confirmed old bachelor. However, he declares his single blessedness is not necessarily his own choice but that a large number of sisters, nieces and nephews keep him too busy to think of having a family of his own. His experiences with them have no doubt added to the realism of his performances on the radio, although that is no aspersion on his ability as an actor. He was a popular matinee idol in stock companies for years before he took up radio work.

At informal gatherings such as this party, he is apt to be on the receiving end of a barrage of kidding from *Mother Barbour,* who loves to tease.

"Henry," she demanded, looking up at him with an impish expression, "why don't you ever make up to me?"

"But Minetta," he replied in confusion, "I *do.*"

"I don't mean in the play. I mean really," she replied, which sent poor Mr. Smythe into a blushing retreat and the rest of the company into hysterics.

Winifred Wolfe, adopted *Teddy* in the play, arrived with her mother, and there is one stage mother who will never incur the wrath of Hollywood reporters. Winifred is an only child but not a spoiled one and, outside of her radio activities, is a school girl "in high ninth next term," she told me.

Winifred is a big help to her father's business, he says, for frequently he makes valuable business contacts with people who listen to *One Man's Family* and know that Winifred is his daughter.

"Here comes Bart!" called Page Gilman. "He never breaks his record of being the last to arrive." And sure enough, Barton Yarborough, *Cliff* in the play, had arrived, bubbling over with excuses and adding a lot of noise and good humor to the party. He had, he said, been working on a play the night before and didn't wake up until noon.

"I don't know how Carlton can write in the morning," he said. "I can't write until everyone has gone to bed and it's quiet and I've finished with everything else."

His methods must be the right ones, for him at least, for he has written ever so many sketches and plays and is just now a little upset because, an enthusiastic Bohemian Club member, he can't bear the thought of missing the famous Hi-Jinks, which will come off just when the *Family* is expected to be in Hollywood making tests for the picture. He still refuses to believe they ever will make a picture.

"When I see the contract, I'll know it's true," he declared.

Four years of the security of a radio engagement with none of the trials and troubles of the picture actor; with time to play golf, write a play now and then and even to take care of a dramatic school which was wished on him by a friend, make it possible for him to view with calmness the prospect of making pictures.

"I don't make as much money as picture actors, but I have a lot more fun and ten times the security and contentment," he declared.

He is an Englishman with the "English" rubbed off, if you know what I mean. At least the accent has disappeared. A prime favorite with everyone who knows him, he is sure to be welcome in Hollywood, particularly as he is a very eligible bachelor—the only one in the *Family*, Page not yet being interested in marriage.

After the climb down to the creek and back, we were more than ready for the delicious lunch, which was served in the patio. "Bart" took moving pictures of everyone and later showed the pictures he had made at the last party. About three o'clock everyone suddenly grew restless. There was some glancing at watches, buttoning up of shirts and rolling down of sleeves and then the whole crowd piled into cars and started back to San Francisco for the Sunday night broadcast.

Paul Carson, the organist who plays those little interludes between scenes in the play, was showing with great pride a huge Black Widow spider in a glass jar, which he had found that day in one of the pipes in the organ at his mountain cabin. Imagine having a pipe organ in a mountain cabin, anyway! Radio must be the thing!

The broadcast was scarcely over when news came that Kathleen Wilson had just given birth to the long-expected baby. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief, because it had seemed to the rest of the *Family* that Claudia had been in Europe for a long time.

There were two rehearsals, which I saw, and then came the zero hour. *One Man's Family* was on the air. Did I listen? Don't be funny. I'm a *One Man's Family* fan!

Read About—
The Lowell Thomas you have never known in the November issue of RADIO STARS



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

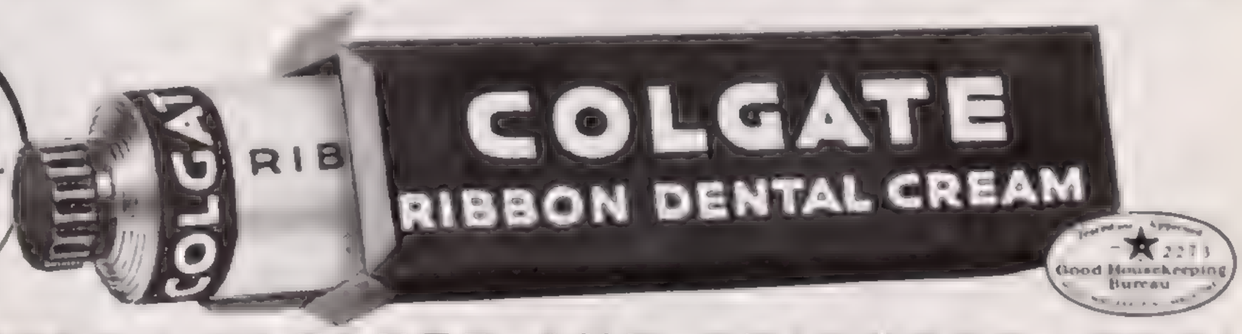
WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢



MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

CHERAMY
April Showers
TALC



28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance—*the perfume of youth*—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite...but not Expensive

WINCHELL THROUGH A KEYHOLE

(*Continued from page 49*)

no further than the studio, Walter was still angry. He was irked that the surprise item had been tipped off to even the few persons present before he could read it into the microphone.

His complete and utter absorption in himself has stimulated resentment in many and prompted many of the gibes directed at him. But Winchell's self backpatting over scoops and utter disregard of those around him is ingenuous rather than contemptuous; naïveté rather than conceit. To call Walter Winchell naïve and ingenuous may seem, on the face of it, ridiculous. Winchell—the super-sophisticate, the Man About Town, the Great Gabber, the guy with the low-down on everybody, the voice of Broadway itself. Yet only a fundamental naïveté could motivate most of his actions; simulate the keen interest that sharpens his reportorial instincts and makes him see a story in an insignificant article.

For Winchell is an excellent reporter. His curiosity is his "nose for news"; he wants to know about things—and he usually finds out. He no longer spends nights wandering around the night clubs; now he is more likely to pick a favorite spot and spend considerable time there. There items come to him, though he may not go there for any other reason than because he likes the place.

More often than not he fails to credit contributors. He seldom has the same set of contributors for any length of time. It may be because they tire of supplying items for the column, it may be that the various stooges who give him items run out of material. He seldom is grateful for a line or a catch-phrase, many of which he has appropriated with no credits. Yet in the position he now occupies, with an army of publicity-seekers overeager to have him print their offerings, he finds himself with much more than he can use; so much is pressed on him that it apparently never occurs to him to be appreciative for a line or item he does use. More than likely he feels that he is conferring a favor to print a contribution, even without credit.

He never will take an item from anyone who has once given him a wrong steer, no matter how innocently. He claims he never has paid for an item and it is entirely possible that he never has, in money. As the ranks of his stooges come and go, there always are plenty who are more than willing to contribute for glory or possible favors.

About these he is under no illusions, commenting often in his column on how many friends a columnist has—so long as as he has the column.

He has battled the *Press Radio Bureau* in the past over items they wanted to delete—such as Winchell's exclusive scoop on the killing of Pretty Boy Floyd. The *Press Radio Bureau,* before the broadcast, claimed the item must be false, since no news bureau could confirm it. But Winchell won; sent it over the air and an hour and a quarter later the first confirmation came in.

He does a certain amount of "log rolling" for persons and places he feels like plugging. He will give no one a plug if he thinks one wants it. And he never boosts a show unless he really thinks it is good, taking his drama reviews seriously.

He is one of the most highly-keyed men alive. His eyes are alive, darting about continually, his movements quick and almost femininely graceful. There is no repose in him and associates wonder at the vitality that keeps him going, hour after hour, for years, at the same high-tension rate. Yet his race-horse tension is not the jittery nervousness that makes one uncomfortable; he seems to live at a faster, all-around pace than most men.

Formerly he was kidded about his pallor, but today Winchell is fit looking, tanned, with an excellent complexion, grey hair and carefully, but soberly, dressed. He lives frugally, as a man with a salary of $100 a week might live. He is seldom alone in working hours and never thinks to pay checks or taxi bills. There always are stooges enough around who jump at the chance and from long habit he seldom has to put his hand in his pocket.

His closest companions and friends are mostly a group of newspaper men; smaller-time columnists, editors of small papers. There is not a "name" among them and they seem, on the whole, almost an inconsequential group. Some feel that Winchell hangs out with this group because he can be the kingpin—the Big Shot. However, it may be just because he happens to like them, for he is known to be loyal to his friends just as he is never impressed by celebrities. He will give the same greeting to a commonplace friend of an announcer as he gives to David Sarnoff, the chain head.

He has been called everything from "rat" and "coward" to "yellow" and "snivelling." But he is utterly courageous about his work and lets nothing stop him from printing anything he wants to print. Physically he is no more courageous than any average man his size, faced with the possibility of physical danger.

At the loss of his little girl some time ago, Winchell was terribly broken up; yet he carried on the trouper's axiom by going on with his show. Liking him or not, observers who knew his devotion to her were compelled to admire his fortitude. He lives as normal a home life as his erratic existence permits and there never has been any breath of scandal about his private life.

He enjoys radio work and is as enthusiastic as a kid over short-wave broadcasts. He has a short-wave radio in his car, on which he picks up police radio car calls as he drives about. Sometimes, when one sounds interesting, he follows it up as a fire-buff chases the engines. It's part little boy, playing cops and robbers, and part reporter.

The *Girl Friday* column, which is ostensibly written to him by his secretary, is really done by Winchell himself. It's another way he can get around the awk-



Frances Langford, of Hollywood Hotel, suns herself with a couple of friends in her penthouse garden.

wardness of praising himself by putting the words into his secretary's typewriter.

For all the invective that has been hurled against him, few who know him really dislike him. His stooges "yes" him, his friends are as loyal to him as he is to them, yet when the occasion suits him he can be completely oblivious to all of them to the point of brusqueness.

He made no attempt to defend himself against tirades against his kind of writing. In 1930, in an article, Winchell wrote:

". . . They accuse me of violating everybody's confidence and making strictly private affairs public. The big idea is to get the news before the other guy, as often as possible. News always leaks. I can't promise people that I won't print it. Under no circumstances will I disgrace myself with a defense of my racket."

He feels pretty much the same today. There is, perhaps, less local gossip than formerly; more news of national scope. He makes fewer slip-ups, as in the early days when he printed:

". . . He stood upon the Paris waterfront and gazed across the ocean," a geographical slip that his former editor, Emile Gavreau, with whom he carried on a perpetual feud, allowed to go through.

He no longer has to ask friends and acquaintances coming home from trips, who was on the boat, whom were they with—in search of an item. They come to him now. He still refuses to print gossip that would link a married man with another woman or vice versa. Otherwise he has few taboos. He has battled, in print, with O. O. McIntyre, Marlen Pew, Earl Carroll, Louis Sobol, Ed Sullivan, the Shuberts and others. And most find him an antagonist to be wary of.

He is the hardest man in the world to reach; keeps going at the same terrific pace always . . . and apparently never tires of it. He doesn't like to be called a "keyhole peeper." About his sources he says:

"You can always find a leak in a person who promised not to tell."



WHY DOES SHE HESITATE? That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!

PEACE OF MIND AT LAST! Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through.* Wear *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.



End "accident panic" ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche tablet. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

DICK POWELL
picks most
YOUTHFUL LIPS



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW

UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Read why screen star chose the Tangee lips in Hollywood Test

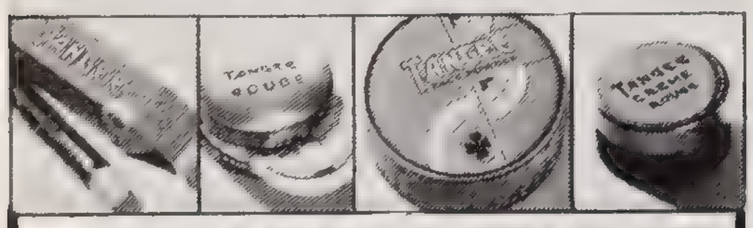
DICK POWELL makes the test between scenes of "Stage Struck", produced by Warner Brothers-First National studios.

Dick Powell looked at "all three"...and chose the girl with Tangee! "Her lips looked so fresh and youthful," he said. Millions of men agree.

Make *your* mouth appear more youthful. Be more attractive. Try Tangee lipstick. Orange in the stick—it changes to blush-rose on your lips due to Tangee's magic color-change principle. Tangee never coarsens your lips with that ugly "painted look"—because it isn't paint. Your lips stay soft, youthful, appealing.

Get Tangee. Two sizes—39c and $1.10. Ask for Tangee Natural. Beware of substitutes. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. For quick trial, send 10c and coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM106
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name _____
Please Print
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

A HECTIC BUT HAPPY MATING

(*Continued from page 41*)

co-author of the Jumbo program, got disgusted with the way things went and walked out. As the radio heroine, *Penny,* Miss Hayes' voice was beautiful, her acting pleasing. But there was no fire, no brilliance. The story was sweet, the lines were simple. But she needed something more. MacArthur would have given them sparkle, power, sharp laughter, and made the lines come alive. But Charlie was busy at another studio. The partnership wasn't in operation.

Now a partnership—whether professional or marital—with a man like Charlie MacArthur isn't all smooth sailing. And no one knows better than Helen that the charming and brilliant Mr. MacArthur can be disconcertingly unpredictable. He promised her long ago that if she married him she would never be bored. And she never has been.

There was, for example, a radio script that Charlie MacArthur wrote for Helen several years ago which she will never forget. That was before either of them ever had considered going into radio commercially. Miss Hayes had been invited to speak over the air. Charlie offered to write the script. When the day of the broadcast dawned, he still hadn't produced it. As the hour for her to go on the air drew closer, Helen became more and more panicked. She went to the studio at the appointed time, scriptless and on the verge of tears.

Charlie was waiting. He handed her the typed pages of her speech as she walked up to the microphone. She threw him a grateful smile and began to read. As the words tumbled from her lips, a deep flush spread over her cheeks and her throat tightened. Charlie had written her a tirade against the dramatic critics! Should she stop reading? No. Leaving the mike would be unforgiveable. She stumbled through it. Outside, Charlie grinned. He thought it was a lovely joke to have an actress read the riot act to the critics. Critics were always berating actors; why not turn the tables? The idea had amused him so, it hadn't occurred to him how serious his joke might be. For a lesser actress it might well have meant the end of her stage career. Helen, a gracious woman as well as a great artist, was able finally to make her peace with the critics. But the furore that followed that broadcast was agonizingly embarrassing for her.

Many a marriage has been wrecked over a more trivial incident. But Helen Hayes has a great heart and a wise head. She prizes highly her partnership with Charles MacArthur. And she permits nothing to break the charmed circle of hers and Charlie's and little Mary's happiness together.

It was to protect this happiness and keep the charmed circle intact that Helen Hayes recently demanded that Carol Frink's alienation of affections suit against her be brought to trial. She knew that, for her, the trial would be a heartbreak.

She was willing to take the punishment because, by her own admission, she wanted to clear her husband of any possible blame. Whatever the price, she was willing to pay it in order to lift the cloud of litigation that had been hanging over them ever since their engagement was announced, nearly ten years ago.

For it was back in 1927 that MacArthur's first wife, Carol Frink, first threatened Helen and Charlie's happiness by suing to reopen the Frink-MacArthur divorce. Helen and Charlie had to postpone their marriage until the Illinois Supreme Court affirmed his first divorce. They had had one year of comparative peace from court actions when, just before baby Mary was born, Miss Frink sued again, this time to have the divorce annulled. She contended that the divorce had been granted against her will.

Helen Hayes was frantic. If Miss Frink should win the suit, it meant that the Hayes-MacArthur marriage was invalid. That, in the eyes of the law, Charlie was not her husband. What of the child soon to come?

Charlie reassured her: "Why, the most law-abiding lawyer since Lincoln gave me his full approval and blessing and a superior court upheld the decree. It can't affect us."

Charlie was right. The suit failed and again the MacArthurs breathed in peace for a short space of time. Until the indefatigable Miss Frink brought a third suit, this time against Miss Hayes, accusing Helen of "wrongfully obtaining the confidence and love of Charles MacArthur."

This suit dangled over them, threateningly, for years. It ended early this summer, when Helen brought it to a crashing climax by demanding that it be fought out openly in court.

She had a home whose security was being threatened and in that home a child growing up. It must be established beyond a doubt that Charlie MacArthur was not culpable.

It was Helen who sat in the courtroom through that trial, fighting back tears, twisting a handkerchief with nervous, shaking fingers. The plump, blonde Miss Frink was wise-cracking and satisfied. MacArthur grinned sheepishly and seemed at times amused.

It was Helen's heartbreak when the love letters were read—passionate, foolish letters that the youthful Charlie had written Carol Frink fifteen years ago. It was Helen who winced when Miss Frink, asked if she still wanted MacArthur, said: "I wouldn't have him now if he came in a box of Crackerjack."

Three days of torture for Helen Hayes. On the third day, Miss Frink, unable to produce any evidence against Miss Hayes, dropped the case. Her lawyer explained that Carol Frink had had her day in court. She had told her story to the public. That was all she wanted.

The case ended, Carol Frink said grandly: "I withdraw all my nasty cracks." But she couldn't withdraw them. For they were burned deep into Helen Hayes' heart. The love letters which she insisted on reading weren't even accepted as evidence. But they had brought tears of anguish to

Helen Hayes' eyes.

The case ended. Charles MacArthur said: "Phooey to this idiotic trial. I'm glad I was the goat and not Miss Hayes."

Helen was silent. Her husband had been cleared. That was all she asked. She apparently felt no bitterness toward the woman who had hurt her so needlessly. She voiced no criticism of the law which permits a person access to the courts merely to gratify an old grudge. She went back to her home in Nyack, New York, with Charlie, where their child waited, and where more than a thousand telegrams of congratulations were pouring in from friends and admirers. She went back with her family, to forget the three days of torture and let the heartaches heal. The bond between them had been strengthened, not weakened by the ordeal. A cloud was lifted. The partnership was secure.

But no matter how secure the partnership may be, life hand-in-hand with Charlie MacArthur, you may be certain, will never become monotonous. MacArthur, you may remember, is the chap who conceived the idea of pouring a dozen packages of raspberry Jello into a friend's bathtub and filling it with hot water. It was he, who, required to employ two assistants for a Hollywood director while producing a picture in the East, went to Coney Island and hired two idiot "wild men" from a side show. The director found them jibbering in his office when he started work one bright Monday morning. MacArthur will spend any amount of time and money and go to any amount of trouble for the sake of a good gag.

But beneath this clowning is a brilliant mind and a warm heart. It's part of his charm that, even at the most serious moment, he takes time for humor. He finds no problem so important that it can't be treated lightly.

Perhaps these are the qualities that make him a valuable partner for Helen. Where she worries, he laughs. He spoofs away small anxieties and ribs people who get in his way.

Helen, on the other hand, is a marvelous balance wheel for the irresponsible, madcap Charlie. He is impulsive; she is patient. His talent blazes forth in sudden brilliant flames. Hers burns steadily, clear and pure. She is gracious; he is witty. Each is a perfect complement to the other.

The last of September Helen Hayes goes on the air again, for another series of dramatic programs. As this is being written no author has been chosen to write her scripts. When, last winter, MacArthur walked out, angry and disgusted, on the Jumbo program, he swore he was through with radio, washed up. But perhaps he could be persuaded to try it again on a partnership basis.

His radio experience might be different with Helen Hayes' steadying influence. Just as her first commercial series might have burned more brightly if it had been lighted with a spark from MacArthur's brilliant pen. It's a magic combination—that of Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur.

Will Radio Civilize the Wilds of Africa? Frank Buck Gives the Answer—
in the November issue of Radio Stars

FAMILY DOCTORS KNOW THAT VERY OFTEN... "INCOMPATIBLE"



For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene... Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

IF YOUNG wives would only turn a deaf ear to "bridge table advice" which is usually more *friendly* than *informed*—and talk to reputable authorities, they would have the advantage of facts and knowledge...They would know that the "Lysol" method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is one recommended by many leading experts.

It is important to follow a method of feminine hygiene which you can use with confidence. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of countless women ... probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose.

Lysol Disinfectant



"Lysol" is a dependable germicide, used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of these six qualities that also make it especially valuable for feminine hygiene:—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when some other preparations fail.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears very soon after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps *full* strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! Beginning Oct. 5th, "Lysol" presents the famous doctor of the quintuplets, on "Modern Child Care", Mon., Wed., Fri. mornings on Columbia Network

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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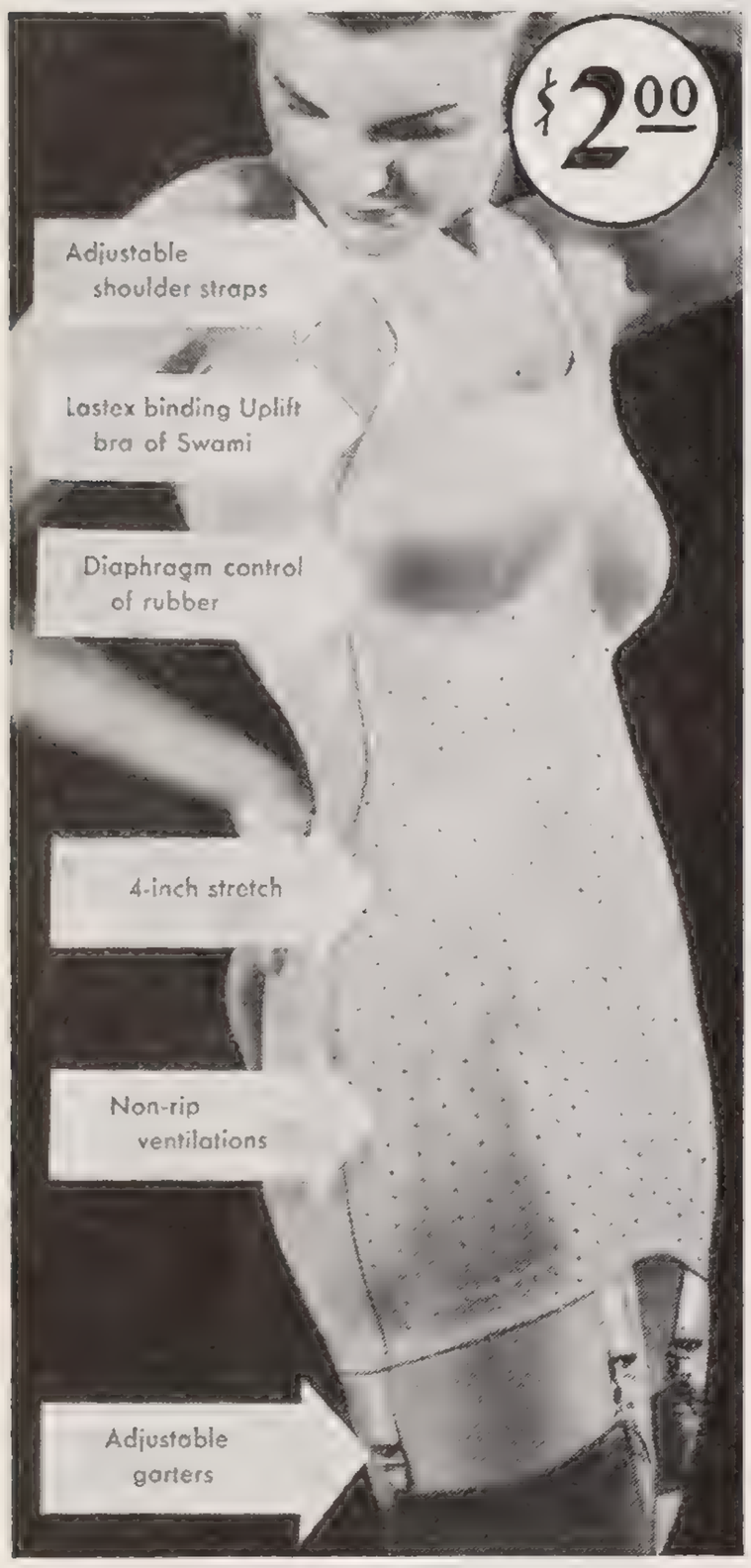
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"MY DEAR!

HOW THIN

YOU ARE!"

Such words are music to a woman's ear! Especially when slenderness can be achieved so easily, comfortably, and smartly with a Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducer!



● A new "all-in-one" of Kleinert's ODOR-LESS Sturdi-flex rubber fabric with uplift bra of soft swami. The controlled stretch and three-piece fitted back make it comfortable for daytime, evening, or sports.

● Bend, sit, stretch—this marvelous all-in-one adjusts itself easily to any position and moulds your figure into firm youthful lines. Note the perforations for coolness, the adjustable shoulder straps, the flat Solo hose supporters—they help to make your Sturdi-flex completely comfortable as well as effective.

● Ask for Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Department Store Notion Counter—it's only two dollars.

● Sized to bust measure — every other inch from 32 to 44.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE—"

(*Continued from page 23*)



Lily Pons, with Andre Kostelanetz (left) and Nino Martini.

cruel thing that the price of fame should be the loss of personal liberty. Often it is a bitter price to pay. Sometimes a tragic price.

There is a familiar proverb: *"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."*

But nowadays it is we who are mad —we who make gods of our favorites and then destroy them, with our mania to share their every move, to penetrate their innermost private thoughts, to know—even before they know themselves—what they are going to do, and why, and how!

"I hate to ask personal questions," I said. "But is there anything you would care to tell me about it?"

"I would like to be married," Lily Pons mused dreamily. "But for that there must be some *time* . . .

"Now my mother is here with me, and I am getting packed to go to Hollywood. My teacher is here. I work with him two hours every day. Mr. Kostelanetz is here now—" she glanced toward a door at the end of the room, through which she had come to meet me. "But he is working very hard on the music for my concert in the Hollywood Bowl on August seventh . . .

"He is going out to Hollywood with me. We are going to fly out together, on the first day of August. He is going to arrange and direct all the music for my picture. He will be working . . . I will be working—perhaps from seven in the morning till seven at night . . . Always, in Hollywood, you are busy . . .

"He has only four weeks leave of absence from the *Chesterfield* program," she explained. "While he is away, the first violinist will conduct for him. Then he must return. He must be in New York for the radio programs, Wednesdays and Fridays. After that—" her eyes lighted like those of any young girl in love, "he will fly back for a few days in Hollywood each week. And I shall have two days each week for rest. It is in my contract.

"We hoped—" she spoke wistfully, "that they would take a vacation this summer—the *Chesterfield* people—but if they do not keep the time all summer, they cannot have the same time in the winter. So the program must go on."

"But at least," I offered, "when you and Mr. Kostelanetz do marry, there will be no barrier between you, no conflict between marriage and career, because you both are musicians."

"He is a very fine musician," said Lily Pons proudly. "He has great gifts. And he understands my music, my voice—everything . . . This next picture I am making will be so much better, because he is directing the music. Before, there was no one who understood.

"And we have similar tastes in everything," she added. "In music, books, friends . . . He loves the country as I do . . .

"If you are married to a man who does not understand music, always—always there is a barrier—a wall between . . ." Lily spoke from experience, having made one such marriage and seen its end in divorce, because of her career. "Always there is something you cannot talk about —something you cannot share. It is—" she sought in a somewhat limited English vocabulary for the word, "—very worry-

ing . . ." she sighed.

"But," she went on soberly, as one who has pondered the problem over and over and found no happy solution, "always there is the work! And if you are separated, it hurts the work—and it hurts *here!*" She laid a slim hand on her heart.

"We have some time together, maybe . . . Perhaps, if I make a concert tour in some cities not far away, he can take a little vacation. But if I have to go to South America, to Russia, maybe—he cannot go, too." She shook her head sadly. "It is very worrying."

To you and me, more ordinary folk, the idea that little Miss Pons and Mr. Kostelanetz cannot find time to marry seems almost beyond belief. What of her two months' vacation at Silvermine this summer? After all, most of us who follow some profession, or work in an office or at home, may have no more than a couple of weeks' summer holiday in which to cram the fulfillment of our dearest dreams. We fall in love, but—as in Lily's case—the work must go on. Then comes our summer vacation—one week, two, maybe, or three—and we get married and have our hectic honeymoon—then back to work again.

Why is it so different with her? True, she is a famous prima donna. True, she has a rare, unrivalled coloratura voice which the world would miss, were she to cease her singing. Still, we can think of quite a few great ones who have abandoned their careers for marriage and found it no sacrifice.

She can't really love him, you think . . . Or, perhaps, he doesn't really love her enough. . . . Perhaps he wants her to give up her career—but she is not willing to be just a wife—she who is a greater star than ever he could be. . . . Or, perhaps she would marry him and continue her career, but he is fearful of being "*Mr. Lily Pons.*"

We can't know all the circumstances that condition any two people—you and your best beloved or Lily and Andre. Still, thinking of the various things that we do know, we can understand, you and I, how it may be different for them than for us. Perhaps Lily's managers do not wish her to marry, or to announce her marriage it it occurs. There is more glamour, so it is believed, in an unattached star.

And, too, Lily is young enough to get a thrill from the success that is hers.

"It is very wonderful," she confessed, "to get the letters from the fans. The movie fans are best. . . . Before, when I sing only in opera and in concert, only a few people know me. Then, on the radio, more people hear my voice. Now, in the movies, they see me and hear me and know me. Everywhere the pictures go. Everywhere they know me now. In Tokio, in Japan, my first picture was played for two months. It is wonderful!

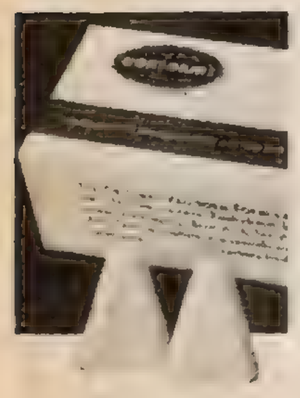
"Did you hear me sing at the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia?" she asked eagerly. "When I went in the Convention Hall, I was terrified. One hundred thousand people! And such noise—you could not hear yourself think! I wanted to run away. No one could hear me sing. . . .

"But when I began to sing, it was so quiet—not a sound—it was like singing to one person. It was very thrilling! Never





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Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

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MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS for modern feminine hygiene

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

have I sung to such a big audience before!"

Yes, Lily gets a thrill out of her career. And why shouldn't she? She doesn't refer to it as a career. She calls it "my work"—just as you or I might speak of ours, whether it be pounding the typewriter or washing the baby's panties. And she enjoys the lovely things her work makes possible—her country home; the opportunity to help her mother and sisters; smart, pretty clothes. . . . Why not? Who wouldn't enjoy it?

Even if it doesn't give her time to marry, life still is exciting as well as exacting. Life is very pleasant. . . .

Love is pleasant, too. Lily knows that. Some day she will fit it into the pattern of her life—into that part of her life that should be private, if we would permit it to be so.

Considering her fourfold career, it is easy to see how pitifully meagre a chance Lily Pons actually has for any private life. She will spend the next four months in making her picture in Hollywood. Working, as she says, perhaps, from seven in the morning till seven at night—save for her two days rest each week—rest sorely needed to preserve her health and her voice for future demands. On November fifteenth her picture will be finished. On November twentieth, she sings in *Lakme*, her favorite opera, in the Chicago Opera House. Following that, there will be concerts in St. Louis, in Memphis. In December she makes personal appearances for the movie, which will be released at Christmas time. On December twentieth she makes her début for the season at the Metropolitan in Rimsky-Korsakoff's lovely opera, *Le Coq d'Or*. January fifteenth she sings in concert at Carnegie Hall. Following the opera season, she expects to resume her radio work on the *Chesterfield* program.

Only briefly, in her beloved country cottage, can she enjoy the simple sort of care-free days for which she yearns. In her native Basque country she grew up in wide and lovely gardens. So here, in the gardens surrounding her Norman Provincial cottage in Connecticut, she seeks to recapture that lost childhood with its freedom and its peace.

"But even here," said Lily Pons, "I work . . . Always I work . . . Every day I learn . . . With my teacher I am studying *Le Coq d'Or*. I am practising the other operas of my repertoires—*Lucia, Lakme, Rigoletto, Barbier de Seville,* I sing ten performances at the opera this season. In the other seasons, 1931 to 1935, I sing thirty performances each season. But this season only ten. This year will be the first time in many years they have given *Le Coq d'Or* complete. It is very beautiful . . .

"But I rest here, too," she added. "It is so lovely, so calm, so quiet . . . I love to be out of doors. Every day I work in the gardens. I weed them. I water them. I gather the flowers . . . I walk with my dog. Sometimes I ride for two hours in the morning. A friend of mine here has some horses. I love all animals," said Lily enthusiastically. "In the fields are little wild rabbits. Panouche chases them, but just to play. He would not catch them. Oh, I hope not!"

"And do you find time, too, for some social life—for parties?" I asked.

She smiled ruefully. "One, two, maybe. But many times I must say: 'No, no—I am so sorry—I cannot come.'

"I had a big party Saturday!" Her brown eyes shone. "Such nice party! Sixty-five people. And I was lucky. It looked—you know—to rain. Cocktails were at six. Then dinner. The tables were out on the lawn." She led me to the window to show me the terraced gardens where the small tables had been set.

"They were so pretty," Lily said eagerly. "All different colors, you know—cloths and napkins . . .

"At nine-thirty we were just finished dinner—and then, so sudden, came such a storm! Everyone rushed in here—sixty-five people in this little room! But it was fun!" Lily laughed reminiscently "We didn't mind. It was so—impromptu. I was lucky it didn't rain too soon!"

I glanced about the room, picturing the gay scene. The room isn't exactly little. Still, sixty-five people could easily make it seem small. It is a long room, graciously furnished with deep sofas, comfortable chairs, small tables and, of course, a concert grand piano. Flowers stood everywhere in bowls and vases, testifying to her fondness for them. On a low round table a huge bowl of yellow roses—Lily's favorite flower. Elsewhere, great masses of delphinium, of larkspur, of gladioli, or wild flowers, brought the charm of the gardens into the quiet room.

On the piano stood a life-sized bronze rooster, its back a basket filled with roses.

"Frank La Forge gave it to me the other day," Lily said. "He saw it in a little shop and thought he must get it for me—because I am to sing *Le Coq d'Or.*"

"Shall you come back here next spring?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" Lily Pons said fervently. "I have taken an apartment in New York. It will be my permanent home. I have had my own furniture sent over, from Paris. I am afraid to stay here in the winter—the weather, you know—sometimes it is severe. I must not risk taking cold. So when I sing in opera, I live in New York. But when I sing on the radio, I stay over night in the apartment. Then I come out here next morning. Always I come back here!" She glanced happily about the friendly room with its wide Norman windows, its deep-set doors, its massive hand-hewn whitewashed beams. Gazed out through the windows at the rolling hills, the pattern of bright colors in the terraced gardens. "I love it here," she said simply. "Always I come back."

And I hope that, some day, when Lily Pons comes back, to cultivate her gardens, to walk the woodland roads, to frolic with her dog, the man she loves will come, too, to make the Eden perfect. I hope that Fate, some day, will give them the longed-for "time"—to make their happy dreams come true.

Panouche strolled out. On him the problems of music and marriage laid no burden. His nose a-quiver with some thrilling scent, he sought the shining fields.

But Lily Pons rose to prepare for her lesson with her teacher.

"If music be the food of love, play on!" is all very well for lovers.

But what of the musicians? When will their time come?

A DATE WITH RUDY VALLÉE

(Continued from page 25)

if she were almost unaware of his name.

He felt his tongue thicken, but he managed to say: "Where would you like to have dinner?"

"I can't," she answered. "I have a date."

"But you said tonight! You said six-thirty," he began.

Then he heard a click. The young lady had settled matters by hanging up the receiver.

And, as we sat there in the Vallée dining room while Rudy described these incidents, I suddenly had a clearer understanding of his relationships with women.

I have dined often at the Vallée apartment. Each time his particular lady guest would be a curls-hanging-to-the-shoulders girl in her later 'teens. Each time she was a different little girl, but always she was essentially the same person, a little girl who worked in an advertising office, a little girl with a minor part in radio, a little girl who danced in a chorus or was secretary to some great star. And always Vallée was helping the little girl, giving her a chance to a better job, a bigger salary.

I know now, of this I am sure, that the reason he prefers the very young, obscure type to the successful independent woman is that little girls are bound to look up to him. And he must have his worship, because deep within his soul he is still hurt. And, although he never will acknowledge it, not even to himself, he is still afraid of a snub.

Not that there is the slightest danger of any woman's turning down a date with the Vallée of today, whose dinner invitations have become privileges.

He reminds me of another slim, sunny haired young man, who, landing after the historic flight, naïvely introduced himself as Colonel Lindbergh. So it is when Vallée telephones. Just as if anyone could fail to recognize that velvet voice. Nevertheless, he murmurs your first name, then he says: "This is Rudy Vallée."

And he invites you to dinner. And he sends his car, a limousine, dark, smooth-running, powerful, manned by Ralph, the chauffeur, who boyishly addresses Rudy by his first name, for between Vallée and his employees there exists a genial spirit of comradeship. As an employer, Vallée is the most loyal of men, refusing, in any circumstances, to listen to a word against his workers. They, in turn, adore the boss and, wherever possible, follow his example.

Such as that Sunday afternoon when, *en route*, to the Vallée apartment, I sat alone in the back of his car and Ralph suddenly turned on the radio.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I want to catch Father Coughlin. Rudy likes to hear him."

Usually you don't sit alone. Rudy calls himself. Then, when driving, you sit between him and Ralph, because Rudy will not sit in the back of the car.

"It makes me sick," he admits. "So do trains and boats."

When he is in the car the radio is turned on, but never to crooners. As he puts it: "Don't I get enough of that!"

With the exception of a certain Italian restaurant in New York City, he rarely dines out, so we drive to the Vallée apartment which overlooks Manhattan's East River.

Arriving, a neat maid ushers you into a guest room, where, spread upon the mirrored dressing-table, is a silver-backed comb, brush, powder-box, everything at your service.

And on the way to the front of the apartment, a peep into Vallée's own room. On the chiffonier still stand two miniatures of Alice Faye.

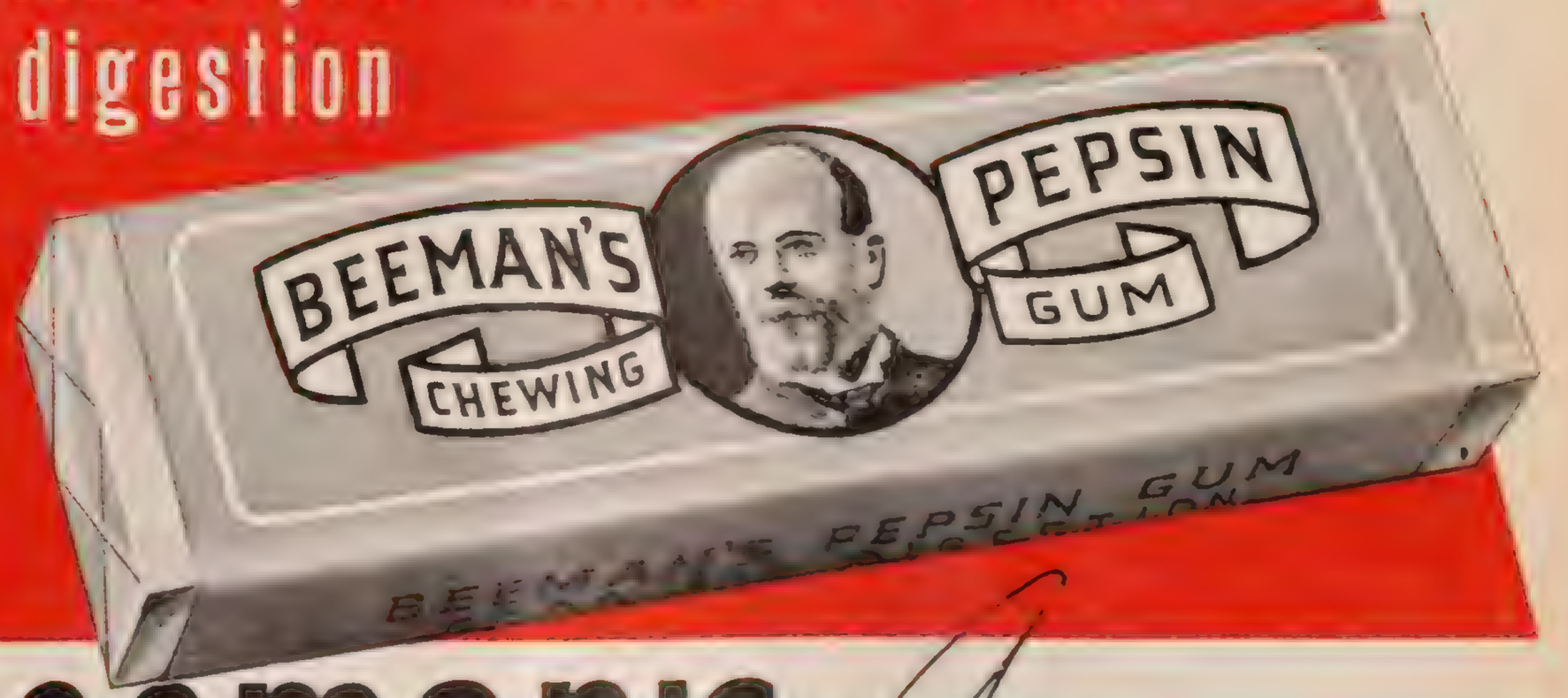
In the living-room the butler is serving from a cart that carries liquor. There is a liberal variety. You take your choice, but Vallée will have none of it. While you sip your cocktail, he nibbles pop corn or *hors-d'oeuvres* in the shape of tiny frankfurters squeezed between miniature rolls.

Sometimes, waiting for dinner to be announced and especially if there are new-

(Continued on page 77)

You feel on top of the world when you chew BEEMAN'S

It soothes your nerves . . . and aids digestion



Enjoy Beeman's Gum

TASTES SO GOOD



Applause

WHEN the last ripple of applause has ended — and you've turned off the radio for the evening — then is the time for a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They're ideal for that hungry feeling at bedtime. Delicious and satisfying, they digest easily — let you sleep. Sold by all grocers.

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"GIRL ALONE". The story of one girl's quest for true romance. Every day except Saturday and Sunday 12:00 to 12:15 Eastern Daylight Time over stations WMAQ, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; WTAM, Cleveland; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WBEN, Buffalo; WEAF, New York; KYW, Philadelphia; WWJ, Detroit.

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Win admiration, when your eyes look as if Nature herself had given them a luxuriant, dark fringe of lashes! Do it with Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara. It never makes you look "made-up"! Black, brown, blue, green.

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)

Vivian was born in Chicago, October 9th, 1915. Her grandfather was a symphony conductor in Italy and her mother is an accomplished pianist. In addition to singing, Vivian plays both violin and piano.

She will make her début as Mimi *in* La Boheme.

NEWS NOTES

Jacques Renard will take no more razzing from Gracie Allen. He has been engaged as music conductor of Eddie Cantor's new series of weekly programs, starting Sunday, September 20th, over the *Columbia* network. (8:30-9:00 p. m., EDST.)

Before coming to radio, where he now is one of the top-flight conductors, Renard was widely known for his distinctive dance orchestrations. He operated two clubs of his own in Boston, and was in great demand at other hotels and night clubs.

On September 27th Nelson Eddy begins his weekly programs over the Columbia network. For fifteen weeks these programs will originate in Hollywood, while Eddy is completing his picture, *Maytime*. The next broadcasts are scheduled from Portland, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Cincinnati and Chicago, as the blonde star of radio, screen, opera and concert stage moves eastward on a concert tour. After that the programs will originate in New York.

Josef Pasternack's Orchestra and guest stars also will be features of the Eddy programs.

Louise Massey and The Westerners, familiar to followers of the *Show Boat*, will debut in their own program this fall over the *NBC-Blue* network. The name of the series planned for them is *Log Cabin Bar Z Ranch*—a musical narrative, to be heard Tuesdays, beginning September 29th.

Authentic Western ballads will have a prominent place in these broadcasts—familiar music for the Masseys (Louise and her brothers, Allen and Dott) and Milt Maltbie, all of whom hail from *K-Bar Ranch*, Lincoln County, New Mexico And Larry Wellington comes from Southern California and spent his boyhood on cattle ranches in the Southwest.

On the Massey ranch in New Mexico their broadcasts are regarded as the social event of the week. Family and ranch hands listen in, all garbed for the occasion in their colorful best.

Speaking of cowboys, Carson Robison, chief hillbilly of *The Buckaroos* spent most of his childhood riding the range and spent all his pin money buying dazzling cowboy regalia for himself and his hoss.

Carson can't write songs of the faraway plains and his native west in his city apartment—so he has acquired a lodge in the Adirondacks. There he can dream dreams of the lone prairie, and write his plaintive Western songs.

Don't look for him under a ten-gallon hat in town, however—there he dresses conservatively, in true city style.

NOTES TO FANS

Lennie Hayton, *NBC* maestro, saves match covers. He now has over a thousand... Joan Blaine has sun-tanned her initials on her leg . . . John Charles Thomas has grown a moustachio, *a la* Ronald Colman . . . Marian (Molly McGee) Jordan collects Chinese prints . . . Lulu Belle, of the *National Barn Dance*, collects turtle neck sweaters and has more than twenty-five of them . . . Alec Templeton is an autograph hound . . . Pat (*Uncle Ezra*) Barrett has an aversion to slightly worn shoes and won't go on a show without a fairly new pair . . . Robert Simmons, tenor of the Jessica Dragonette hour, was christened William Simmons. He changed his name because the baritone of a church quartette which he joined was also William Simmons . . . Phil Regan, handsome film-radio tenor, has fan clubs in every country in the world. Phil has been signed for another movie, and flies to the Coast September 19th . . . Margaret Speaks, one of the busiest personalities in radio, answers all her fan mail. Although she is almost literally swamped by letters from admirers, Margaret says:

> "I feel it is my duty personally to answer the letters that are so graciously sent me by my friends of the air. They have shown good faith in me for a long time and I am going to do my best to fulfill the obligations that I owe them. It does take ever so much time, but as long as I can send personal replies without interfering with my music, I intend to do so."

RADIO INTERNATIONALISTS

Igor Gorin, *CBS Hollywood Hotel* baritone, is toying with the idea of forming a musical *Foreign Legion* among Columbia radio stars. Possible members include, Lily Pons, born in Cannes, France; Jacques Renard, Kiev, Russia; Nino Martini, Verona, Italy; Anne Jamison, Belfast, Ireland; Ray Block, Alsace-Lorraine; Boake Carter, South Russia (of British parents); Armida, La Colorado, Mexico; Alexander Semmler, Dortmund, Germany; Vladimir Heifetz, Chashiniky, Russia; Andre Kostelanetz, St. Petersburg and E. Robert Schmidt, Paris. Igor hails from Odessa, Ukraine.

(Continued on page 97)

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page 13*)

on the lobes of the ears, across the upper lip, and on the wrists.

Joan suggests the use of sachet powder, rubbed directly on the skin as a subtle method of perfuming. A tiny sachet sewed into the neckline of a décolleté gown is another nice touch. Or if you are dancing, sprinkle a little sachet powder around the hem of your dance frock, and you will dance in a swirl of fragrance.

Now that our skins are beginning to look dingy after the warm glow of suntan has faded a little, it would be a good idea for us to do some experimentation with powder-blending ourselves. I have found that a certain brunette shade of powder when blended with the rachel shade achieves just the right tone of powder for many after-suntan skins. At Robert's there are enormous bowls of powder containing every shade of powder for every possible nuance of shading. The mixing is done in a large wooden bowl.

Joan uses vivid lipstick and no rouge. She mascaras her eyelashes and leaves her eyebrows *à la natural*. One trick of making lips look alluringly shiny is to use a small camel's hair beauty brush for applying your lipstick. Dip the brush in a little cold cream first.

And now we can't leave a discussion of Robert's Salon with "everything to make you beautiful," without the instructions for one good fall facial that you can give yourself at home. If your skin is dry and rough textured and a wee bit sallow, as after-summer skins are apt to be, then this facial is ideal for you. It is both softening and mildly bleaching. It is an oatmeal facial—and even our grandmothers knew that oatmeal possessed marvelous skin-softening powers. This is a refined and improved oatmeal which smells almost like lavendar in its package and comes in a decorative big (or little) turquoise blue can. You take a small amount of the oatmeal into the palm of your hand, add enough lukewarm milk to make a creamy lotion and apply the lotion all over your face and neck. Allow it to dry; then rinse off with warm water, finishing with a grand splash of cold water. Your skin will feel as smooth as a flower petal.

Certainly if the skin has reaped the harvest of a summer of sun, sea and sand exposure, your hair has suffered even more. But get to work with your hairbrush, your fingertips and a goodly supply of reconditioning oil. Brushing, scalp manipulation, and hot oil shampoos at home, or under the vigorous administration of an expert beauty salon operator, will bring your hair back to life and lustre—to a state where it will respond to the glory of a new fall coiffure. (I'll be glad to send you my complete bulletin on reconditioning the hair, which gives exact instructions for a hot oil shampoo and other topknot glorifying aids.)

Joan Marsh always shampoos her own hair with soapless oil shampoos.

Joan, Robert admiringly declares, as one confrère to another, has a natural gift for styling her own hair. We watched in admiration as, with almost professional skill, she curled her hair into a clever upturned roll around her head, a saucy halo effect. Robert added a few extra touches, sweeping the side hair back from the cheeks for sophisticated effect.

Robert believes that you should dress your hair always according to your face rather than according to a style. The coiffure that does not take into consideration your individual features cannot be successful. Of course some consideration must be given to the prevailing hairdressing styles, dress and millinery fashions and the individual styles adapted to them. An interesting keynote of fall hairdressing styles will be height, curls to the top. That is because high necklines will be fashionable for fall.

You will want my little booklet containing pictorial illustrations of the attractive coiffures of various celebrities. It is replete with pictures and instructions and will help you select and style yourself a grand new fall coiffure.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet on "Pictorial Hairdresses".

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope

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Yes, if you use the famous Princess Pat Rouge

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All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let's discover its secret of utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

There's an undertone that blends with an *overtone*, to change magically on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful, vital, *real*—no outline. The almost incredible, astounding effect is that of color coming from within the skin, just like a natural blush. You'll be a glamorous person with Princess Pat rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.

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The popular Princess Pat rouge, powder and lip rouge, easily two weeks' supply, in a novel, attractive Collegian Kit — for this coupon and 10c coin.



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—if not to set masculine hearts athrob —if not to bring the thrill of conquests— if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up's so important—especially your rouge!





You can make an unclean toilet sparkle like a china plate. And you don't have to rub and scrub to do it! Sani-Flush takes all unpleasantness out of this job. Just sprinkle a little in the toilet bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush it, and you're through.

This odorless powder is made especially to clean toilets. Sani-Flush actually purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. Germs and odors are killed. Cannot injure plumbing. *Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators* (*directions on can*). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

READ the complete story starring Errol Flynn and a huge cast "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" in the October issue of

SCREEN ROMANCES

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NEW LIFE FOR SEWING MACHINES, CARPET SWEEPERS, LOCKS, WASHING MACHINES, HINGES, GO-CARTS, ETC.

LUBRICATES—CLEANS—PREVENTS RUST

YOU MUST MEET MY SISTER (ROSEMARY)

(*Continued from page 38*)

out exactly even on the deal. And that means a lot to somebody who, through no fault of her own, finds she's the baby of the family.

I think the best way to relate what another person is like, is to tell the 'mosts' about her. The thing Rosemary wants most is go into pictures. Ever since we were old enough to know what an ambition was she's talked and dreamed incessantly about being an actress. Her first move after we were established as singers with Fred Waring's band was to enroll herself and me, too, for a course in dramatics under Frances Robinson-Duff, who coached Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn and lots of other famous actresses and she's really wonderful. We were started on Shakespeare three years ago and now we're just getting into studying the modern plays. Rosemary takes her work very seriously. She reads scads of books on the theatre and somehow manages—radio notwithstanding—to get to every one of the legit shows produced on Broadway, often seeing the best ones two and three times to study them from different angles. I really think some day she'll be one of the outstanding stars in Hollywood; I just believe she has it in her.

What she likes most is anything connected with outdoor sports. She's a grand swimmer, her hiking endurance is something I could never aspire to, and she has a wicked backhand that licks me nearly every time we play tennis. For a year now, excepting bitter winter weather and road tours with the band, we've spent all our week-ends at a ranch on the Delaware River in New Jersey, driving out after the repeat broadcast on Friday nights and not coming back to New York until Monday in time for rehearsal. They have real cowboys from the West out there, the scenery is so gorgeous it looks like a Mielziner backdrop, and we love everything about the place, including kerosene lamps and no bathtubs. We thought we could ride until we started going to the ranch but we had to learn all over again! We learned the real cowgirl way, on mustangs and pintos, wearing chaps and jeans and overalls. Rosemary's down at the corral at the crack of dawn on Saturdays and, rain or shine, she rides her pony until the last gasp from both of them.

Of course you've seen pictures of her, so I don't have to go into detail about what she looks like. Honest and truly she's every speck as pretty as her photographs. In fact, no picture I've ever seen has quite captured what is to me the most attractive thing about her: a certain lovely *unhaste*, which is something I wish I had. Rosemary's always so calm about things, she moves with such a tranquil kind of grace and no matter how excited she becomes, she's always master of the situation and her voice remains low and warm. Do you understand what I mean? I say *unhaste* but it's sort of hard to define; it may be a mental attitude she has, or it may be just the way she does things. Anyway she's beautifully poised and possessed in every emergency, she thinks with her brains and not her emotions.

As for clothes, she's a complete feminist. She loves *high* high heels all the time and poofy sheer blouses with big sleeves and fine lace and bows and furs and fluffy hair-dos and evening dresses that swish and the most frivolously sheer stockings money can buy. Oh, Rosemary's terribly crazy about sophisticated *froufrou* things. Plain or mannishly tailored clothes—never! She loathes them. But soft angora suits and pastel silks and taffeta petticoats and luxurious perfumes she adores. All of which is very like her. Even if you should meet her for the first time and she'd be wearing English tweeds, you'd know she didn't belong to them. Her type's definitely a sort of soft smartness.

The most annoying thing about the elder Lane—see, I'm being frank—is that she's the slowest dresser east of Indianola; I'm perfectly sure of it. I was always one to throw on my clothes and let's go—it kills me to wait for people! So you can imagine how Rosemary can drive me practically crazy! She'll take an hour, well fifteen minutes anyway, to fix the back of her bob and then not like it and do it over again, while I sit and just simmer! She's a toothpaste-cap-loser of the first water too—when we're on the road I never know whether I'm fresh out of cold cream or fresh in mascara unless I look underneath sixteen towels and packages and music sheets and assorted junk. I've tried to reform her for lo! these nineteen years now and so has mother but it hasn't done a speck of good!

Being a sister team—well, we used to be that but we're getting away from it more and more—certainly has its advantages. Besides having somebody around to have fun with all the time you also get—no extra charge—a merciless but helpful critic in the bargain. Like the time, not long ago, when we are going into the Paramount Theater for a week and Fred said I was to do my first solo dance with the band. I was excited and scared to death and put off the whole works until about a week beforehand; then I rented a practise hall and got down to serious business. Such business! I thought I could cook up a little Truckin' number just like that, but after three days of dancing myself into a dither I was still manufacturing the first step.

Rosemary's not a dancer, I mean she hasn't specialized in it the way I have, but she's a swell critic of it just the same. So when I came home to lunch one day in the dumps about my solo number she chucked all her engagements for the rest of the week and got down to work with me. She sat on a bench at the hall for hours and said 'awful!' or 'O. K.' and made suggestions and helped me fit the routine to the music which is a terrible job—brasses in this break, *tacit* in this one, and so on. When Fred saw the dance and passed on it I felt like doing something

(*Continued on page 76*)

YOU MUST MEET MY SISTER (PRISCILLA)

(*Continued from page 39*)

The story of how we got on the air, how we were visiting in New York and Fred heard us sing and offered us jobs, has been done to death so I won't go into that again. We've been terribly lucky and we realize it; but we've had to work terribly hard to *stay* lucky so I guess that about balances things.

Pat's always been the tomboy of the Lane sisters. She never wanted to stay on the ground and play dolls. Her favorite haunts were roofs and trapezes and trees—once mother found her fast asleep in the top of a tree, resting between two boughs! She never would practise her music or bring her arithmetic book home because she disliked both subjects so violently. And she's always been a natural comedian, getting into ludicrous scrapes where only Pat could manage to entangle herself.

When we first started with the Waring band four years ago we were about as green as two kids from the country could be. The Westernisms in our speech—'waygon' for wagon and 'ayshes' for ashes and so on— had to be got out of us by the combined efforts of our dramatic coach and mother and ourselves. It was harder for Pat than for me because she hated our elocution lessons back home and I'd liked them; poor thing, she'd try her best to stop saying: *'Oh gee', 'Oh gosh', 'Boy oh boy', 'Isn't that keen?'* and all the other slang expressions we'd used at school and she'd miss every time. I'll have to hand it to her, she worked like a trouper to perfect the clear diction she has now; considering the braces put on our teeth just after we began our careers (and they've just been taken off, thank heaven!) it was doubly hard to enunciate some words, such as *'inexcusable'* and *'sufficient'*, as perfectly as you must enunciate them for good radio work.

We like to think we haven't a trace of accent left now. When we go back to Indianola some day I only hope the folks don't think our speech is affected; it isn't affected, it's necessary!

Pat was the most thrilled thing with New York I've ever seen and she's never lost her wonder and spontaneous enjoyment in everything we do for work or relaxation. She loves to be alone and she loves to read. Afternoons when we aren't rehearsing she sits around the apartment in tailored lounging pajamas and flat-soled *huaraches* and plays with her white cat and has the time of her life doing nothing at all. But when we're working, she's much more of a demon at it than I; I usually get away from night rehearsals about twelve but Pat works with the *Noveleers* (they do the lyrics and arrangements for the novelty numbers) who stay on after the others have gone, often until three in the morning. She doesn't seem to mind that a bit except that when she does get home she's so keyed up it takes an hour or so to go to sleep.

Consequently her hours are usually harder on her than mine are on me. We sleep until noon, have two meals a day with plenty of milk in between; we rehearse five afternoons and nights a week, do four broadcasts (two of them repeats) and there isn't a minute left! It may sound like a stiff routine to you, but add five shows a day seven days a week to that, which is what we do when the band's on tour, and there you really *do* have a stiff routine!

Pat's a scream on the road. She loves to eat better than most anything and on broadcast days none of us have time to take off our make-up and go out to a restaurant. Fred has a caterer come in and spread a table backstage; you sort of eat a sandwich between numbers, throw on your coat and dash. All of us except Pat have become reconciled to 'skinny' Tuesdays and Fridays, but she mutters between her teeth continuously that she doesn't mind working herself absolutely to death between meals but when the time comes to eat, people ought to stop and *eat!*

Of course we don't have time to shop for ourselves or attend to any business or anything, but luckily mother is a darling and a gem at managing that side of our lives. She knows so exactly our differing tastes that she can have five hats sent home on approval and we'll keep them all; now and then Lo has gowns sent us from Hollywood but most of our things come from the New York shops. Pat loves simple dresses, tailored suits, smart saucy little hats and tons of active sportswear—bathing suits and tennis frocks, shorts, pajamas and riding clothes. She's a stickler for quality, she never wears jewelry and seldom perfumes. Sometimes we dress alike for personal appearances but we never do elsewhere. Both of us turn over all our financial affairs to mother; we get an allowance for spending money and stay within it.

I think Pat inherited mother's knack for knowing so perfectly how to please another person's tastes. On mother's birthday we couldn't decide what to give her, we thought of a thousand possibilities and discarded them and finally Pat suggested that I leave it entirely to her. She went over on Fifth Avenue, picked out a beautifully simple and lovely purse—and if we'd given mother a car or a fur she wouldn't have loved it more. She was completely delighted. It was Pat's idea last year that we give mother a typewriter and it tickled her pink—I never would have thought of that.

I'm sure she's told you about the ranch where we spend our week-ends. We adore it. Pat's much more in her element when she's outdoors roughing it than I am; she's a champion horse-shoe-pitcher and dives with the most facile acrobatic grace I've ever seen in an amateur. For the past few Saturdays we've spent a lot of time planting potatoes out there. It's exactly like Pat not to have a sore muscle to show

(*Continued on page 76*)

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ROSEMARY

(*Continued from page 74*)

wonderful and generous for Rosemary. I did. I let her use my most private of private possessions, my beloved new tennis racquet with blue and white strings, that I would sooner die than let somebody else bang balls afound with.

If the comedy lyrics and recitations I use on the Ford programs are funny—they're mostly supposed to be anyway—much of the credit goes to Rosemary. I have to write my own material when I use words that are different or variations on the regular sheet music score; I sit in my room for hours and hours and scribble reams of stuff, then I try it out on Rosemary at the dinner table. The ones she laughs at I use on the air, the others I discard. It's hard to be funny on order twice a week. Sometimes when she sits there like the Greek Stone Face and doesn't get a grin out of a tableful I begin to seriously doubt her sense of humor; but she's usually right.

For an inexcusable tease I certainly pulled a good sister to have around to practice on. She doesn't take kidding very well until she's sure it's just a joke. (The boys in the band call her 'Raspberry' sometimes and it makes her furious.) I remember how I teased her when she introduced *Tiny Little Fingerprints* on our broadcasts. She was so excited about it because it was one of her first solos. She rehearsed and rehearsed for the big event and the minute it was finished she dashed backstage to ask me how it went over.

I told her very seriously that she had entirely overdone the sentimental tiny-tiny-little-fingerprint motif, that I was afraid she'd dirty-hands-dirty-faced her listeners into a coast-to-coast bawl. She immediately froze up like somebody had opened the ice-house door in her face and was very sensitive about that solo till I convinced her I'd only been fooling.

About beaux and dates and romance (those are the questions interviewers are always asking us) Rosemary would kill me if I told any more than the actual truth—that she has no great love in her life, no secret shattered *affair de coeur,* not even a Current Thrill. She just likes nice young men, hates the Broadway brand of night club but loves to go dancing to good music at genteel places. The two of us aren't attracted to the same types of boys, which is a distinct blessing, or else we might be getting in each other's hair all the time. We have far less leisure for dates than we'd like; we rehearse with the band five nights a week until after midnight and by that time a night club doesn't seem half as alluring as a glass of warm milk and bed.

Do you see Rosemary Lane now? That's about all I can say of her except for these: that lots of times when she's made a date and I haven't, or her date has a car and mine hasn't, she insists that I come along and make it a threesome or a foursome. She even lets me christen her new hats (sometimes) by wearing them before she has a chance to. She even loves my precious white cat like a doting auntie. Now that's what I call being a sister!

PRISCILLA

(*Continued from page 75*)

for it while I—well I'm nursing a chronic distaste right now for all potatoes, *au naturel* or baked!

I think the things I envy her most are her mikeside manner and her hair and her big serious blue eyes. Pat has a wonderful mikeside manner. It's so contagious. She has so much pep and so little self-consciousness and she seems to be having such a grand time working that everybody who watches her has a grand time, too.

Her hair is always commented upon by every hairdresser we go to; it's a soft pale blonde that's more silvery or ashen than yellow and that's its own natural color. Under stage lighting it looks almost exactly like milkweed—and to one who's always wanted to be a pure blonde but got brown hair and gray-green eyes instead, that's cause for outright jealousy.

I really don't know what I'd do without Pat at program rehearsals. Every time I sing a number she sits in the control-room, makes notes on my diction and the spots where I blast and emerges with lots of suggestions for improvement. She's a strict critic, too. If she says a song's *O.K.* I know it's not as good as I ought to be making it. Pat has to say '*Perfect,* Rosemary!' then I'm satisfied with myself.

It pleases both of us that we're sisters who are inseparable without taking it too far. I've often known brothers, or sisters and brothers, who were inseparable to the extent that they were completely dependent on each other for work and play alike; and that, I believe, is not a happy thing. If Pat wants to go somewhere or do something I don't want to do, we never coax each other. We had entirely different 'crowds' at school and now we have a great many mutual friends but we also have separate friends, too. I like that. I think it promotes growth of the individual. If the two of us were separated tomorrow we'd miss each other terribly but we wouldn't be totally lost.

We sometimes date together but not as a usual thing. Pat's beaued around a lot and loves the companionship of boys, but I don't believe serious romance has ever entered her head. "I guess I'm too hard to please," she often says, but secretly I don't think that's actually true. I think when the right man comes along, I'll see Pat totally, hopelessly head over heels!

Incidentally, she's the dyed-in-the-wool jokester of the family. Because our voices are almost identical over the telephone, she's always saying she's Rosemary and playing pranks. Once a boy called, thought he was talking to me, and made a date. Pat forgot (?) to tell me what she'd done and when he came I had another date in the livingroom. It was awfully embarrassing but too funny to get upset over. I paid Pat back. The next week I completely overlooked (?) giving her a long-looked-for special delivery letter until several hours after it arrived. But of course my stunt didn't reform her. She's an incurable.

That's Pat. My best friend, confidante and severest critic—all of which is terribly nice to have right in the family.

A DATE WITH RUDY VALLEE

(*Continued from page 71*)

comers present, he shows off his dogs.

"What do you think of my singing?" he asks the largest Doberman-Pincher.

And that worthy places a paw to his nose.

At dinner Vallée does not sit at the head of his table. He sits to the right of the head, on his right the current little girl, and at the head, the honored guest whom he asks to preside.

There is wine at dinner and this he drinks. The dishes, napery, silver, glassware are a delight to the eyes, and the food is beautifully served. It is simple fare —cream soups, several fresh vegetables, meats like individual steaks, desserts like floating island. There are side dishes of salted nuts which Rudy relishes, for he invariably manages to do away with his neighbor's as well as his own. And everytime I've been there they served creamed corn, so I gather that particular vegetable must be his favorite. Often there is an extra homelike touch to the meal, such as the evening we had Boston brown bread, freshly baked by Rudy's sister and sent to him parcel post.

After dinner the entertainment varies. If you are lucky, it is an evening when Vallée feels like singing. Then the guests gather in the den and with his accompanist, Elliot Benjamin at the piano, Vallée sings song after song for the sheer pleasure of it. Or, with Ralph as cameraman, he shows movies in the living-room. He owns one of the finest private film collections in this country and is justly proud of having directed most of them.

I remember sitting on a comfortable sofa and watching natural color motion picture views of Vallée's home in Maine, with its great lodges, large enough to accommodate fifty guests. In fact, over some week-ends, he has been known to take up all the members of his orchestra, with their wives.

The pictures are a vivid record of his days. And I study them as they go by, now fast, now slow, with Ralph turned into a home edition of Graham McNamee as he proudly explains each shot.

"There's the house Rudy was born in! There's his father's pharmacy . . ."

So passes a dinner date with Rudy Vallée. And at the end of the evening, when it is time to go, his car drives you to your door.

Although he lives in the center of New York City, with its millions of hectic lives, there is a peaceful something about that home of his and while they are with him his guests sense that peace. For Rudy Vallée has learned the art of simplicity; he practices it in his living as well as in his songs. Thus, he never is lacking friends, his table is a gay, cheerful board, and he, himself, a far, far cry from the young Vallée of only a few years ago who sat in a tiny hotel room alone and disconsolate because a *Follies* girl had given him a stand-up

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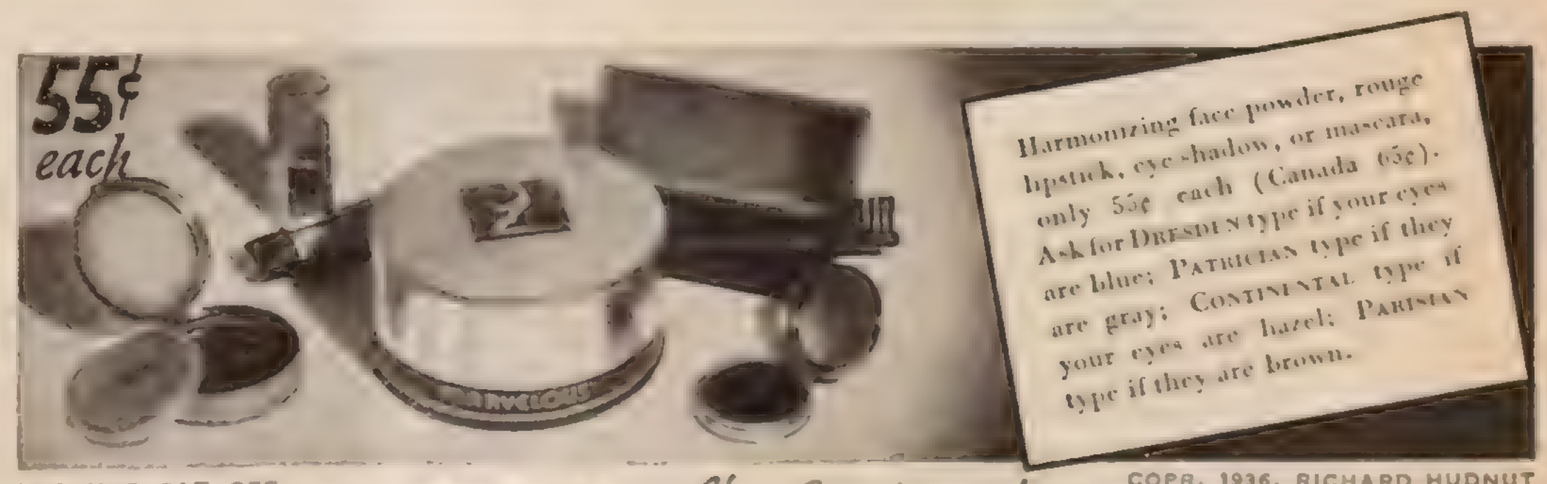
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WE'RE ALL SCHOLARS NOW

(*Continued from page 50*)

the Intelligentsia (*how does anyone dare?*) affect to look down upon the screen, the air. Nonsense! If I could genuinely entertain one hundred million people by any means whatsoever, novels, pictures, radio, I could bear to endure the criticism of a few bookish people.

"It is always 'the thing' to deride anything popular, to believe that if a book or a play is best-selling it msut needs be of inferior calibre. Because the millions enjoy the radio and the movies the Few feel called upon to disdain them, or to say so.

"*I don't believe it.* I know that I have always found myself liking enormously anything or anyone held in popular esteem. I enjoy Jack Benny on the air. I like his style, his way of doing things. I like Amos and Andy, Ed Wynn, Greta Garbo, jazz music, modern novels, Clark Gable—I enjoy them, each and everyone."

"Does radio menace the novel?" I asked.

I knew, of course, that Mr. Hughes is Master of Ceremonies on the *Camel Caravan* Program, coming out of Hollywood over *CBS*. I knew that he is lending his potent pen to the adapting of the stories and plays given over the *Camel* hour. I knew, too, that he was adapting a *Life of Washington* for the screen.

I had frequently seen Mr. Hughes at previews, premières, lunching with Mrs. Hughes and picture celebrities at the *Brown Derby*, the *Vendome*, the *Trocadero* and other favorites haunts of Hollywood. I had heard him over the air in the *pre-Camel Caravan* days.

And yet, in spite of all this trafficking with radio and movies I had felt sure that this book-loving, book-writing man would confess that he deplores the new, sighs for the old days when literature offered almost the only "escape" for the "prisoners of Life," when movies and radio were *not*.

I was completely mistaken.

Rupert Hughes, as you have guessed, is one hundred per cent. for contemporary days and ways. He is enthusiastically *for* radio and movies and jazz music and best-selling novels. He is in the rooter's stand for all things and all persons who entertain the millions. He believes that the enlightenment of the many is worth infinitely more than the precious knowledge of a few who have "read a book" and little else.

He considers it far more valuable to know what Mussolini is doing now than to read what Imperial Caesar did several hundred years ago.

And so Mr. Hughes threw back his head and laughed when I asked, "Does radio menace the novel?"

"*Everything* menaces the novel," he said, "and always has. First it was the theatre. The theatre, it was said, would be 'the death of the novel,' an end to fireside reading. For people would get their fiction across the footlights. But still the publishers kept on publishing books and not for love alone, you may be sure. *Uncle Tom's Cabin, David Harum,* the first novels of Robert W. Chambers, the novels of Harold Bell Wright were sold by the hundreds of thousands. Harold Bell Wright books sold as many as a million copies per novel—a gigantic sale for any book. Of the some one hundred and twenty million people in the country one million were reading his novels. The other hundred and ninteen million didn't. So even such success as his was small compared to the far-reaching success of the radio.

"Still, the novel survived, rather lustily, the menace of the theatre. Then came the bicycle. And that, too, was said to be a menace to the novel and the theatre. People, it was solemnly declared, would spend their days and evenings riding in the open air. They would neither stay at home and read nor would they foregather in stuffy theatres. And the publishers kept right on publishing—presumably at a profit!

"The phonograph, the automobile, each new device, each new form of entertainment has been hailed as the death knell of the novel.

"Then came the movies—and they 'menaced' the theatre and the novel. The novel keeps right on being written and published and the theatre seems to be reviving healthily.

"Radio came along and menaced the movies, the theatre and the novel. And now, we are told, television will soon menace all four, the novel, the theatre, the movies and the radio.

"Everything menaces everything else," smiled Rupert Hughes "and nothing is, actually, a menace to anything else, *for one thing feeds the other.*

"True, people will sit comfortably in their arm-chairs listening to their radios. But *over their radios will come mention of worth while old books or equally worth while new ones* . . . books of which the average person might never have heard and would almost certainly never have bought if he had not been listening in. But he does listen in and he hears someone he admires recommending some certain book and he goes forth and buys that book and reads it.

"Far from menacing the novel the radio is the best salesman, the most skilled log-roller, the greatest inciter to the reading of novels that the novel ever has had.

"There are any number of people who would never hear of certain novels and plays unless they heard them discussed over the air. To radio and to radio alone do I attribute the fact that, today, you can observe any number of young girls going about with copies of *The Story Of Philosophy* or Santayana's new novel tucked under their arms. Girls who would not, one knows, be liable to read book reviews. Girls who do listen to radio.

"People are reading more, not less, because of the radio. They hear about books on the air, you see.

"I have gone, on more than one occasion, to a movie adapted from a novel or a play and have become sufficiently interested in the story or in the characters to go out and buy that book or that play and read it.

"I also have heard excerpts from plays, readings from books given over the air, and have got the same reaction—sufficient

interest stimulated by the brief reading to buy the book or the play and to read it in full. And I am not alone in this.

"The radio makes persons book-conscious who have never been book-conscious before. The movies, in a less direct way, do very much the same.

"There are some poor things on the air, some bad things in movies, of course. How could it be otherwise? But if I do not like a thing, a book, a play, a personality, I do not take this dislike unto myself as a mark of distinction, an evidence of my personal superiority. I am not proud of myself. I am ashamed of myself. The worst book ever written should interest us enormously—because of the heartache, the labor, the effort to which the author must have gone when he tried to get what he wanted to say onto paper.

"Those of us who are bookishly inclined will continue to be so inclined. And those of us who are not bookishly inclined will be informed, enlightened, stimulated, in touch with the world as never before in the history of the world. Thanks to radio and movies.

"It is far more important, far more valuable to listen to King Edward the Eighth on the air than it is to read about King Henry the Eighth in text books. Radio and pictures may take liberties with history and with historical characters, but literature also takes liberties.

"Modes of living have improved. Persons who never leave their farmhouse kitchens or their small towns move at ease in the homes of luxury, in the palaces of Kings. We can see and hear now, all of us, how 'the other half' lives.

"I," smiled Mr. Hughes, "without needing to leave Hollywood, I have been presented at the Court of St. James and at most of the remaining courts of Europe. I have come to know Stalin in many of his moods, conferring with officials of the U.S.S.R., presenting gifts to little children. I have rubbed elbows with Mussolini, on the parade ground, in the bosom of his family. I have seen Hitler and I have heard him. And I have a fairly thorough, fairly comprehensive knowledge of such men, such history-makers as these, their manners, their qualities, their characteristics. Think what this would have done for me when I wrote the Washington biography—if there had been movies in those days, or electrical transcriptions!

"Morals have improved—or, rather, the fastidiousness of morals. Time was when the loutish farm boy wrestled with his girl on the hay-mow. No more. For she and he have seen Robert Taylor sweep Barbara Stanwyck into his arms and that vision awakens in them a distaste, a nostalgia for something finer and more flavorous than they have ever known. Or they have heard the gentle voice of Helen Hayes come over the air, speaking words of love with such a tenderness as makes them forever ashamed of their rough terms of endearment."

I said, then: "But, Mr. Hughes, while all of this is true, isn't it also true that the movies and the radio make for a superficiality of knowledge, a smattering of this and that, a little of everything and not much of any one thing?"

"A smattering," said Mr. Hughes, with his wise and kindly smile, with a twinkle in his eyes, "a smattering is all that any of us ever acquire. The scholar *knows* how little he knows. The layman can only deceive himself. I read exhaustively in writing the Washington biography. I should know more about Washington than any man alive. And yet seldom a week and never a month goes by that some child of nine or so doesn't ask me a question I can't answer!

"One of my good friends is a scientist who has devoted fifteen years of his life to the study of the lobster, to one particular species of lobster in one particular place. One time I remarked to him that it must be marvellously satisfying to know everything there is to know about any one subject or thing. And my friend looked at me in pitying contempt and remarked that he had studied one little lobster that grows at Wood's Hole and nowhere else. For fifteen years he had studied it and knew only a very little about it. For one man to know all about lobsters was, he said, inconceivable!

"And so," said Mr. Hughes, "we can never know all about the lobster. We can never begin to read all the books there are to read. A very famous and learned astronomer told me recently that each new telescope he builds serves only to show him the things he cannot know. However deeply we may delve we never can reach China.

"But we can, thanks to radio and movies, we can keep pace with the Present. We can know something of music and science and literature and art—we can have a sensible 'smattering' of biology, economics, industrial conditions, history in the making. We can speak with many tongues and know many men and matters *if*," smiled Mr. Hughes, "if we do not look down our noses at 'popular' entertainment, if we do not kill Socrates in every generation!"



For a smooth, lasting make-up . . . First melt away roughness

ALL READY to go out . . . then you start to powder. But, somehow, your powder just won't go on smoothly. It "catches" on every tiny roughness on your skin.

Do you know, you can smooth off those roughnesses—in an instant—by simply *melting* them!

Those "powder catchers" are really dried-out cells on top of your skin . . . old, dead ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they flake off part way. And there they cling, loose and harsh . . .

But one application of a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them right away—and out comes your true, smooth skin!

A prominent dermatologist explains: "The instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out cells on surface skin, these cells melt away. New cells come into view, that give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance.

"Moreover," he adds, "Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, helps to keep the skin in a constantly softened condition."

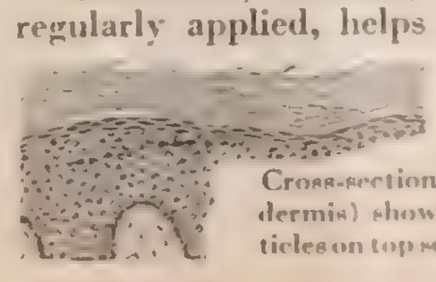
Now you know why Pond's Vanishing Cream is an instant skin softener, a marvelous powder base.

For a smooth make-up—After cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a fine-texture look, a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on evenly. No need to make up again for hours!

Overnight for lasting softness—To keep your skin softened at all times, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream every night after cleansing. It won't smear the pillowcase. As you sleep, your skin gets softer by the minute!



MRS. EUGENE DUPONT III: *"Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder, too—keeps my make-up fresh."*



Outer Skin

Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder.

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Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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P.S. Get all the features of a dollar lipstick for 10c! Ask for the new LANDER'S PERMANENT TRIPLE INDELIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK . . . made with a cold cream base!

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I Get 10 WINDOW SHADES

For the Price of One



15c CLOPAYS

SOLVE CLEAN WINDOW SHADE PROBLEM

"WHEN $1.50 shades used to get dirty, I couldn't afford to change. But now, I get 10 lovely CLOPAYS for the same money! They look as good as the costliest—go 2 years and more without a change. That's REAL ECONOMY!" Why not try this same simple plan, approved by millions? CLOPAYS are made of a new kind of tough, pliable fibre that will not pinhole or crack. In 16 smart patterns and 7 plain colors. Sold by leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE color samples. CLOPAY CORP., 1244 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

RADIO'S REBEL CHILD

(*Continued from page* 31)

on its radio page. Publisher Hearst and the anti-communists denounce it as communist. The communists themselves proclaim it to be fascist. Germany says it's pro-Jew and the Jews say it's pro-German.

So it goes. In its duration the broadcasts have enraged practically every country in the world, scores of large organized groups, innumerable famous and unknown individuals.

Because it tells the truth regardless of whom the truth offends. It has no taboos, it takes no sides, it is under no political banner, it neither exaggerates nor underestimates, it is devoid of propaganda. *It dramatizes accurately and quotes verbatim the happenings and utterances that make news*—let the chips fall where they may.

Of course they do fall, tons of them! That's what this story is about, the amusing and amazing scrapes the *March Of Time* has got into, the unprecedented pranks it has played that no other program would ever dare to. For treading on the toes of everything from persons to powers it's radio's *Number One Rebel Child*. It just doesn't go around spreading universal good will, the way broadcasting in its purest form is supposed to do.

Most of the chips fall on the capable broad shoulders of Mr. William Geer, who holds the responsible position of Editor of *March Of Time* programs. The minor arguments that arise from not-too-important persons or countries are handled by what the program's creators have jocularly nicknamed the 'Molasses Department'—a regularly maintained group of diplomats who are suave at smoothing out things, sort of professional trouble-shooters. But when some really important ire is aroused, it's Mr. Geer who goes to lunch with the Minister from Norway or the leader of the Socialist party or whoever is currently incensed, to restore amicable feeling if possible, since Geer is the sole dictator of what news shall or shall not be re-enacted on the broadcasts.

Necessarily, in order to maintain the honest impartiality listeners know they receive from Time's presentations, the program's editor must be a man without fear. He will put on the air a skit (called 'act' in the terminology of radio) which he knows full well will bring an avalanche of lambasting letters and voiced protest. But it must go on exactly as it happened because it *did* happen and it's news.

Perhaps you've already read, if this is one of your favorite programs, how it is prepared for the air. But for those who haven't the rest of our story will be more enjoyable if we briefly explain the behind-the-scenes angle.

On the fifteenth floor of the *Columbia Broadcasting System* Building the *March Of Time* office is situated. As a news source it has the galley proofs and printed pages of *Time Magazine* and the services of the United Press. At noon each broadcast day Mr. Geer selects the dozen news items of the past thirteen hours that he considers of the greatest significance, puts his staff of trained writers to work on them. By five o'clock the acts are ready and the dramatic staff of the program is going through its preliminary readings in the studio. Howard Barlow is conducting his orchestra in the music they will play between acts. The two directors, Homer Fickett and William Spier, have arrived.

Time's actors are a versatile group with an incredible range of voices, dialects and characterizations. They work on salaries of *$150* a week and within the group there is sufficient talent and ability to produce an almost perfect imitation of any needed human voice from a president's to a movie star's, or a nameless tot's. They rehearse, attended by direction and an expert sound-effects department, straight through until dress rehearsal at ten o'clock. Frequently late news flashes of great importance are hastily written and put in at the last moment, discarding some long-worked-over act.

There never is a moment of let-up. Some sixty people work a total of four hundred hours to prepare the broadcast for its airing—four hundred hours five times a week. Production cost alone for each program mounts into thousands of dollars. Nerves are on edge, fatigue is apparent. When the studio clock reaches twenty seconds past *10:30 E.D.S.T.*, a great tremor of excitement sweeps through the studio. *Time Marches On.* The news *lives!*

And partisan listeners can be pleased or not.

As an instance, take the incident that occurred some time ago when the program was being sponsored by Remington-Rand. Mr. Rand, president of the company, had appeared before the House of Representatives Committee in Washington to read a letter received by him from one Dr. William Wirt, a school teacher, who accused certain New Dealers of being communists and stirring up a revolution behind the scenes, using Roosevelt as a stepping stone. The story blazed on the front pages of newspapers everywhere for days. Finally Dr. Wirt was called to Washington, his accusations were disproved and it was found that he had been kidded along by the people who were the source of his information. Then of course Mr. Rand, who had thought he had something important to disclose to the authorities, was made to look rather ridiculous in the eyes of the nation.

Now his own program could have done something about that. They could have smoothed it over, they could have omitted it from the air altogether. But they didn't. They dramatized the incident, had one of their actors give a perfect imitation of Mr. Rand's voice, and millions of listeners leaned back in their armchairs and chuckled at the typewriter magnate's fizzle. Yet Mr. Rand made no protest. What he had done had made news and the *March Of Time* had presented that news accurately—as was its right and agreement.

A more amusing sample of *Time's* fearlessness and fast last-minute work occurred very recently in connection with Mr. Earl Browder, outstanding United States com-



Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley is seeking more wonders.

munist. The *Columbia Broadcasting System* in accordance with its policy of allowing all political parties to have an equal say over its network, and having already given air time to the Democratic, Republican and Socialist leaders, announced that it was permitting Mr. Browder, Communist candidate for the presidency, to speak over *CBS* stations at *10:45 E.D.S.T.* on a certain evening. That announcement stirred up a hot-bed of furor. Hearst blasted *CBS* for its move. The subject was brought up on the floor of Congress and much angry feeling was let loose. Groups and individuals all over the country were raging. And the total fury came to a head on the day of the broadcast when news was received that anti-communists were going to picket the network's building.

True enough at mid-afternoon there they were in front of 485 Madison Avenue, hundreds of picketers carrying their *Get Browder* placards and banners. They made known their intentions to keep the communist leader, by physical force, from going into the broadcasting building. The newspapers got the story and a nation sat down after supper and read all about it. Was Browder going to broadcast or get beaten up? And how would it all happen?

To the *March Of Time*, then rehearsing in the building, here was news happening at its own doorstep. Here was a chance to scoop all the papers everywhere, to give its listeners something novel in the way of a thrill. In case there should be a fight downstairs on the sidewalk, they had witnesses and writers stationed outside to get material for the prompt reenactment of that fight on the broadcast at *10:30*. If there should not be a fight, they were prepared to reenact the events leading up to the picketing—prepared, that is, except for an imitation of Browder's voice; no one on the program had ever heard him talk.

Fortunately *CBS* tipped off *Time's* directors, a few hours before the program deadline, that they had stationed the communist leader at one of their playhouses in the mid-Forties, only a stone's throw from the network building, and that his speech would originate there instead of at the Madison Avenue studios. In great secrecy they even piped Browder's speech rehearsal into a small studio at *CBS* headquarters, giving the *Time* actors a chance

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Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office, listed above, for bright pictorial folder on any trip you may plan—with rates, suggested routes, all information. Jot down the place you wish to visit on the margin below.

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in your hair by grooming it regularly with Nestle ColoRinse. This harmless, vegetable coloring compound will help to eradicate streaks, bring out the hidden beauty of your hair, and restore the highlights and lustre. Easy to use — and easy to wash out. A package of 2 rinses, at all 5 and 10 cent stores, 10¢.

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SKIN BLEMISHES Instantly Concealed!

Birthmarks, Blotches, Liver Spots, Freckles; Bruises, Circles Under Eyes and other unsightly spots made amazingly invisible with DERMALURE! Applied in a minute—lasts all day. Waterproof. Blends perfectly. Light, Medium, Brunette and Sun Tan. At most 10c stores. If unobtainable, send 10c direct; mention shade desired.

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NOT GUILTY OF BODY ODOR!

That's the verdict of women who use CHASTE DEODORANT

Any deodorant must be used liberally to effectively destroy body odors—therefore the *larger quantity you get for your money* makes Chaste the most economical.

Chaste instantly destroys perspiration odor—does not clog pores nor stop perspiration. Greaseless, unscented, invisible—harmless to the most sensitive skin and delicate fabric. Use Chaste — cream or powder—every day—you'll *never* be guilty of Body Odor.



Only 10c

AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

to study his voice. Everything was all set for a surprise, but no one knew it outside the closed doors of the *March of Time* rehearsal.

At *10:30* the picketers had reached such a stage of agitation the *CBS* officials were afraid some mob violence might break out, so they invited them to take elevators up into one of the large reception-rooms, sit down comfortably and wait. For their entertainment a loudspeaker in the room was tuned to the *March Of Time.* They sat there listening, waiting for Browder, and did not notice in their excitement that at *10:41* a musical record cut into the *Time* broadcast for two minutes or so, then the program signed off as usual. But during that two minutes *Time* had dramatized for a nation the scene of the angry picketers sitting impatiently in the reception-room, waiting for their prey unmindful that he was stationed at another studio several blocks away and that he would be on the air as formerly announced a few seconds after the present broadcast signed off.

Again a nation sat back and chuckled. Millions of people knew where Browder was—except the few who wanted to find him! Millions heard his talk, while his enemies were hearing a blues singer. It was not until the next morning that the picketers read in their papers how they had been fooled. Of course they vented their chagrin and anger. But what they had attempted was news—and as such it was accurately presented by the *March Of Time.* It would have been presented so, regardless of what party the picketers represented.

Of course the *March Of Time* is not infallible. Every precaution is taken for perfect accuracy, research people are kept busy from morning till night, the United Press wires are used constantly to check back on everything taken from them for dramatization. But occasionally a small mistake will leak through and when that occurs *Time* does as any decent newsdispenser would do, and makes a correction. An example of this happened a few months back when the program referred to Kansas City's police chief as an "ex-jailbird." A libel suit was immediately slapped on them and they discovered that the "ex-jailbird" police chief had resigned three days before and his successor was pretty hot under the collar about being wrongly classified. *Time* made amends and the suit was dropped.

Recently the program caused a great deal of trouble and was caused a great deal of embarrassment by a spectacularly incorrect news report. The whole story originated with the departure of a fishing trawler, the *Girl Pat,* bound from Liverpool with five men aboard for the fishing banks north of England on a one week pleasure trip. Suddenly it turned up in Spain, ordered a full load of supplies, had the bill sent to the *Girl Pat's* owner in England and quickly sailed away. The owner got Lloyd's to canvass every port in the world with orders to hold the ship if she put in. She did put in, many weeks later, at Dakar, South Africa, was held by police authorities but sneaked out mysteriously in the middle of the night, despite a dearth of food and fuel supplies.

Next, months later, she was sighted in the middle of the Pacific Ocean—and by the time that news had been made known, newspaper readers everywhere were largely following the romantic story of the ghost boat. What was she doing? Treasure-hunting? None of the men had communicated with their families and it was suspected they were trying to sell the *Girl Pat* and make off with the money. Interest was so great in the story that the *March Of Time* dramatized each bit of news as it was received from time to time when the mystery ship bobbed up and immediately set off again at its strange and widely separated ports of call. One night, shortly before program time, the wire service clicked out a message that some yachtsmen in the Bahamas had found a trawler shipwrecked on a reef and four bodies in the sand. They had identified the trawler as the *Girl Pat* and buried the bodies.

Time immediately dropped everything, discarded two of its acts and hastily gathered all hands to produce a reënactment of the yachtsmen's discovery and the burials, as a super-thrill for its regular listeners who had followed the story all along. The program was re-broadcast by short wave to England and the families of the trawler's crew heard the horrible news dramatized in America only a few hours after it had taken place in the Bahamas.

So you can imagine the mixed trouble, joy and embarrassment that was experienced by the program staff and the Englishmen's families when the *Girl Pat* was captured in Georgetown, British Guiana, two days later! The whole affair had been a case of mistaken identity by the Bahama discoverers of the shipwreck.

All of *Time's* little human interest stories that you hear reënacted are by no means purveyors of bad news, however. There was the case of the poverty-stricken San Francisco widow, mother of a small son, who announced that out of desperation she was going to take her child to Pitcairn Island and live there so that they might at least have wild fruit from trees to eat and warmth of climate. If you have read *Mutiny On The Bounty,* or seen it in the movies, you will know that Pitcairn is a tiny dot of a lonely island far out in the Pacific where Fletcher Christian and his mutineers settled and intermarried with the natives. The San Francisco woman's husband had been a great-great-grandson of Fletcher Christian himself.

This bit of news was considered important enough for dramatization because it was a miniature picture of the conditions of thousands of poverty-stricken widows in our land. And the story of the woman going to the island was so colorful and pathetic it appealed strongly to the listeners of *Time.* Thousands of letters were received by *CBS* from the people who wanted to send the mother and her child gifts to take with them to their new home. Packages began to pour in. *Time* investigated and found that the only forwarding address the woman would have was simply *Pitcairn Island, Pacific Ocean* —that mail must be posted to Panama, where it would be held until one of the two boats a year that stop off at the island would pick it up. The finding of that information was dramatized on the news broadcasts and generous listeners were warned not to send perishables.

As a result, one of these months a boat



Lovely Irene Dunne, whom you heard on the air in the Radio Theatre's production of Noel Coward's *Bittersweet.*

will anchor off Pitcairn with more than seven thousand gifts as a surprise for the widow from San Francisco and her son.

I mentioned a while back that the *March Of Time* has no taboos. Nevertheless there is one—not a taboo exactly but merely a courtesy the program extends to Franklin D. Roosevelt; they no longer imitate his voice. Formerly they did so frequently and the chief executive received quantities of mail from confused listeners asking why no announcement had been made that he was going to speak. The President decided he would like to be the sole speaker of his words, had his secretary, Stephen Early, make that request of *Time* and it was immediately granted. Most disappointed of all was actor Bill Adams, who enjoyed giving his flawless imitations of Roosevelt's voice. Mind you though, the *March Of Time* could imitate the chief executive's voice on the air. For a voice, as a face, is a public domain by law.

So you see radio's *Number One Rebel Child* doesn't quite live up to its title. It treads indiscriminately on all toes—but in the long run it treads equally. Careful statistics have been kept of protests and praise and it is found that they weigh out to an almost perfect balance; for every letter that says *Time* is anti-New Deal, another letter at another date says it's anti-Republican. For every country that claims *Time* sways favorable opinion toward its enemy the enemy sometimes claims it sways favorable opinion toward *its* enemy. The program has been identified with every faction and cause and right and wrong it has presented. It is allied with none at all. It presents pure news, whether it looks good for this person and bad for that or helps this cause and doesn't help that one.

Mr. William Geer summed it up when he said to me, the other day:

"Our listeners could soon tell if we started being partisan and the *March Of Time* would lose its value. Without honesty we might as well have no program."

Which is certainly reassuring to know, if you like your news to be pure news—and are aware that from every side we're all always getting pretty much of the adulterated product.

KOTEX
FIRST ON 3 COUNTS!

Because it Can't Chafe.. Can't Fail.. Can't Show

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

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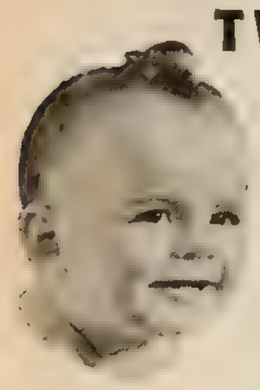
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Their porous, surgical weave fabric not only makes them faster drying — indoors or out — but also much easier to wash. Lighter, less bulky and 30% more absorbent, they have no hems to retain stains. Send 10c to Dept. 87, KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Mass., for sample.

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See that spray? It covers every bit of offending surface like a light, clingy blanket. Try it instead of creams, liquids.

Merwood looks like a compact, but shoots a fine spray of instantly deodorizing powder when pressed between fingers. **Harmless to skin and fabric.** Perfect for purses — nothing to spill. At most 10c Stores. If unobtainable send coupon.

10c Merwood POWDER DEODORANT

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I'd like to try Merwood—the new Powder Deodorant Spray. I enclose 10c for regular, large size.

*Name*_____ *Town*_____

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2,000 MILES THROUGH RADIO CITY

(*Continued from page 17*)

everything I said or showed them.

One of my most embarrassing experiences happened the second week of my employment as a guide. I was assigned to escort Gloria Swanson, after her broadcast, to a private artists' elevator, in order to avoid a large crowd of admirers and autograph-seekers who had gathered at the main studio entrance to see her come out. I was a bit nervous because it was my first important assignment—so nervous that I lost my way in the complicated mass of corridors around the studios on the eighth floor. It was Miss Swanson's first American appearance after a long sojourn in Europe and she, too—trouper that she is—was somewhat nervous and concerned about the success of what was her first radio appearance as a singer. The situation we found ourselves in did not help our nerves any. She became quite exasperated but she kept her temper under control while we walked around in circles. Cold beads of perspiration were streaming down my forehead, in spite of the fact that the building is air-conditioned, when I spotted a musician carrying his violin. I knew that he, too, was going to the same elevator, so I followed him to it. It turned out that my troubles were in vain because someone had tipped off the waiting crowd and when we reached the ground floor the entrance was completely blocked.

Radio City also has lured and fascinated the nobility. One of the most memorable visits was that of Prince Torlonia and his then new bride the Infanta Beatriz of Spain. The young bluebloods were in New York on their honeymoon trip and Radio City was one of the city's attractions which Prince Torlonia wanted to show his bride. Being the Spanish-speaking guide, I was asked to show them through the studios. I was surprised to find them both simple and charming people. The Princess acted like any other girl and she looked and listened with great interest to everything we saw. Her attitude was unsophisticated—at times, exclaiming with delight at the photographic murals, the rehearsal of a dramatic program with sound effects, and at jazz orchestras playing rhumba music. She laughed with childlike delight when I showed her how we produced the sound of a horse galloping by rhythmically pounding two plumber's rubber plungers on my chest. At the end of the tour she said she was having such a lovely time that she would like to telephone her father to tell him how wonderful was Radio City. One of our executives graciously offered the telephone in his office. The Princess picked up the phone and nonchalantly asked the operator for King Alfonso XIII in Paris! Her conversation with King Alfonso was rapid and excited. She told him what a wonderful time she was having and then they talked about the weather for a while, after which they exchanged affectionate farewells. The charges were *$56.75* and *NBC* paid the bill.

One day I had the unusual experience of wheeling through the studios a young girl whose legs were paralyzed. She was unable to walk, even with crutches, so she had to take the tour in a wheel-chair. At first I felt a bit awkward about her paralyzed condition and I felt myself addressing and treating her with condescending pity. But her unaffected manner, her cheerfulness and her bravery soon made me forget her crippled state. Her enthusiasm and interest in everything that she saw was so great and infectious that I soon fell into an intimate and interesting conversation with her—it no longer was a staccato stereotyped "tour" but more like an exciting visit with an old friend. She had been paralyzed three years and the radio was one of the few sources of her entertainment. Her visit to the studios was like a dream come true. Her excitement was great and it came to a peak when I introduced her to Lanny Ross who happened to be hurrying by, on his way to a rehearsal. He shook hands with her and readily gave her his autograph when she asked for it. Incidentally, Lanny Ross is one of the nicest stars in radio. He is youthful, gay, and unsophisticated; he has none of the affectations found in many of our popular entertainers of stage, screen, and radio. I never shall forget the happy look on that little girl's face.

Among the great leaders of our country whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in Radio City is General James G. Harbord. He was one of our greatest generals during the World War. Recently he wrote the latest book about the last war, *The American Army in France*. I expected him to be an aloof and severe person, with military sternness; but, instead, I met a genial old man with kind blue eyes and a quiet, pleasant smile. His only obvious military aspect was his erect posture and the way he stood, with both feet flat on the ground. He is a good listener and he does not say much. When he does speak he speaks briefly and succinctly. What I liked about him is that, within a few minutes after I'd been with him, I forgot that I was addressing a great general.

One celebrity whom I would like to have met but whom I will never regret not having had the pleasure (or otherwise) of conducting through the radio studios is Groucho Marx of the well-known Marx Brothers. Although he could have had a special guide for the asking, he preferred to go, unnoticed, with the regular tourist group. During the tour the guide was annoyed by a heckler whom he could not squelch. This particular guide is well-known among the other boys as a capable man when it comes to matching wits with hecklers—in fact, as a rule, he could shut them up in no time. But, this time, it seemed that he had run up against a man whose wit obviously moved with a considerably greater tempo than his. He tried every means of squelching this unrecognized intruder but the latter never failed to turn the cards and get the laugh on the increasingly flustered guide. The other guests were kept in a continuous state of laughter at the expense of the guide. The heckler culminated his antics, towards the end of the tour, by grabbing the pointer from the guide and showing him how to do

his job. This happened in one of the exhibit rooms where we explain and show how a radio set works. With his hands clasped behind him, cigar in his mouth, his head bent forward in his characteristic pose, he gave the most incorrect yet the funniest explanation of that exhibit, as he paced back and forth in front of the amazed and laughing crowd. Then, and only then, did they recognize the heckler to be Groucho Marx, without the familiar painted moustache and rimmed glasses. At this point he ceased his comedy and apologized to the guide, whose anger disappeared when he knew who it was. After all, few people ever have the privilege of matching wits with Groucho Marx. The guide now cherishes a personally inscribed and autographed picture of Groucho.

Not long ago, Jascha Heifetz, while on his way to South America from his native country, Russia, stopped at New York long enough for a single appearance on the radio. I was asked by my supervisor if I knew Heifetz when I saw him, and, following my own policy never to say "no" in my work, I answered in the affirmative, although I didn't know Heifetz from Rubinoff. After warning me of the Heifetz ego and temperament he assigned me to greet Heifetz and to conduct him to his dressing-room. Once at my post at the main entrance I wondered what Heifetz really looked like. I asked many persons but no one seemed to be able to describe him and there were no pictures of him on hand. I was picturing him as dark, with long black hair, deep dark eyes. Suddenly, there appeared a man answering to that very description. Furthermore, he was carrying an expensive-looking violin case. Here, I thought, was my man, and I walked up and inquired: "Mr. Heifetz?"

"Yes," he answered, rather vaguely. I offered to carry his violin but he refused the offer, holding the valuable Stradivarius closer to him.

At that point I noticed the two other people with him—one a lovely woman, the other a taller man with wavy light hair and a small moustache, whom I took to be Mr. Heifetz' accompanist.

"But," I thought, "why is the accompanist dressed in full evening dress, while the great maestro merely wears a tuxedo?"

But there wasn't much time for such musings, so I left my own question unanswered, as I led my party into an elevator. There again I noticed a slight discrepancy; the accompanist entered the car before the dark genius with the violin. I addressed all my remarks to the man with the violin, ignoring the other man, who did not seem to like me.

In fact he openly scowled at me—much to my surprise—when I introduced the violin-carrier as Mr. Heifetz to a couple of *NBC* executives whom we met on our way to the studio. When we reached the dressing-room the taller man with the moustache scowled at me once more and slammed the door in my face, leaving me out in the hallway with the lovely lady I noticed that she seemed to be quite amused, as she turned asking me to take her to the studio observation room.

"Mr. . . . ah . . . the accompanist isn't feeling very cheerful tonight, is he?" I remarked as I led the way.

"That man with the moustache isn't the accompanist," she said laughingly. "That was Jascha Heifetz and I am his wife, Florence Vidor. The man you thought was Mr. Heifetz is my husband's man servant!"

Recently, when James J. Walker, former mayor of New York City, returned to this country from his self-imposed exile in Europe, he was invited to visit the studios by Richard C. Patterson, Jr., at that time executive vice-president of the *National Broadcasting Company*, and, at one time, Commissioner of Correction under the Walker regime. Jimmy Walker readily accepted the invitation and brought with him his lovely wife, the former actress, Betty Compton. Needless to say I was more than pleased when I was appointed to be their guide. I was not disappointed in my high expectations; the Walkers were very charming and witty during the entire tour. Mrs. Walker's gaiety and quips equalled those of her famous husband. When she heard that her old friend, Fred Allen, was rehearsing somewhere in the building, she asked me to take them to his studio. After exchanging affectionate greetings with Fred Allen she introduced him to her husband.

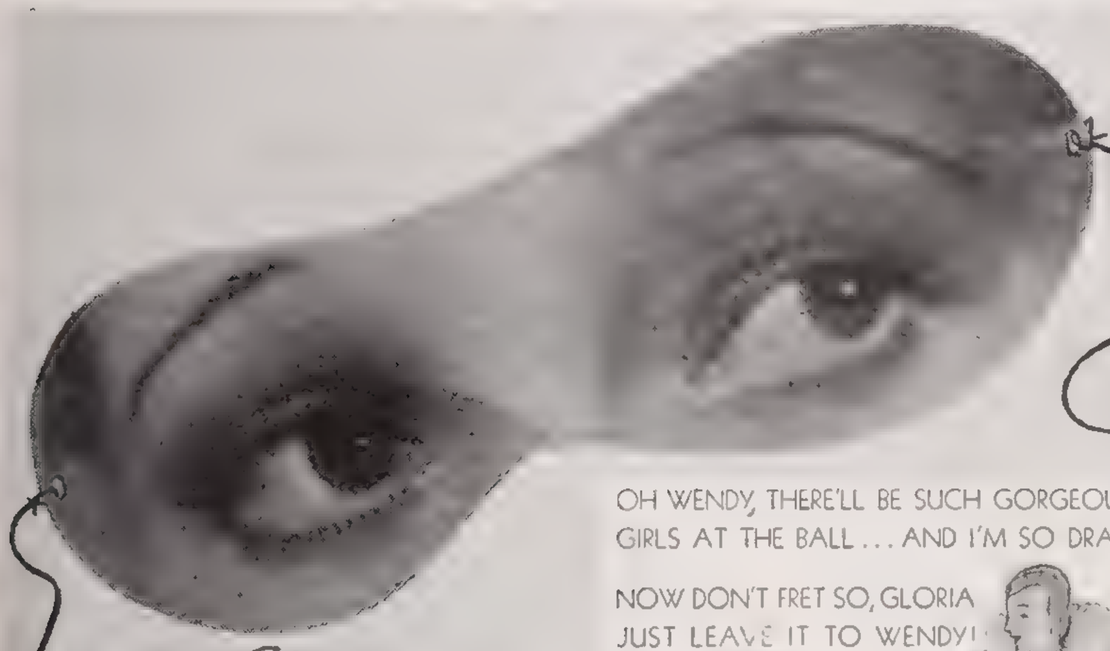
"How do you do?" said Mr. Walker.

"I'm so busy, I've got two fellows taking aspirin for me," was Fred Allen's answer.

To which Jimmy Walker's quick retort was: "I should think *you'd* be feeding them Sal Hepatica instead of aspirin!"

The laughter had hardly subsided when Betty Compton quietly remarked:

"Jimmy ought to know, by now, what's good for headaches!"

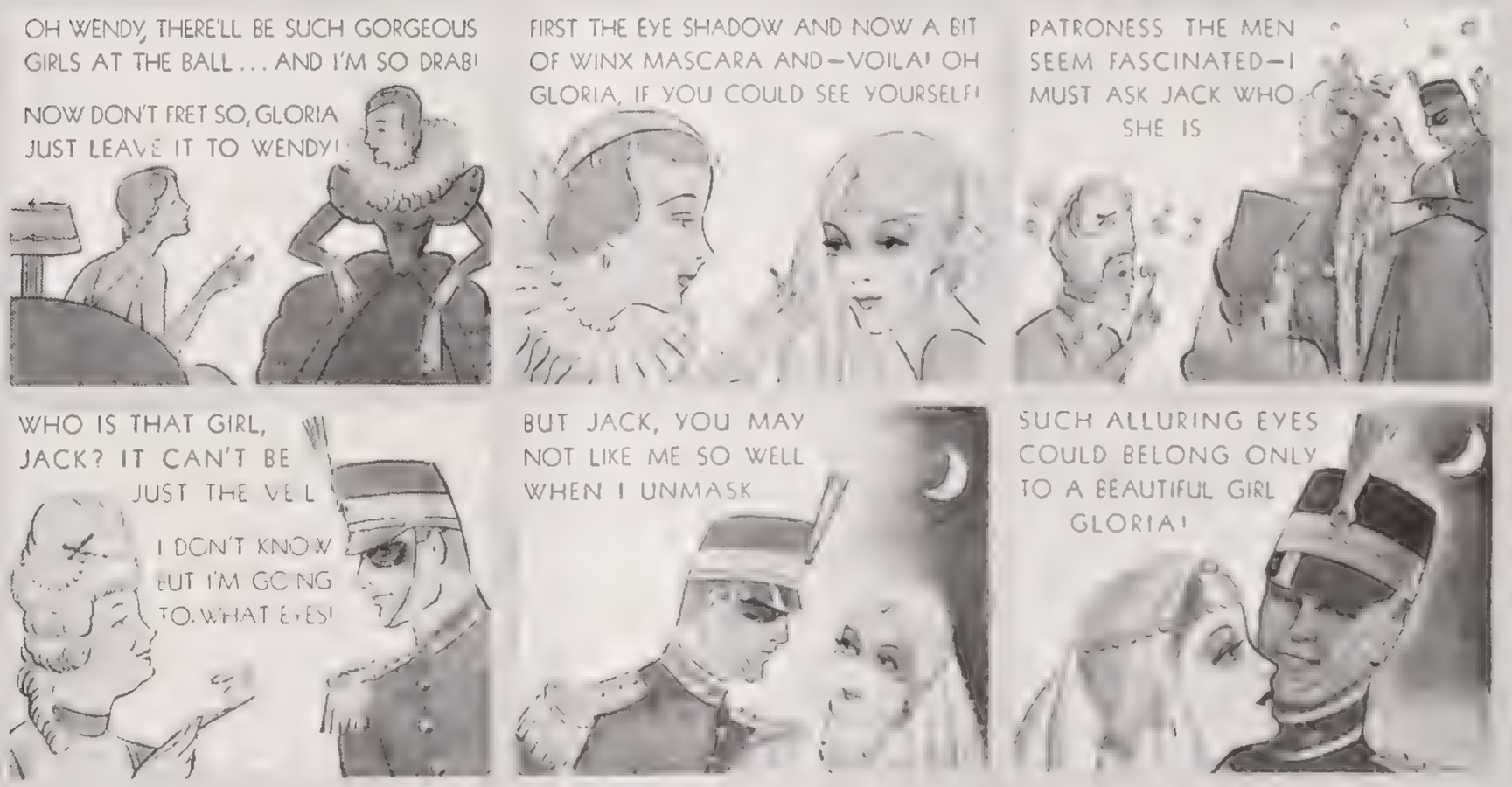


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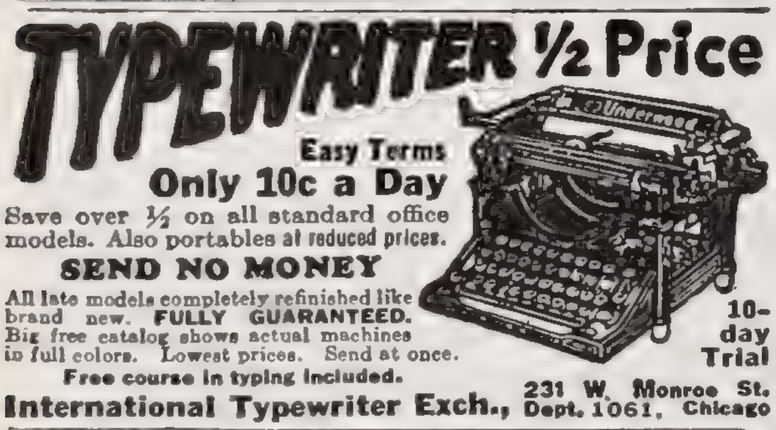
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WINX *Eye Beautifiers*







WALLINGTON MEETS HIS WATERLOO

(*Continued from page 33*)

"I took his advice literally. I hunted up our Sound man and went out one night. I must have talked for two hours straight, to a man I'd never seen before. Result? Nothing. Next night I went out with *two* Sound men—same result. Third night I went to a party at the palatial home of a movie star and listened to gabbling about parts and salaries until I was blue in the face. Very distasteful, besides, they wouldn't let *me* talk about *my* salary. Then came the fourth night.

"I was with Brad and Anne Whitlock, two old Eastern friends, at the 'Troc.' During the course of the evening, a blonde young lady walked in and in two seconds I had met her and was dancing with her. We were both a little surprised, but she didn't seem to mind. Her name, it turned out, was Jean Rogers and she was making pictures over at *Universal* studios."

"So you're going to marry Jean Rogers!"

"No, Jean Rogers and I are not going to get married, although for a while we thought so. We were terribly attracted to each other, for she is a most understanding person.

"We rode together, walked together, ate together and flew together. This treatment was so effective that is was hardly a month before I was able to sleep a decent night's sleep and I was cheerful most of the time. Believe me I am properly grateful to Jean.

"Then, one day at Catalina, where we had rowed in the famous glass-bottomed boats, we lunched at a table under the trees. I asked her to marry me and she accepted."

"Jimmy," I said, "can't I phone to a certain magazine editor—"

"Then I returned East," he went on as though he hadn't heard me, "with her memory deep in my heart. Even so I began to wonder if it was the fair thing for her. Wasn't she one of *Universal's* bright hopes? Could I, in all fairness, take her away from her golden opportunity?

"I was debating this when I joined Eddie Cantor and his unit in Cleveland. When I walked on to the stage, the first afternoon, I saw someone I hadn't seen in three years, someone I hardly remembered. She," he grinned out of a towel, "she is the girl."

I groaned.

"Hello," he answered the phone. "That you, Wack? Hello, darling. We'll be right down."

"Wack?" I muttered to myself. *"Miss Wack?"*

He motioned me into the hall and an express elevator rushed us down to the lobby where I pushed and shoved him along, the quicker to meet "Miss Wack."

"Wack," he said, pointing to a really beautiful girl who stood smiling at us. "Miss Cooper, may I present, Mr. Vallée?"

"Cooper!" I gasped. "Betty Jane Cooper, of the *Scandals?*"

"None other," answered a grinning Jimmy. "Wack Cooper of the *Scandals* and the picture *Collegiate*. Remember?"

"I should say I do," I said. "She did a swell job." I would have said more, except that we were being shown to a side table and I was vainly looking for a phone.

While Jimmy ordered, I studied Betty Jane. At first glance you would take her for a titled English girl, like those you see in the Yardley advertisements. At second glance, you'd say the same with pleasant additions. Such as: refined, sweet, ladylike and lovely. She stands about five-feet-six to Jimmy's six-feet-two. She told me later that she was twenty-three, previously married and amicably divorced. You could lift her easily because she weighs only 122 but don't try it on Jimmy, who tips the scales at 197 and swears he's twenty-eight.

I'd like to say she had been smiling into my face but honesty bids me say that her whole attention was directed at lucky Jimmy. When he finished ordering, he looked up to find her eyes on him so he reached over and covered her dainty hand with his. After a while I banged a spoon noisily against a glass but they paid no attention to me. I stepped heavily on Jimmy's foot and after several minutes he looked up and said: "Hello. Who are *you?* What do—oh, yes!"

"How did you two ever come to fall in love and what about Jean Rogers, eh?"

"Jimmy and I met in 1933," Betty began, "but he didn't pay very much attention to me then. I was dancing with Ed Sullivan's show at the Paramount and Jimmy appeared as a guest artist."

Jimmy regretfully let go of her hand for a moment, to talk. After all you can't keep a radio announcer quiet for long.

"Funny, but our second meeting three years later occurred under almost the same circumstances. I walked on to the stage at Cleveland as master of ceremonies, only to find Betty Jane Cooper there. Then—"

"We decided that maybe we liked each other," cut in a girl made of sterner stuff, one who wasn't going to let even a radio announcer get away with all of the talking. "We found we danced well together and after 'most every show we'd get Lou Gress, our orchestra leader, and go next door to Mayfair where they had a nice band. They (Jimmy and Lou) liked me so much they even admitted me to the *Wacks.*"

"What," I broke in, "is a *Wack?*"

"The *Wacks,*" Jimmy explained, patiently, "are a little gang of five of us who admit we're slightly cracked, nutty, ergo *wacky.* Lou Gress, Frank Gill, Betty Garde, Betty Jane Cooper and me—all *Wacks.* We call each other *Wack,* address letters to *Wack so-and-so* and in general act *wacky.*" He suited the action to the word by brazenly holding her hand, totally ignoring a steaming cup of pea soup. I am not a *Wack,* I drank mine, every bit.

Eventually he remembered that I was sitting there.

"Yes," he said, "we spent so much time together dancing that even Cantor got wise and told the audience about us. Said he couldn't tell them the girl's name because he had promised he wouldn't; of course her name was the same as Gary Cooper's but the word of a Cantor was the word of a Cantor and he would remain as silent as the grave. My pal!"

Then he told me more about Jean Rogers. It seems he had flown to the Coast after the unit had broken up. All the way out he turned the situation over and over in his mind. Would Jean and he be happy together if marriage broke up her career?

He didn't want to hurt her in any way. She had saved his life and he wouldn't forget that, ever.

Jean solved the problem. She had been thinking along the same lines. She knew that Jimmy wanted his wife to give up her work. She understood that wish but she'd worked so hard to get where she was in pictures and the real breaks were just coming her way. Perhaps they'd better not marry.

"We parted the best of friends," said Jimmy. "I want Betty and Jean to be good friends and I know they will be."

"And now?"

"And now Betty and I are going to be married, on August twelfth, in the Rochester Brick Presbyterian Church and I think *Wack* Gress will be best man. My folks? My Dad is *so* crazy about her that he told me if I didn't marry her, he would himself!"

I asked Betty if she really loved Jimmy.

"I'm from St. Jo, Missouri, and I was shown," she answered. "I'm just giving up the theatre for him. I'm just going to cook for him, darn his socks and toss my dancing shoes right out of the window—that's all!"

"We're taking a cruise to South America for our honeymoon," put in Jimmy, "then we're going to live in Hollywood. If a convenient picture offer pops up, I imagine Betty will accept it but we agree that this two-a-day theatre stuff doesn't make for successful marriages."

Betty Jane was paged and left to answer the call. Jimmy turned to me.

"Isn't she lovely?" he demanded. "Do you know, Bill, if I could have a girl made to order, she would be exactly like Betty. She's well-nigh perfect, has a swell sense of humor and—just listen to this—." He drew a well-worn letter from his pocket. "Here's something she wrote me after she'd refused a Shubert contract:

. . . the nice thing about getting this contract and refusing it, is that I have something really big to give up for you, dear."

"Isn't *that* something?"

"One more question, this is really a test-question," I said. "Betty, will you ride with Jimmy when he's at the controls of a plane?"

"Will I?" she grinned. "I have already!"

Then she held *my* hand, but only to say goodbye and:

"We'll never forget you, Bill, because this is really the first time we've sat down together and opened our hearts to anyone about our marriage. . . ." She smiled at Jimmy, *that* smile, and he took her hand. They were miles away from me.



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When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

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Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.



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Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sign your pores are clogged and your skin needs "housecleaning."

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Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a *penetrating* face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

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As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it *also* lubricates it—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-days' tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works.

See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

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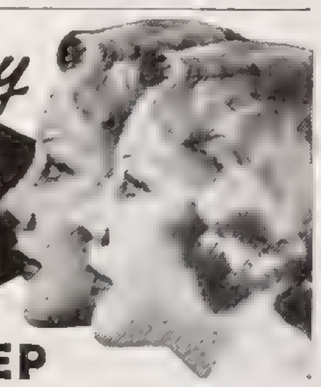
FRED ASTAIRE

November

RADIO STARS

New Easy Way

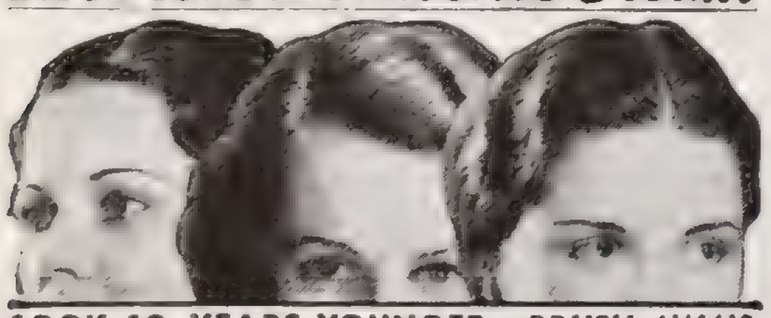
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THE MAJOR ON PARADE

(*Continued from page 21*)

sacred walls at last, his Highness would speak. . . . He seemed a kindly person with a nice sense of humor, friendly, altogether pleasing to listen to. . . .

There are those who believe no man can attain the heights of fame and fortune honestly and deservedly, but while the major's success seemed to many to be of the over-night variety, I knew his original amateur program dated back ten years and that he had worked long and hard to get and to maintain the position now his. It was less a fluke of circumstance than faith in an idea which had finally put him on the pinnacle and undoubtedly it must take courage and determination and a lot of hard work to keep him there.

And all evidence seems to point to the fact that Major Bowes is indefatigable. The amateur hour itself requires a lot of time and thought and in addition there are the movie shorts and the fourteen units moving about the country.

"And not orderly units of trained and experienced theatrical people," the major mused, "but units of wild mustangs!"

All this and much more he keeps at his finger-tips. It is, in spite of the size of the organization, in a strict sense a one-man business. And the man who holds so many reins so competently must be something of a wizard.

"I bear the expense of all the units myself," he explained. "If I lose money, it is my personal loss and I can't afford to lose. Too much is at stake for me to relax, to leave any of it to someone else."

"It doesn't seem to be too much of a strain," I commented. "You look younger than I expected you to and in the very pink of condition. How do you do it?"

"I never worry," he stated simply. "And I love it—we all work hard, but I sincerely believe everyone in the organization loves it, too!"

I wonder if they really do love it. . . . The breathless *'Yes, Major', 'No, Major', 'Thank you, Major'* attitude had been very evident throughout the office. It irked me, I thought it too subservient, too obsequious. Such awe and reverence are a little startling to an outsider. Could they be sincere? In any case, the machinery runs smoothly, well-oiled with an obvious devotion to the man at the head.

Not that the major is above criticism—or lacks it. In fact, his fans refuse to let him make the most minor mistake.

"Once, instead of saying, as I intended, that a certain river was the only one in America to flow north for two hundred and fifty miles," he told me, "I said it was the only river in America to flow north! I was deluged, submerged by a flood of letters correcting me!"

At least he could smile at his own mistakes, ring the gong on himself!

Fan mail, of course, is a decisive factor in gauging the success of an amateur program.

"People like to feel that they are the judges," he maintained. "Everyone considers himself a critic. Everyone likes to have part in a show. Our listeners love the feeling that they are helping, that their votes decide the issue, that they are a vital part of every program."

"You must relax sometimes, play golf, devote yourself to your hobbies—" I said.

He smiled. "I thought I had lots of hobbies, but I don't seem to have much time for them these days. I do play golf occasionally—am even a one-hole man. And I have a lovely garden at my place in Westchester. We raised some beautiful gardenias this year. But the only time I can spend there is from Sunday night to Monday night."

"And during the rest of the week?"

"My work-day begins when I am in the shower," he answered, "at about 8 a.m. And it ends at about 2 a.m.!

"I used to ride horseback a lot," he went on reminiscently, "but it is too dangerous nowadays. My wife loved it—we always had spirited horses. There is no pleasure in it if they are not spirited! Today, there is too much traffic and nowhere to ride, except in parks. I did try bicycling recently." He chuckled. "My chauffeur went along in the station wagon, so that I could quit when I got tired. At first I thought I'd fall every time I saw the car, but I did pretty well at that—went quite a distance. And I am not so young, you know!" His eyes twinkled. "They sent me a bathing suit from Ocean Beach this summer—the office boy could wear it! I'm past forty, alas, and past *Size 40,* too!"

His titles, his badges, his trophies would fill a museum. Everything you could think of and a lot besides, from a gorgeous western saddle to a fireman's hat, from Texas ranger to the mayor-for-a-day of élite Palm Beach.

"I've got my car lined with badges of every description—some day I am going to fill a truck with them and with my souvenirs and send it out to tour the country," he promised. "Everyone is interested to see them and they are worth seeing."

As everyone knows, Major Bowes is changing sponsors and is to be on the air Thursdays at 9 p. m., under the sponsorship of the Chrysler Corporation. I wondered if the program itself would undergo any change. Frequently one hears the remark that interest in the amateur program is waning, that response to it will die out.

The Major denied it emphatically. "We have a bigger response every week—bigger sales, more telephone calls, more letters. And we lead the field, outdistance it by a considerable margin. Why should we make any change?"

"What about material—do the amateurs themselves seem to be unlimited?"

"We have thousands of applications every week, which we have to weed out. We have to make arbitrary selections—"

Dame Fortune turns her wheel—or is it Major Bowes who turns it? And these people, caught up from their various walks of life, thrust with little preparation into a strange new world—does Dame Fortune know or care what becomes of them—or does Major Bowes?

What does it feel like to wield so much power, to sit in a chair and press a button that controls the fate, the very lives of eager thousands? A word spoken or not

spoken, and the destiny of a boy or girl in the balance. It doesn't take much imagination to see it like that, with youngsters hitch-hiking from all over the country, staking everything they can save or beg or borrow on this one throw, in hopes of gaining an audience with the famous potentate. Only one among many will get the opportunity he seeks—the others will go away discouraged, heart-broken. In a radio-conscious world, the Major's power seems dangerous. But obviously he does not look at it that way.

"Of all those who appear on our program, I believe that fifty per cent. will be successful, and of that fifty, six per cent will be famous—which is adequate return for our labors. The amateur hour will endure—what other way is there for young people to get a hearing, to get a chance?

"People are always asking me why I don't take a vacation," he continued. "I don't want to. I've traveled enough—I've been everywhere. And it is good to have work to do and to know that it is worth while. It is completely satisfying to know that what one is doing is important, vital. In the beginning, radio necessarily drew upon stage and screen for its artists. Everyone fished in the same pool because there was no other. Vaudeville was finished, the old-time vaudeville performers scattered. How were young people to break into the new field? However ambitious they were, however talented, they had to start somewhere, had to get the essential training and experience that actors used to get in vaudeville. The amateur program was the obvious answer."

"And the gong—do you still feel it must be a part of the program?"

"It lends added interest, suspense—the audience likes it. And it works out all right. I gave the gong to a girl one night and letters milled in, protesting. So I gave her another chance—and had as many letters, saying that she never should have been put on. One said she shouldn't have got the gong—she should have been shot!"

"But why put them on, if they are so bad?" I demanded.

"They aren't always bad. It is hard to tell. Their letters of application are very informative—I insist on that—and frequently it seems that they have personality, they have talent—and yet, when I get them before an audience, they go all to pieces.

"It is a tricky business, this handling amateurs. If I see they are nervous, I talk to them a little longer, try to quiet them, to give them confidence. I try to feel when they are ready, to put them on at just the right moment. But some break down completely. You can understand that—imagine how you would feel yourself."

I laughed. "I'd get the gong all right—but it does seem a sort of Roman holiday."

"No, not that. It gives a feeling of uncertainly, an added zest. The performers try harder and the audience, the voters, listen more closely. It isn't all cut and dried. . . ."

"And do you feel there is equal opportunity for girls on your program?" I asked. "How do they show up as compared with the boys?"

"We have a good many more men than girls on the program. For one thing, they play more musical instrument than girls do. Girls are more limited to singing and dancing and perhaps playing the piano. I should say that we have an equal number of men and women dancers, more women impersonators, perhaps, but a much larger number of men instrumentalists. And as a rule, the boys have much more poise, more self-confidence, are much less nervous than the girls . . ."

"And among the girls who've appeared on the program, have there been any really outstanding, really successful?"

"It is early to tell. People forget that it has been only a little over a year, that our first unit is still on the road. But there is Doris Webster—she went to the Rainbow Room four days after her appearance here and is now being considered for the movies. Doris dramatized songs brilliantly—I remember William Brady was in the audience that night and shouted: *'Bravo!'* There are several picture possibilities among our youngsters. And Eva Ortega went from one of our units to the Rainbow. . . .

"We have, in addition to our units, a showboat troupe playing on the Ohio and an orchestra here in New York. Most of our people are earnest seekers after fame and success. Some obviously are not, but the mere notoriety seekers are soon left behind. I should say that considering the brief time and lack of experience, our youngsters are doing very creditably."

He looked at me challengingly. "You can see how fascinating it must be—the endless variety. No two days, no two programs, no two people the same!"

"How about the dancing?" I wondered. "Does that craze seem to be dying out?"

"No, it is very popular. And with the radio fans as much as, if not more than,

(*Continued on page 96*)





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And with FRESH, pores stay open, healthy, sweet. FRESH has no medicinal odor, nothing to identify it as a deodorant. FRESH just gives you *freshness!*



Economy Size 50c. If your toiletries counter hasn't FRESH, send 10c with your name and address to Pharma-Craft Corp., Louisville, Ky., for Travel Package of FRESH, postpaid.



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Others, less fortunate, try to fight off the worried look of age without results. They keep experimenting with all sorts of cosmetics, wondering why beauty slips through their fingers. They fail to realize the importance of SKIN STIMULATION. Stop experimenting. You too, can preserve the bloom of youth . . . can have a fresh, lovely complexion, if you give your skin the marvelous stimulation found only in HOLLYWOOD MASK'S simple home treatment.

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You can learn to design and make gowns like those of your favorite star at a fraction of their cost. You may acquire the charm such alluring gowns give the wearer. Have more clothes and dress more smartly, at less expense.

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With the aid of Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios, and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year-old college will teach you *Professional Costume Designing* in your spare time at home by its easy-to-learn method, and prepare you for an excellent position. Free placement service for graduates. Mail the coupon today!

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City ..... State .....

FALL—FROM HEAD TO FOOT

(*Continued from page 11*)

gay. There's none of that silly bored expression on her face, as if to let you think that she is quite weary of being interviewed and photographed. And she could act that way if she wanted to because she is one of the most promising young dramatic stars on the air. Her role of Peggy Young, on the *Pepper Young's Family* program, is an important one for a nineteen-year-old. But Betty is much too real to have her head turned—maybe the fact that she has been on the air ever since she was a child has a lot to do with it.

Betty likes sports clothes and it is understandable because she is quite athletic—goes in for plenty of swimming, riding and golf. Not to mention her indoor activities, which include arduous hours of mastering tap and ballet steps!

Even her suits take a sporty turn. For instance, there's her favorite jacket and skirt combination, for which she selected the rust brown bowler hat and square toed and heeled oxfords. Her jacket is a tan tweed widely checked in brown. One day she wears this with a dark brown wool skirt, another day with a deep but bright green one. She adds a novelty knit sweater in the same rust brown shade as her hat and thus makes an outfit that is popular on college campuses the country over. Betty knows her campus clothes because she is just young enough to be bid to football games and proms by admiring swains.

Take a close look at the hat she wears with this suit because its shape is new for this type hat—shallow, slightly rounded crown with a brim that rolls up gently from the face. A bright feather sticks through the crown at front. A becoming style for almost everyone.

And her oxfords are the very latest trend in smart walking shoes. Rust color bucko with square leather heels and flattering squared off toe. The tongue detail is tricky, being laced down with metal eyelets through which the strings pull. Notice how the contrasting stitching gives a graceful curving line to the foot. Betty was crazy about these and liked them also in a very swank new color of smokey gray, the stitching being in a lighter shade and the heels in black leather. This model is called "Tongue Tied" and isn't it apt?

A hat that is an equally youthful vein with the rust brown bowler is an off-the-face green stitched wool one which Betty fell for completely. It might be dubbed "Campus Sweetheart" or some such, because a bright red heart, sewed to the wide halo brim, is its giddy trimming. One of the reasons Betty wanted this was because it looked so smart with a light green tweed jacket and green wool skirt which she wears a lot. Green, incidentally, is one of the big color favorites for this fall and coming winter. And is Betty glad because she looks stunning in nearly all shades of it.

From the almost naive simplicity of little brimmed hats and school-girl tweeds, Miss W. came slinking forth in gleaming black satin and one of those new toppers that has to be worn with a knowing flair. I think of all the hats we picked, she liked this the most. And no wonder! It was designed for just such a piquant face as hers. A shallow little affair in a bright, deep blue felt, it carries a whole bright green feathered bird perched almost precariously over the front of the brim! The bird is a dizzy one having its tail feathers pointing upward and its bright red beak jutting out as if to point out how closely it matches the wearer's lipstick! A fabric bow serves to hold this nestling firmly to the brim.

Don't feel shy about trying some of these uniquely trimmed hats. You'll find you have plenty of company, for the majority of new top-pieces have ribbons, feathers and veils to make them look more than "just a hat." Shapes are infinitely varied, too. From the flat, almost crownless style of Betty's hat, they rise to heights in the high, tapered crowns of the more tailored hats derived from the Empire period of dressing. Then there are turbans, with fetching bows flaring out as front decoration. And a whole group of hats copied from the hats the great Napoleon Bonaparte wore. And how could *those* look like anything, you ask? Really very wearable and smart, with cockades of colored ribbons for trim and lines modified to be quite becoming to the average face.

On a fall afternoon, when Betty's through with her daily program, she likes to go tea dancing or, later, dinner and theater with a special beau. For such an occasion she dresses up a bit—wears a black satin dress, a beautiful white ermine jacket and selects her accessories with an eye to greater formality.

You see her wearing just such a costume. Her dress is simply made with a princess line, giving her slender figure a snug fit through the waist and a flare to her skirt. Her jacket is collarless with a flared back and widely flared sleeves. She told me to be sure to mention that, although her jacket is in luxurious ermine, it can look equally as smart when made up in the less expensive furs.

Her halo hat of tightly curled cellophane ribbon has a crown of the same veiling which covers her face. In her hand, Betty carries one of the smartest bags I've seen; it's ribbed satin in an amusing, irregular pouch shape with a tiny strap for handle and bright jeweled knobs for clasp.

On her feet, she wears the new high-cut step-in pumps of black suede. The shiny details of hat and costume are high-lighted by the laced patent leather tongue and side detail of the shoe. The heels are patent leather, too, and the shoe is designed with a grand high arch cut that gives a graceful yet supporting line to the foot.

In talking about accessories in particular, Betty said she was tired of formal bags that are too small to hold anything. Her idea of a perfect bag for cocktail and dinner costumes is the one photographed. It is fashioned of black chiffon, closely shirred, with rolls of the shirring run-

ning horizontally across it. Narrow at the top, it flares out to accommodate all those little gadgets gals love to tote along on a date. I particularly like the tiny handle and the stunning crystal clasp. On her arm, Betty is wearing a striking, heavy-link bracelet of black catalin barrels ringed with rhinestones.

She likes to wear pearls. Sometimes just a single strand, nicely graduated. Right now she is intrigued with the new multi-strand pearl necklaces that give such a lift to high necklines on dark winter dresses. She wears one of these with a black satin afternoon dress which has a very high draped scarf, it's quite a dramatic accent.

Another of the more formal hats which we selected and which Betty liked tremendously, was a small felt hat in a lovely shade of soft green. It fitted her head like a cap and a great bunch of curls, made of the felt, trimmed the hat right in front, giving the effect of a high bang. You'll find quite a number of hats which seem to use coiffure details in trimming—it's an amusing idea and surprisingly becoming.

When it comes to evening clothes, Betty told me that she doesn't care for sophistication at all. She likes simple, youthful styles without any very bizarre details or cuts. I found her whole attitude on clothes one of saneness, with just enough enthusiasm for new tricks and ideas. I would say that she is a good type to follow for girls who are blonde, blue-eyed and of medium height. Her disinterest in extremes is a grand example to anyone who can't resist trying out every fad and fancy which comes along.

So many of you write in to me, asking where you can buy this item or that which you have admired on your radio favorites. As a result I have prepared a *Shopping Bulletin*, the first of which was introduced last month. And I am going to send it to all of you who are interested each month. In it will be prices and places where you can buy many of the things featured, either in my monthly pictures or stories. Also in the *Bulletin* will be new ideas that you haven't spotted yet in your shopping trips. This will be a real shopping handbook for you and please get into the habit of sending for it every month. There will be any number of new items for each issue of the *Bulletin*, so get into the habit of filling out the coupon and becoming a regular *Bulletin-ite!*

It's great fun to shop for the same things your radio pets like, so just write in for this first-hand shopping dope.

Elizabeth Ellis,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope, kindly send me free of charge your RADIO STARS *Shopping Bulletin*.

Name .....

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IF you would be Gay . . . and Glamourous, then adopt this newest fragrance. If your moods are many, if you love gayety or sophisticated simplicity—here is your perfume. FAOEN'S new Gardenia is different . . . of pastel fragrance and unexpected power . . . dainty as the new, sheer evening gowns . . . just as alluring. Try this sparkling, dazzling perfume today, on sale in the smart new tuck-away size in all 5 and 10c stores.

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YOU'LL have a happier, more contented baby, Mother, if you give him the unique comforts of Z. B. T. Baby Powder. For Z. B. T. contains *olive oil*, which makes it cling longer, and *resist moisture better*. Its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

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READ the complete story starring Errol Flynn and a huge cast "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" in the October issue of

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

RADIO AND THE RACETRACK

(*Continued from page 37*)

and rendered merely lip-service on the others.

Finally help appeared from an unexpected quarter. Fred Weber, of the *Mutual Broadcasting System*, said:

"We'll broadcast every stake race in the metropolitan season." And since the metropolitan season embraces a period of from April 15th to October 31st, a total of 172 racing days at Saratoga, Jamaica, Belmont Park, Aqueduct and Empire City, it forms the backbone of American racing.

The *Mutual System* gave racing its great opportunity, with the broadcasting of approximately three stake races a week, plus a Friday night racing feature, which included a preview of the card for the following day. All *Mutual* asked in return was exclusive rights, which it received, much to the indignation of *NBC* and *CBS*, which had been offered the same chance, but had turned it down.

Since a horse race rarely is longer than two minutes in the running, its briefness makes it ideal for radio. Where a baseball game lasts two hours, a boxing match an hour, a football game two and a half hours, the entire story of a race, its setting, course and finish, can be polished off in fifteen minutes.

When the Racing Associations and the *Mutual System* reached this agreement, the racing folk said: "Bryan Field is the man to handle the entire thing." And *Mutual* agreed, with Field, racing writer for the New York Times, receiving carte blanche in all details of the broadcasting.

Field went to work with a will. His success is evidenced by the increased attendance at racing this summer.

The Friday night programs of Field lean heavily on guest stars, but guest stars who mean something to racing. Babe Hanford, who rode *Bold Venture* to its sensational victory in the Kentucky Derby last May; Mary Hirsch, trainer of *Bold Venture* and the only woman racing trainer in the country; Rigan McKinney, 29-year-old millionaire steeplechase jockey; Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, owner of *Discovery;* Jack Campbell, leading handicapper of the country, and John Sloan, of the New York State Racing Commission, are some of the turf notables Field has had on the air.

Field has been covering racing for the New York Times since 1928 and has mastered the difficult art of "calling," an essential for any turf writer. Without this gift, for "calling" is truly an instinctive gift, no announcer can hope to do a successful job of broadcasting. "Calling" is placing the horses as they pass the various distance poles in a race, calling their positions in relation to the positions of the other horses in the race. It is the "callers" who make up the charts which constitute the foundation of all racing form.

"It is an instinctive combination of three items which makes a true 'caller,'" explained Field. "You must know the silks, the mannerisms of each jockey and the color, size and mannerisms of each horse. You eventually get so that the hunch of a jockey, the shape of a horse's head, its gait, enable you to identify immediately horse and jockey. Even if it comes up mud, as we say at the track, you still can call 'em, despite the fact that their silks may be one gray smear of mud, rather than any particular color."

An instance of Field's ability, as a trained sports reporter, to tell what is happening at the second or split-second it happens, was illustrated by his work at the start of the Kentucky Derby this year. At the outset of this event, the most publicized race in America, there was a terrific jam. It was the roughest start of a stake race in this country's history. *Brevity*, the top-favorite, was sloughed at the outset and knocked almost to his knees. Another well-backed choice, *Granville*, lost its rider.

Field had to make an instantaneous decision. Should he describe the wreckage at the start and pick up the race later, or should he dismiss it with a *"Something's-happened-back-there-we'll-give-you-the-details-later."* His trained eye immediately picked up the fact that *Brevity*, the favorite, and therefore the horse in which most people were interested, had met with interference and he promptly described the mishap in its entirety, picking up the other horses just as they hit the first turn.

That his judgment was correct in describing the rough start was borne out later by the fact that the stewards suspended three jockeys, including Babe Hanford, who rode the winner, *Bold Venture*. And Field's account of the jam received 100 per cent. corroboration in the papers next day, although his description was given on the spot, while the writers had a chance to interview stewards, starters and jockeys before writing their version.

You may have listened to a racing broadcaster some few years ago who went under the name of Thomas Bryan George. That was Bryan Field in the early days, who adapted that name from his own first name, his son's first name and his pet name for Mrs. Field, who was christened Georgiana.

Field drifted into racing announcing by accident. Graham McNamee had broadcast some races for *NBC* in 1929 and when the important Belmont Stakes came up, one of the racing moguls told Graham he had better get some expert help for the event. McNamee asked whom could he get and was told that Field, who was standing nearby, would be "as good as any." So Bryan got his first taste of broadcasting.

The following year, Herbert B. Glover of the *Columbia* network, signed Field to assist Ted Husing in broadcasting some of the metropolitan stake events. During the running of the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga that summer, Field had to speak for nearly an hour, instead of ten minutes, as Franklin D. Roosevelt, then governor of New York State, was shut off the air through a mix-up in signals.

A microphone had been set up near the top of the stands for Governor Roosevelt, while Field was to broadcast the race from the very top. Through an error, the Governor never went on the air and Bryan had to keep the mike going the entire time.

This convinced Glover that Field was

the man for racing and Bryan did a complete schedule in 1931, which season saw *CBS* begin to take the play away from the *National Chain*, which had been exploiting Clem McCarthy on its larger network and was practically without competition until the entrance of Field.

Field worked on until 1933, but gradually was getting fed up with his poorly-paid radio duties, particularly when Glover left the organization and the promises he had made to Bryan were cancelled. He was ready to quit after the Kentucky Derby of 1933, but his success in that broadcast buoyed him up.

That was the Derby in which *Broker's Tip* and *Head Play* came down the stretch neck-and-neck, with their jockeys fighting each other tooth and nail. The tactics of the two riders should have led to their disqualification, which would have made the third horse, *Charlie O.*, the winner. Field called the fouls as he saw them committed, but the *NBC* announcer made no mention of them at all.

Although there were no disqualifications, the papers next day were full of the fouls. Harvey Boyle, sports columnist of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, devoted an entire Monday column to the incompetence of racing broadcasters, pointing out that he had listened to the *NBC* broadcast and heard no mention of the fouls, which were described in every newspaper account.

By noon next day, Boyle received nearly 100 letters from readers, who told him, in effect, "he had been listening to the wrong guy" and telling of the excellent descriptive job that Thomas Bryan George had done on *CBS*.

The tremendous sweep of approbation Field received after this race induced him to continue. Failure of *CBS* to follow his suggestions in the winter of 1934-35 again had Bryan on the point of quitting. He outlined a plan whereby *CBS* could obtain exclusive rights to the broadcast of the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, which was being run for the first time. Columbia officials paid him no heed, with the result that *NBC* sewed it up for an exclusive.

Field grew critical and told his bosses they should endeavor to retaliate by getting an exclusive on the Kentucky Derby. They laughed at him and he immediately said he himself would attempt to land such a contract for the chain, asking only that they pay his expenses, while he contributed his time free.

Field went first to Chicago and then to Louisville and succeeded in swinging Colonel Matt Winn into line. The result was that he landed both an exclusive for the Derby and a commercial sponsor—*Kool Cigarettes*. It was the first time in history that a commercial sponsor was obtained for any horse race—and the Derby had been going on the air since 1924, when Credo Harris, over *WHAS*, Louisville, broadcast the story of *Black Gold's* victory.

Despite this success of Field, *Columbia* still failed to heed his urgings for a commercial sponsor, and now, 1936, finds Bryan aligned with *Mutual*—and racing getting its best break from radio.

Field's broadcast of the stake meetings of the metropolitan season puts the races before the listening public as they really are, without embellishments, without false drama or the hysterical flub-dub so often found in the work of sport broadcasters.

A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL 1936

KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH TINTEX

AN INTERIOR DECORATOR asks—Are your curtains or drapes faded—your cushion covers, table scarfs, etc. Just use easy Tintex to restore their original, fresh color charm. If you are changing the general color scheme of your rooms, give them *new* harmonizing colors with Tintex. Use Tintex for table linens, too . dinner cloths, luncheon and bridge sets, doilies, etc.



For such home use he especially mentions Tintex *Ecru, Maize, Nile Green, Tea Rose or Light Blue.*

HERE'S A NEW IDEA! Take two white sheets. Cut each along the length into 3 strips. Dye 2 strips Tintex *Brown*, 2 Tintex *Beige*, 2 Tintex *Maize*, 2 Tintex *Beige* —make into draperies, sewing 3 colors together for each drapery length. Trim with cotton ball fringe dyed one of these colors. This stunning curtain is now being exhibited at one of New York's leading stores.



A FASHION EXPERT gives a hint that will save you money. Take one of this summer's white or faded pastel dresses. Tint it the smart shade for early Fall—Shrimp Pink. You can make this fascinating color with three parts Tintex *Pink* and $\frac{1}{16}$ part Tintex *Orange.*

ANOTHER IDEA! Take a navy blue or brown street dress from last Spring. In a bath of Tintex *Color Remover* take out its present color. Then dye it either Tintex *Rust*, *Purple* or *Forest Green*...the 3 leading colors for Fall.





With Tintex you can rejuvenate your faded apparel, and make it fashionably new for Fall wear—dresses, sweaters, underthings, etc. And so simply, so quickly

P.S.—Colored fabric gloves harmonizing with your costume are *the* vogue. Easy and inexpensive if you use Tintex on your present white or faded gloves.

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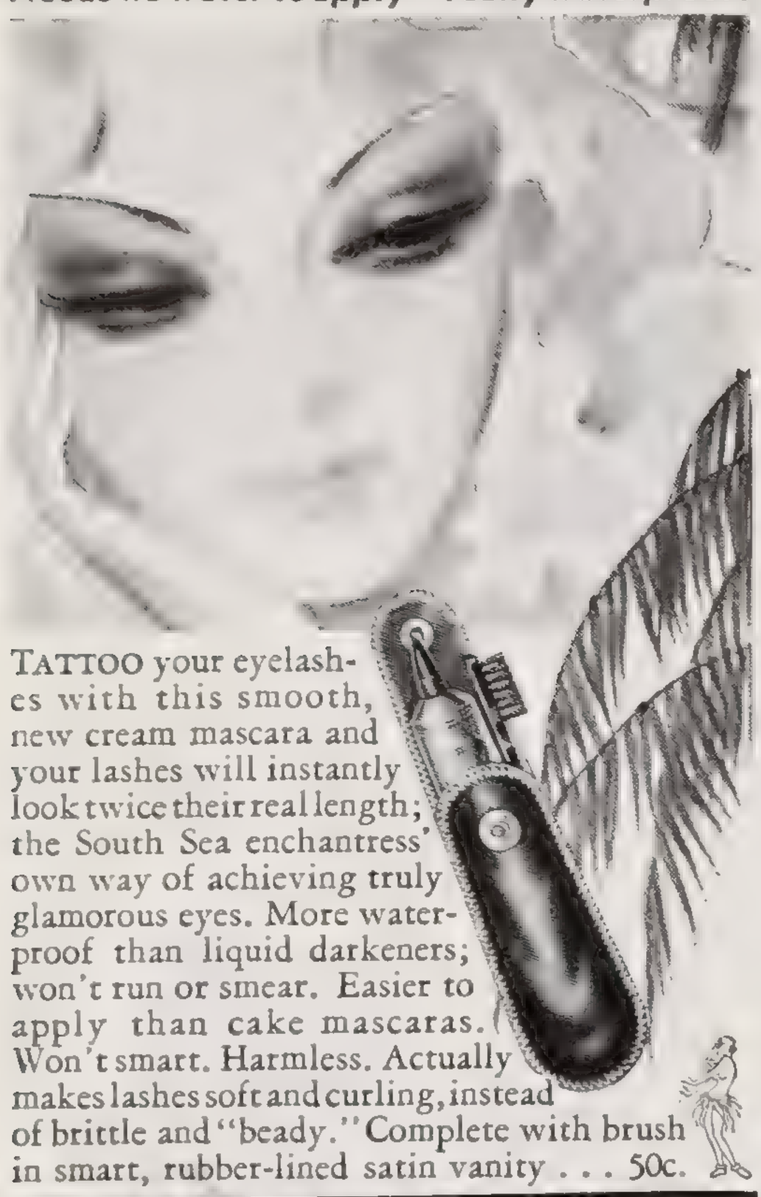
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CREAM MASCARA
Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!



TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

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Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Institute

THE RADIO HOSTESS, NANCY WOOD, PRESENTS WAYNE KING

(*Continued from page 9*)

he would enthuse only over such things as *Mushrooms sous Cloche, Bouillabaisse Speciale,* or *Crêpes Suzette*—those gustatory delights that are "simply elegant" to eat but far from "elegantly simple" to make!

Fortunately, however, such was not the case for all the foods he mentioned—even several Waldorf specialties—are easy to prepare and feature every-day-ordinary things such as chicken and eggs and ice cream, and home-made cinnamon buns.

And the best news of all, doubtless, is that I was able to get recipes for all of these Wayne King favorites, which I intend to pass on to you. You'll find kitchen-tested recipes for them all in this month's free *Radio Hostess* Leaflet. So why not send in, now, for your copy?

(By the way, the coupon, this month, will also bring you two additional recipe leaflets which you may not have sent for before. These are some that we happen to have left from previous offers and that we'll be pleased to let you have as long as the rather limited supply lasts. Perhaps it would be well to mark on the coupon your order of preference for we can only send two of these "extras" with each new Wayne King leaflet.)

And now let me tell you briefly about the foods suggested by Mr. King—starting our discussion as he starts his day, with a hearty breakfast featuring yeast-raised Cinnamon Buns.

"They are made for us by our colored servant who took care of my wife when she was a child and still is busily and proudly looking out for her welfare and that of the present generation of children. I'll ask her to send you the recipe," Wayne promised. "These buns are equally good fresh or toasted and great favorites with us all, especially with Penny," he went on while I made a mental note to call them *Penny Buns.* They quite live up to Mr. King's description, too, as I discovered subsequently upon testing the recipe. You'll find them amazingly easy to "mix and set to rise," with a new *twist* that makes me believe that the King's cook keeps up with the trend of the times.

Then there's a recipe in the leaflet for a special scrambled egg concoction. This dish is one that Mr. King himself knows how to prepare. You know how it is with men! Just give them a frying pan, a lump of butter, some eggs and fixings and they'll declare themselves able to turn out the world's finest dish. Funny part of it is, that sometimes they're absolutely right! In this case, for instance, Wayne has hit upon a real idea and his *Eggs à la King* can be the food-success of your next late-supper party or just your favorite stand-by in the future. Full directions for making them will be found on one of the recipe cards.

Of course Wayne also spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of some of the dishes he had eaten during his pleasant stay at the Waldorf. But even these dishes were not of the type to test our skill, though they do reflect in their perfection the art of the chef who gave me his very own recipes for preparing them.

For, as you can well imagine, Wayne King's recommendation piqued my curiosity and I was determined to get those recipes from the Waldorf-Astoria's famous *Chef-de-cuisine,* Gabriel Lugot. And get them I did. One is for *Chicken Oscar*—Oscar being the gentleman who has been so closely identified with the history of that hotel that his name has a way of popping up frequently around there. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the name "Oscar" given to a sauce—*Sauce Oscar,* suggested by Wayne King as the ideal steak or shrimp seasoning—and also to this truly tempting way of cooking chicken *en casserole.* The skill of a French chef is apparent in the directions for preparing this dish, but the most amateurish of American cooks can follow the recipe.

I also was able to get two other Waldorf recipes . . . both for *Petits Fours. Petits Fours,* you know, are an assortment of very small cakes and cookies. The two for which I snared mixing and baking directions are comparatively simple even though they do boast of such names as *Rosane Normande* and *Palais de Dame. Oo, la! la!* How fancy! But don't let the French terminology frighten you. They're just *cookies,* after all, though particularly tasty ones naturally.

You'll want to know how to fix all these Waldorf specialties, I'm sure, for it's a rare treat, indeed, to be able to get a Master Chef to part with any of his treasured secrets. (A bit temperamental, these fellows, though don't ever say it was I who told you!) So it is with real pride that I announce that you'll find Mr. Lugot's recipes for these food favorites of Wayne King's in this month's free leaflet which contains directions for preparing the *Eggs à la King* and the *Penny Buns* already mentioned, as well as for the *Chicken Oscar* and the two *Petits Fours.* These last, by the way, make an ideal sweet to serve with coffee, or better still they are *the* perfect ice cream accompaniment. And you couldn't possibly write an article about Wayne King's food preferences without mentioning ice cream in some form.

For here, indeed, is an ice cream enthusiast! On the warm day when I met Mr. King, for example, he was enjoying one of his favorite ice cream concoctions—undoubtedly one of the simplest of ideas, yet one of the most delicious. Simply put a scoop of ice cream in the bottom of a tall glass and fill the glass with plain milk—almost a pint of it. Then stir with a spoon.

"Stirring is part of the fun," declared Wayne suiting the action to the word and busying himself with the job, smiling merrily the while. "Now taste it," he suggested. "We call it the *Iowa Special,*" he went on. "Penny adores it. And isn't



Wayne King, bandleader

it a fine way to get a kid to drink a greater amount of milk?"

It is, indeed, and I suggest that you try it out as an after-school lunch for your child or a mid-afternoon pick-me-up for yourself. Don't add any flavoring.

Two other easily made ice cream treats also appeal to Mr. King, Cherry-Almond and Hawaiian Sundaes. Both call for vanilla ice cream to begin with. For the first, large black canned cherries are used. These are drained and placed around the cream. The whole is then topped with finely chopped or shredded almonds. Salted almonds may be used.

The second sundae is made by arranging wedges of canned pineapple attractively on top of individual servings of ice cream. Place a cherry (red or green maraschino) in the center for color contrast and pour a little of the juice from the can into each dish. Well, those suggestions are certainly easy, aren't they? And remember, ice cream is a universal favorite the year around.

There's just room left to give you a recipe for the salad to which the Waldorf gave its name more years ago than you and I would care to remember. Ideal for the fall when apples are in season. Be sure to try this recipe and be equally certain to send for the leaflet featuring Wayne King's favorite foods—with two of the three extra leaflets included for those who care to have them.

WALDORF SALAD

1½ cup diced celery
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
a dash of salt
1½ cups diced apples
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup cream, whipped

Place celery in ice water to get crisp. Drain and dry thoroughly. Add lemon juice, sugar and salt to diced apples. Chill in refrigerator 10 minutes. Add celery. Combine mayonnaise and whipped cream.. Add to celery and apple mixture and toss lightly with salad fork and spoon, until thoroughly blended. Serve on crisp lettuce with a garnish of pimiento strips and walnut halves.

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Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

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THE MAJOR ON PARADE

(*Continued from page 89*)

with the studio audiences. And I have never seen such audiences as we have had lately. They've been wonderful, marvelous. The dancing goes over very well indeed—I introduced tap dancing, you know, over the air on my original amateur program ten or twelve years ago. It went over fairly well even then." He laughed. "I remember saying that tap dancing had gone over so well, I thought I'd try putting a prestidigitator on the air and got some very serious letters from people who wondered how they would get the point of tricks they couldn't see!"

Yes, they've always taken the Major seriously and always will. Partly, no doubt, because in spite of a rich Irish sense of humor, he takes himself very seriously and his work more so.

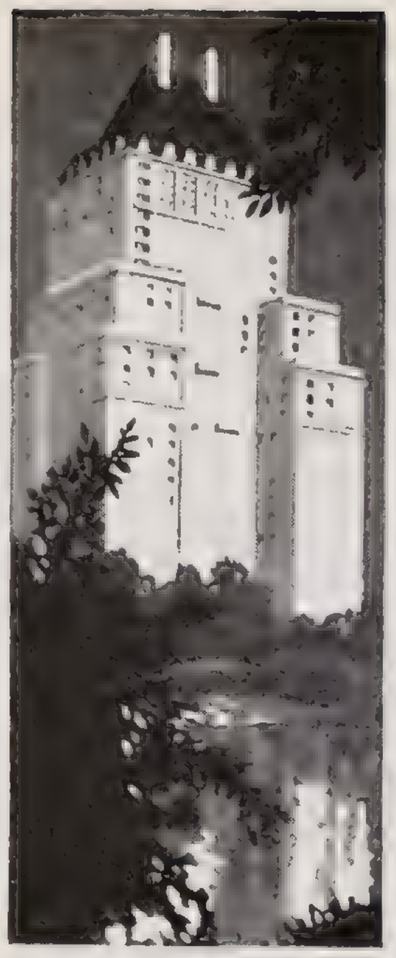
Work was his panacea when he lost his beloved wife. It fills his life today and brings a rich contentment, not only because it brings a fabulous reward financially, nor merely because it keeps him occupied day in and day out, but because he himself thinks it is essentially constructive and worth while work. And because he was born to lead, to dominate, and revels in the sense of power his position gives him. You could not conceive of his being content with a passive, quiet life. He has indeed been lucky in finding an outlet for his energy, his strength, his imagination, his varied talents. And we cannot sneer at a man who has brought delight not only to aspirants for fame and fortune who have profited through him, but to the radio audiences from Nome, Alaska to Liberia, Africa!

If it enables him to line his walls with magnificent paintings—and my feet loitered in the halls as I reluctantly walked through them, unwilling to leave them with only a casual glance; if in his home he enjoys beautiful things, is particularly proud of his antique silver; if he loves to wander in a garden redolent with the sweet perfume of gardenias—after all, why not? They are his! And if he revels in the adulation, thrives on the applause, thrills to his position as *No. 1* man in the entertainment world—it would be very curious if he didn't!

He seems to have an unquenchable thirst for work. It keeps you young, he says—and he can say it, for he works tirelessly and looks much younger than his years, much younger than his pictures.

In talking to him, I sought for honesty of purpose, for integrity, for sincerity, idealism—and I believe these qualities are there, that in no other way could you account for the integrated, delightful personality that dominates the radio world today—and dominates it very pleasantly indeed. I saw no tail and horns. And if he is a little pompous, a bit vain—no one has seriously challenged his position.

We would conceivably find it harder to forgive so much conceit in a lesser man, but the stage the Major struts is big and his audience world-wide! Let's not be small enough to begrudge it to him!



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If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 72*)

MUSIC ON THE AIR

We've often wondered if radio had not superseded the use of musical instruments in the average home. We find we are wrong.

According to piano executives, radio is responsible for a 300 per cent increase in piano sales. Stimulating music appreciation and promoting general music culture in millions of listeners, it has produced a natural desire to create music—and thus has provided a notable increase in the sale of musical instruments.

POLITICS ON THE AIR

According to Heywood Broun, in his page in The Nation, *the only eloquent New Deal commentator over the air is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter and Lowell Thomas, top network commentators, are anti-New Deal.*

NEW HONORS

Enric Madriguera, the gifted young maestro, is winning new honors in the world of dance music. Having established himself as the Tango King, Madriguera was quick to realize that this type of music had become a drug on the market. Accordingly he set out to establish himself as one of the leading exponents of the soft rhythmic dance music of the American type. That he has succeeded is evidenced by his continued popularity with New York's smart dance set. His broadcasts are heard regularly over WOR.

DESTINY'S CHILDREN

They didn't go the way their fathers planned, but followed where the finger of fate pointed . . . Jack Benny's father wanted him to be a tailor . . . Mary Livingstone's mother hoped she would be a milliner . . . Kenny Baker's dad expected the timid tenor to follow him into the furniture business . . . And Johnny Green's family planned for him a future as a Wall Street financier . . . Shepperman was scheduled to be a lawyer . . . Don Wilson's folks hoped he would be a missionary . . . Parks Johnson's father and grandfather before him were preachers, but Parks felt no urge to mount the pulpit. He does, however, carry on the family tradition in part—by holding a stewardship in a church in his home town in Texas . . . Lowell Thomas, NBC *commentator, has been about everything from cowpuncher to college professor . . . Graham McNamee broke away as soon as he could from his destined career as concert baritone . . . George Hicks, who covers special events for* NBC, *left the University of Washington to become a lumberman, sailor, day laborer, pickle maker, haberdashery salesman, hardware clerk and truck driver . . . At the age of eight Ben Grauer was a movie actor, later a stage juvenile for a number of years . . . You never can tell.*

See you next month.

How did Phil Baker keep cool this summer?
Where does Carson Robison write his plaintive songs?
Where was Igor Gorin born?
What NBC commentator was cowpuncher and college professor?
See *RADIO RAMBLINGS*—Page 6



THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day.





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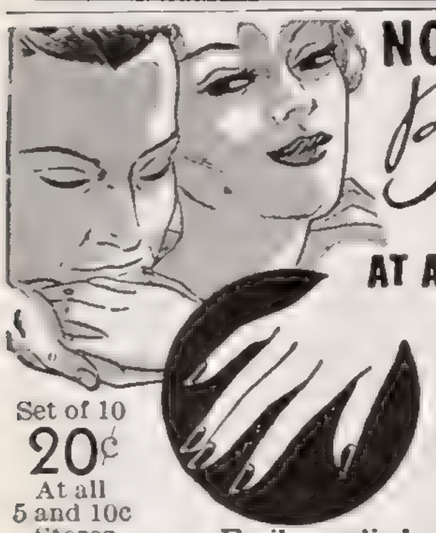
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BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 14)

TRA (NBC) 68.8
Doing a fine job in Fred Allen's absence.

31. YOUR HIT PARADE (NBC and CBS) ...68.8
The fifteen most popular tunes of the week and we dare you not to dance.

32. THE SHELL CHATEAU—SMITH BALLEW, YOUNG ORCHESTRA (NBC).....68.4
Smith Ballew has one of the finest personalities and voices you'll hear. Guest stars a plenty.

33. SPORT PARADE—THORNTON FISHER (NBC) 68.3
Rapid-fire reports of what's new in the sporting world by the well-known cartoonist.

34. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...67.4
"Call for Philip Morris!"

35. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC) 67.2
It wouldn't be Sunday without this long-established favorite.

36. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC) 67.0
By all means, tune in.

37. LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (NBC) ...67.0
Frank Munn and Lucy Monroe again.

38. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....66.8
The news under a microscope.

39. MELODIANA (NBC) 66.2
Melody is supreme.

40. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....66.0
One Man's Family's closest rival.

41. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...65.8
Just the thing when the jitters have you jumping.

42. RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY (NBC) 65.7
The former Metropolitan opera star's voice is ideally suited for the microphone.

43. ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS) 65.5
One of the best and getting even better.

44. GABRIEL HEATTER (MBS).....65.5
A convincing commentator.

45. CRUMIT AND SANDERSON—HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....65.2
Their motive is to make you happy and invariably they succeed.

46. TEA TIME TUNES—RAMONA AND SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....64.8
Ramona's songs and piano playing have the zip and bounce you've been searching for.

47. BOAKE CARTER (CBS).....64.7
Most fearless of the commentators, but he drags in the commercials by the ears.

48. KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS) ...64.4
Along the lines of Edwin C. Hill.

49. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC)....64.2
Exactly as you would suppose.

50. AMERICA DANCES—LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 64.0
Impossible to dance to some of the unusual Gluskin arrangements, but always a delight to listen to them.

51. TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOTEERS (CBS) 64.0
Ted can't wait for football to start.

52. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORTS SHOTS (NBC) 63.7
His voice makes the most inconsequential golf tournament sound vastly important.

53. BENNY FIELDS—YOUR MINSTREL MAN (CBS) 63.5
Song and sentiment salesman and you're bound to be sold.

54. FOLLIES DE PAREE WITH WILLIE AND EUGENE HOWARD AND FIFI D'ORSAY (NBC) 63.4
Good fun by the Howard Brothers and Fifi's gay songs.

55. CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC).....62.4
Merriment and melodies.

56. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE AND ORGAN (CBS) 61.8
For our better sides.

57. HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL (CBS) ...61.2
Bringing back the stars of the good old days.

58. MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY COOPER, SALLY SCHERMERHORN, RAY BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 61.0
The tricky arrangements of Ray Block's orchestra are something to hear.

59. EASY ACES (NBC).....60.8
Jane and Goodman Ace always can be depended upon for genuine laughs.

60. KATE SMITH'S BAND (CBS).....60.4
Doing nicely while Kate enjoys a vacation.

61. YOU—GILBERT SELDES (NBC)....60.3
In which YOU make a very interesting subject.

62. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC) 60.0
The result of the change from Sunday to Thursday evening will be interesting to see.

63. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT—BENNY RUBIN (MBS) 60.0
Benny makes a grand master-of-ceremonies.

64. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC)..59.8
Best of the rural frolics.

65. TIM RYAN AND IRENE NOBLETTE WITH DON VOORHEES ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...59.8
Jack Benny's understudies.

66. GANG BUSTERS (CBS).....59.5
Phillips Lord, with exciting crime yarns and unusual guest stars.

67. FRANK FAY CALLING (NBC).....59.4
Awfully good at times.

68. FRIGIDAIRE FROLICS—CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC) 59.4
Housewives can be so amusing.

69. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC) 59.0
Rachel Carlay heads the merrymakers.

70. BURNS AND ALLEN—DUCHIN ORCHESTRA (CBS) 58.8
You can't get enough of Gracie's humor—so why must she sing?

71. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).....58.4
And today's problems.

72. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) ...58.0
Fibber's fame is gaining.

73. IRENE RICH (NBC).....58.0
Dramatic tidbits starring Irene.

74. MARTHA DEANE (MBS).....58.0
Ramblings.

75. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS) 58.0
You needn't be a bookworm to enjoy Ted.

76. VOX POP—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC) 58.0
Nothing is more interesting than the voice of the people, as guided by Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson.

77. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS)....57.3
Diverting.

78. LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY (CBS) ...57.2
Ken has a wealth of amusing material every time, so be prepared to laugh.

79. GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS (NBC) ...56.8
Gus Van in charge.

80. THE ATLANTIC FAMILY—BOB HOPE, NICHOLS ORCHESTRA (CBS).....56.3
Bob Hope and "Honey Chile" form a swell comedy team.

81. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC) 55.8
Glorifying the youngsters.

82. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS)..55.2
The United States in the making.

83. HUSBANDS AND WIVES (NBC)....55.0
Marital problems publicly and entertainly aired.

84. WILDERNESS ROAD (CBS).....55.0
Cowboys and Indians.

85. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC)...54.8
Our younger listeners enthuse no end.

86. LUM AND ABNER (NBC).....54.8
Rustic funsters.

87. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA (NBC)....54.5
A leading soprano of the air.

88. EDWARD MacHUGH—THE GOSPEL SINGER (NBC) 54.4
Hymns and common sense.

89. TOM HOWARD'S MEL-O-ROL JAMBOREE (NBC) 53.5
Tom and George Shelton getting things hilariously confused.

90. PICK AND PAT (CBS).....52.6
Minstrel daze.

91. THE LAMPLIGHTER—JACOB TARSHISH (NBC) 52.5
Subbing for the Voice of Experience.

92. THE O'NEILLS (NBC).....52.5
Family fiction.

93. DAVID HARUM (NBC).....51.7
Love and adventure.

94. MA PERKINS (NBC).....51.0
An old lady philosophizes.

95. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED (CBS) ...50.6
Exciting and instructive.

96. VIC AND SADE (NBC).....50.5
Funniest of the "family group".

97. UNCLE DON (MBS).....50.4
Kid favorite.

98. FIVE STAR JONES (NBC).....50.3
Newsdom drama.

99. BOBBY BENSON (CBS).....50.2
Aimed especially at the growing young boy, but popular with their dads, as well.

100. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC) 48.8
Amusingly different.

101. EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC) 47.8
America's best loved and best paid poet.

DYNAMO—PINT SIZE

(*Continued from page 43*)

strange, mysterious country is laid before her audience. Nancy and Charlie are real children. They are, in fact, Nancy and Charlie Wicker (Charlie's real name is Walter Wicker, Junior, but he never is called anything but Charlie) and they are nine and eleven respectively. These attractive youngsters are their mother's inspiration and are the reason why her stories are so true to life, so exactly what children love to hear.

"Wednesday and Thursday," Miss Wicker explained, "I usually devote to fairy tales, but sometimes on Thursday, I tell a true story based on the life of some famous artist. Friday, a true story, about some well-known person . . ."

When she began this series, Miss Wicker featured famous musicians and artists of other days, but more recently she has been telling the inspiring true stories of the early years of some of our most successful moderns—Lawrence Tibbett, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, and others.

There is really no age limit to those who tune in and are charmed with the Singing Lady's program. I told Miss Wicker about a man I knew, the father of a family of four, who loved to listen to her program and who was enthralled with the quality of her speaking and singing voice. Ireene was delighted.

"Isn't that nice?" she cried. "And do you know, I have other good friends who have written me fan letters—friends who have no children of their own, or whose children are grown. One is a little old man in Florida—he is eighty-five years old and writes me the nicest letters. And another is the Bishop of the Arctic. He writes and tells me about his work. And one woman, whose daughter is a missionary in China, wrote me and asked me if some of my scripts couldn't be sent over there. The Kellogg people arranged it and now they are broadcast over a microphone in China, in English and Chinese."

"You really get something out of your fan mail, don't you—something more than just the number of letters?"

"Oh, much more! It is so inspiring—and it makes up for the direct contact, the lift an actor gets from an audience."

"And didn't it surprise you at first to get letters from grown-ups, too?"

"Yes, but I think it is a matter of temperament," Ireene answered thoughtfully. "The stories appeal—or they don't. People who are bored would be bored whether they are two or eighty—and if they like them, they are thrilled whether they are two or eighty!"

I think that is the real secret of Ireene Wicker's success. Her stories are simply written, simply told. They have the beauty of clarity, of directness, of simplicity. They have drama, they have emotional appeal, but they don't play on the emotions—the appeal is an integral part of the story and it is a universal, ageless appeal. In spite of the limitations of

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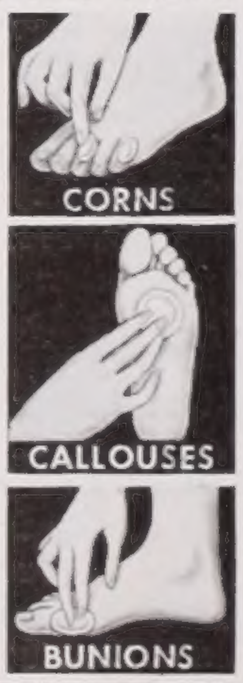
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a fifteen-minute broadcast, each is perfect in its way, whether it is history or travel, a fairy story or a nursery rhyme.

She reads as if to a group of children gathered at her knee and sings as if she were singing a lullaby to a baby in her arms. Without effort, without pose.

Ireene herself is a tiny, fairy-like person. When I met her she was smartly dressed from the crown of the perky beret atop her chestnut curls to the soles of her toeless, high-heeled patent leather sandals. She has enormous dark eyes, a wide, generous mouth and a sweet, unaffected manner. I knew she was married and the mother of two children who now are almost as big as she is, but she seemed to me like a little girl, as starry-eyed, as eager as her daughter. I hope she never loses that quality of youth and I don't think she ever will because it is an integral part of herself. It is, I think, what gives her such complete understanding of children.

Not that she isn't young—she was married when she was barely seventeen—but it is something at once younger and more permanent than mere youth.

As a small child, there was only one thing that Ireene wanted and that was to be an actress. And opportunity came her way at a very early age. For she was only eleven, and in the first year of high school, when she had her first theatrical engagement.

"My family were terribly against it—they had the old-fashioned idea that the stage was worse than death! But the manager of our local stock company had approached me and I had agreed to play the part he wanted me for, before he saw my parents—I fought tooth and nail and finally convinced them that I couldn't go back on my word! I played with that company for the next three summers—and loved it!"

"I suppose your family is reconciled now—they couldn't, of course, take exception to the lovely work you do."

She smiled. "Well, people feel differently about radio. They don't realize it is just the same as a stage career."

"And are you satisfied with it, or do you still have stage ambitions?" I asked.

"I love it and at present am completely satisfied. It keeps me busy, you know—gathering material, writing the scripts, doing five programs a week—but that doesn't mean I wouldn't like to make a picture, if I could find the right vehicle. And I'd love a part in a play, if I could find a rôle like Margot's in *Winterset.*"

I asked her how far ahead she prepared her scripts and she laughed.

"Right now they are written up for six weeks, and I have the most marvelous footloose, carefree feeling! But that was because of shifting the program from Chicago to New York, you know— ordinarily I'm not so forehanded!"

The last of June brought the removal of the Wicker family to New York, but without a break in the *Singing Lady* program, now broadcast from the east.

Ireene and Walter Wicker met when they were attending the University of Wisconsin, fell head over heels in love and were married. She was seventeen, he not quite twenty-one.

Ireene was born in Quincy, Illinois, and Walter in Morgan Park, Illinois. When they left college, they gravitated quite naturally to Chicago.

Walter originally had no particular leanings toward a theatrical career but he must have caught something of Ireene's enthusiasm. Eventually, after repeated auditions had brought repeated disappointments and the only opportunities offered to Ireene were parts with road shows, which she could not accept, she found her great chance, winning the Kellogg Company's audition for a children's program. Walter was to find his biggest opportunity in *Today's Children.* He had played many parts behind the radio scenes, as writer and producer and mechanical expert, before he appeared as *Bob Crane* on this program. He and Irna Phillips write the continuity and Walter does other script writing, too, but today he is well launched on his career as an actor and quite keen about it and very popular with the fans. Ireene played the part of *Eileen* on this program, but just prior to her leaving for New York, *Eileen* was married and thus written out of the program.

"However, I hope she will be written in occasionally this winter," Ireene remarked, "when things are adjusted and I have a little more time. It is a grand part, exquisitely written—a part any actress would love. I think Walter and Miss Phillips have done a beautiful story."

The change from west to east was accomplished with much zest and enthusiasm The entire Wicker family, including Ireene's faithful secretary, made the trip in their car, stopping over night en route so that they wouldn't be too tired, and enjoying it thoroughly. The summer plans included the renting of a furnished home in the suburbs, with swimming and horseback riding for the children. In the winter, Ireene plans to live in New York, for the children will be in private school. Ireene's main ambition, where the children are concerned, is to keep them unspoiled.

"I've seen the nicest children spoiled in the unnatural environment of the theatre and radio," she said simply. "It's such an artificial life! I'd hate to see my children changed that way. They've only been on the air once. Last spring we let them appear on a program and I saw then how easily a taste for it, for the excitement, the public adulation, could be cultivated. Of course, if they want to do it later on, we won't object, but I don't want them to until they are old enough to decide for themselves—and not to be spoiled!"

Gathering and preparing material takes a lot of Ireene's time. When she first began to write these stories, she also began to collect books, in those early days haunting the second-hand bookstores, and now she has a splendid library which is invaluable to her.

The Wickers have not had time to travel as much as they would like. Once they spent a summer in Europe with Walter's mother, who is an artist and lives in the south of France. And they made a trip to Burmuda, which provided Ireene with a wealth of material for the Nancy and Charlie episodes.

Among the most charming of her creations are the Indian legends.

"Some day," she declared earnestly, "I want to bring out a book of my Indian stories. Not as they have to be prepared for radio, but in real story form." She looked at me shyly. "I want to do so many things! I want to study more—both piano and voice. I've studied singing a little, but I particularly want to study theory and composition, so that I can write my own songs. You saw how it was at rehearsal—I hum or sing the melody to my accompanist and he writes the music, but I want to be able to do it all myself."

She will, too, because she is, in spite of being pint-size, a dynamo of energy. She has inspiration, imagination, creative ability, all kinds of talent and there will be a way somehow for her to work these things into her schedule—the studying and composing of music, acting in plays, writing books! A large schedule for a small person! But there is nothing small about Ireene's ambitions or her gifts and she has the sort of character, the essential drive and energy to make her accomplish what she sets out to do.

She finds time, for instance, to interview celebrities she features in her stories.

"It's been such fun meeting them. And they've all been wonderful. The greater they are, the simpler and more sincere they seem to be. I think meeting Rachmaninoff was one of the greatest thrills I've ever had. And interviewing Helen Hayes and Mary Pickford . . .

"What I'd like to feel I am doing with my stories," she went on, "is creating something beautiful and inspiring as well as entertaining. Of course I fall far short, often, but it is what I want, what I strive for. And I want to write a book some day, too—not only the Indian legend book, but another—that will be lovely and lasting—truly beautiful. Something like *Wind in the Willows!*"

"But my family will always come first," she added simply. "You know how it is when you have children. I love to work, but if it came between them and me, I'd give it up without a qualm. I do my best to give my husband and children a well-rounded, normal life. We've been fortunate so far—everything has worked out beautifully. Even this move to New York—we are all pleased. But I'd give it all up in a minute if I felt I was stinting them."

Ireene creates, differentiates as many as fifty characters in her sketches, but she restricts them as far as possible to no more than three or four on a program, believing that more would confuse the children. She plays Hansel and Gretel and the old witch as well. One moment she is Nancy or Charlie and the next an old sea captain. She plays the boy Lawrence Tibbett and the little girl whose golden voice has made Jessica Dragonette famous. All these and many more characters of fact and fiction become real for her young listeners through the medium of her able writing and her adaptable voice.

She has a very clear conception of what she is doing and her success is something she has every right to be proud of, but something which has come about naturally, inevitably almost. For children to her are an absorbing interest and in creating stories for them, in singing to them, she meets them on their own ground, as one of them. She does not sit down and write a simple little story for a simple little child! Instead, she tells in beautiful prose the best, most interesting stories she has been able to find in folk-lore, in history, in the world of art, of music.

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